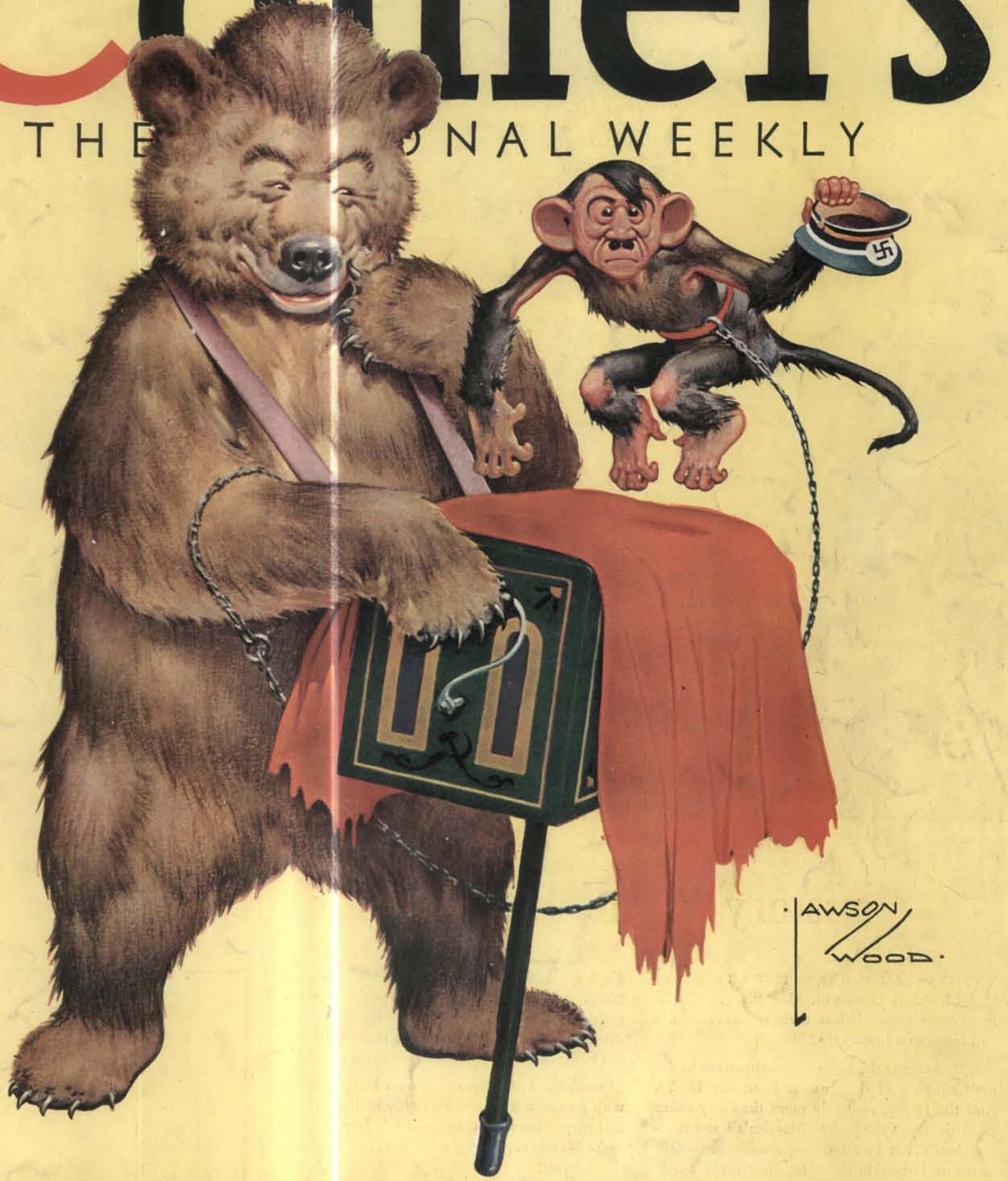
© THE CROWELL-COLLIER PUBLISHING COMPANY—PUBLISHERS OF COLLIER'S—THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE—WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION

April 27, 1940

5¢ A COPY

# Collier's

THE ONAL WEEKLY



## FROM THE BOTTOM OF MY HEART BY JAMES RAMSEY ULLMAN

**She Climbed to Fame**

JUNE E THOMPSON
412 EAST ST
IOLA
KANS
1JE40

April 27, 1940

# History in the making...for the 66TH time

WHY WILL SOME 80,000 PEOPLE swarm to Churchill Downs on May 4th . . . and millions more gather before their radios . . . to see and listen to a horse race?

***Simply because*** the horse race happens to be the 66th running of the historic Kentucky Derby. And the Derby, probably more than any other race, gives you the *pick* of America's finest thoroughbreds . . . a breath-taking *combination* of illustrious horses brought together on a single track.

***Four Roses, too,*** won its fame because it is a *combination* . . . a combination of the most magnificent whiskies (*and whiskey virtues!*) ever brought together in a single bottle.

***Each of the superb whiskies*** that go into Four Roses is outstanding for some special virtue—each is at least 4 years old. Brought together, these distinguished whiskies unite *all* their virtues in *one* whiskey that is just about perfection itself!

***If you're not yet*** acquainted with Four Roses—with its delicate aroma, its richly mellow flavor, and surpassing smoothness—here's how you can make May 4th . . . *or any other day* . . . a red-letter day for you!

Just step up to the bar you like best—or stop at your nearest package store—and ask for Four Roses. We think you'll agree with the thousands who say it's the finest whiskey a man could ask for!

FOUR ROSES

*A blend of straight whiskies —90 proof*

*EVERY DROP IS WHISKEY AT LEAST 4 YEARS OLD*

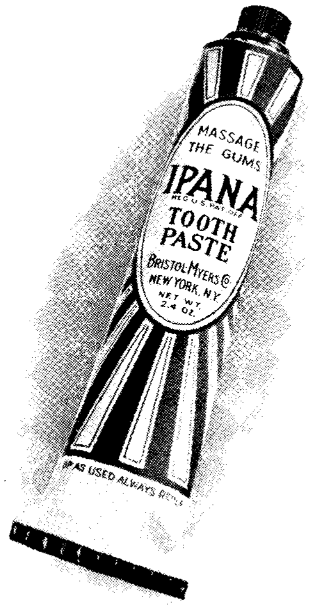
*The straight whiskies in Four Roses are 4 years or more old. Frankfort Distilleries, Incorporated, Louisville & Baltimore*

# Do you see Ann?
# No! I see a Smiling Young Bride.

# Is her Smile Lovely?
# Her Smile is Lovely beyond Words.

# What could the Reason be?
# Perhaps because she started young to use Ipana and Massage.

## Your own smile is priceless... guard it! Let Ipana and Massage help keep your gums healthier, your teeth and smile more sparkling.



Go to your children ... consider their ways and be wise! ... might well be an adage for many an adult when it comes to proper dental care.

For today, thousands of youngsters are being taught in classrooms a lesson many parents still have to learn ... the value of *gum massage* to healthy gums, sparkling teeth.

They know that most modern foods we eat—soft, creamy, well-cooked—deprive our gums of the exercise and stimulation they need for health. No wonder, then, that our gums often tend to become soft, tender... and signal their sensitiveness with a warning tinge of "pink" on the tooth brush!

### So Foolish to Ignore "Pink Tooth Brush"

The minute "pink" shows on your tooth brush ... *see your dentist!* It may not be a sign of serious trouble ... but get his advice. Very likely, he will tell you that your gums are lazy, need "waking up." And, like so many modern dentists, he may suggest "the healthful stimulation of Ipana Tooth Paste and massage"!

For Ipana not only cleans your teeth but, with massage, is especially designed to aid your gums. So, each time you brush your teeth, massage a little extra Ipana onto your gums. You'll notice an invigorating "tang"... exclusive with Ipana and massage. This "tang" is an indication that you are stimulating gum circulation...and so helping gums to become healthier—teeth more sparkling!

Get a tube of economical Ipana Tooth Paste today! And start the daily habit of Ipana and massage ... for firmer gums, brighter teeth, more radiant smiles!

**Ipana Tooth Paste**

**WILLIAM L. CHENERY** Editor

**CHARLES COLEBAUGH**
Managing Editor

**THOMAS H. BECK**
Editorial Director

# Collier's

April 27, 1940

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| WALTER DAVENPORT | Politics | W. B. COURTNEY | Germany |
| AIMEE LARKIN | Distaff | FRANK GERVASI | Mediterranean |
| QUENTIN REYNOLDS | Sports | MARTHA GELLHORN | Scandinavia |
| KYLE CRICHTON | Screen and Theater | JIM MARSHALL | The Orient |
| KENNETH LITTAUER | Fiction | WM. HILLMAN | European Manager |
| JAMES N. YOUNG | Fiction | ROBERT McCORMICK | Washington |
| MAX WILKINSON | Fiction | DENVER LINDLEY | Articles |
| GURNEY WILLIAMS | Humor | FRANK D. MORRIS | Articles |
| WM. O. CHESSMAN | Art | IFOR THOMAS | Photographs |
| | | JOHN T. FLYNN | Associate Editor |

## Next Week

SURE, Cordell Hull'd make a right smart President. Why not? He had a right smart pappy, old Uncle Billy Hull. Cord maybe wouldn't be as good a President as his pappy would have been. But who would? That's what the boys in the Tennessee Cumberlands told Walter Davenport when he traveled through the old home county of Cordell Hull. In "Hull of the Hills," you'll meet the townsfolk of a great statesman and hear what they think of him.

WHEN a girl in love returns from abroad after ten months only to find the man she loves married to someone else, it's pretty upsetting. And it doesn't help much to know that the man is still in love with her. It took an automobile accident, another man and a week end marooned in the country to solve the situation for Delia Vincent. Lucia Alzamora unravels this knotty problem and, happily, finds Delia "The Right Man."

DULCET ABRAHAM LINCOLN JONES was a Canarsie black boy who'd been born on a barge off Sandy Hook Light and who had by some grim irony got the tradition of the sea tangled in his veins. It led him to strange lands and it brought him to positions of temporary command. But there was no captain's berth for a black boy until— Well, you'll have to read Jacland Marmur's grand sea story of the man of indomitable will and courage who finally achieved his "Success."

THERE is probably no tougher job in the world than being a commercial model in Hollywood. For, by simply blowing a sharp blast on a conch shell, any commercial photographer can have his pick of seven thousand nine hundred and eighty-one little beauties who work at the drive-in stands and look like Deanna Durbin. That's why Betty Leabo, in desperation, turned to the last hope: the movies. And now you have a new star, Brenda Joyce. Kyle Crichton takes you to meet this very "Unsophisticated Lady." You'll see her a lot on the screen.

DON BUDGE takes a squint at our great tennis players and explains why he still prefers the old master, Bill Tilden. Quentin Reynolds conducts you on a tour through, of all places, New York's famous Fulton Fish Market. D. H. Dubrowsky resumes his series of startling revelations of "How Stalin Steals Our Money." And we offer, in addition, choice contributions by Zachary Gold, Henry Meade Williams, Jack Macmurragh and others.

## This Week

### SHORT STORIES

**JAMES RAMSEY ULLMAN**
**From the Bottom of My Heart.** Explaining Hollywood's bravest little lady. Page 9

**EDWIN LANHAM**
**No Time to Lose.** Cross-country romance, in high gear. Page 13

**RICHARD HOWELLS WATKINS**
**Blessed Events.** Sub commanders are no match for prospective fathers. Page 14

**PETER B. KYNE**
**Spring Meeting.** The goofy season—for girls, boys and race horses. Page 16

**THE SHORT SHORT STORY**
**Deferred Payment,** by John Collier. Page 12

### SERIAL STORIES

**KATHLEEN NORRIS**
**The Secret of the Marshbanks. The third of twelve parts.** Cherry goes to a party. Page 19

**LAWRENCE G. BLOCHMAN**
**Appointment in India. The seventh of ten parts.** An eloquent deck of cards. Page 20

### ARTICLES

**KYLE CRICHTON**
**Little Giant.** Ezra Stone, Broadway's busiest guy. Page 11

**FRANK GERVASI**
**Desert Warrior.** France's General Weygand and his Army of the East. Page 17

**QUENTIN REYNOLDS**
**Tomorrow's Champs.** Prospective headline makers in sports. Page 18

**HERBERT HOOVER**
**Russian Misadventure.** Why we should recall our ambassador to the U.S.S.R. Page 21

●

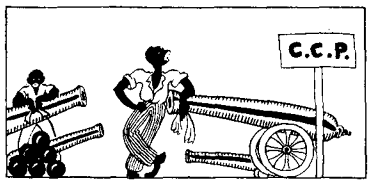
**FRELING FOSTER**
**Keep Up with the World.** Page 6

**EDITORIALS**
**Strengthen the Wagner Act.**
**Open Up for the Finns.**
**The New Children's Crusade.**
Page 78

**COVER** LAWSON WOOD

## Any Week

WE HAVE never devoted much space in these columns to protests against government interference in business. However, we've just received a bit of information from Mr. Don East of Riverhead, New York, that threatens to enlist us with the headshakers and finger-wagglers. Just after the Civil War, writes Mr. East, an ex-slave was rewarded by his ex-owner with a small pension for his ex-faithfulness. That his morale might not suffer they gave him a daily chore of shining a brass cannon that had been captured from the Yankees. "One day," goes on Mr. East, "he quit, saying that he's been shining that cannon for thirty years and was convinced that there was no future in it. He said he'd saved some money, proposed to buy a cannon and go into business for himself. His son enlarged and expanded the business until he had Yankee cannons on every Southern battlefield. His grandson took over in due time but presently ran out of battlefields and cannons and appealed to the federal government for aid. Now I understand that the government is going to take the business over and make it a last refuge for Lame Ducks. It is to be known as the CCP or Confederate Cannon Polishers."



AND among the pure delights that we believed had vanished is the bartender-philosopher who in the dear old dead days served up beer and the facts of life with equal generosity. But we have inspiring news from Mr. David Cunningham of Windsor, Missouri, who stopped for breath in a Chicago saloon not long ago. The bar was well trimmed by customers who apparently knew all there was to know about everything. Mr. Cunningham congratulated the bartender upon knowing so many omniscient people. "Nuts," said the bartender wearily. "When you're in on the know on everything you lose a hell of a lot of the joy of living. Believe me, fella, your sucker days are your happiest."

IT WAS while Mr. Ernest E. Wolfe was driving homeward to Los Angeles that he saw a filling station near Aberdeen, Washington, being picketed by a fellow who was sandwiched between announcements that the establishment was unfair to organized labor. The picket was not lonely. At his side, in step, and chatting amiably with him was another placarded gentleman whose signs read: "It is not." Says Mr. Wolfe, "Business was brisk and everybody seemed happy."

INTO the offices of Mr. Wingate F. Cram of Bangor, Maine, came a young man seeking employment. Mr. Cram made the common mistake of asking him what he could do. Whereupon he enumerated his talents—restaurant worker, shipping clerk, plumber, motor mechanic, painter, undertaker, butcher, book salesman, boxing instructor, chauffeur, saxophone and piano player, harness maker, gardener, tailor, detective, justice of the peace, just to mention a few. The fellow is thirty years old, blond, handsome, a singer, dancer and the author of two unpublished novels. Mr. Cram, by this time desperate, asked him about his family. "Ain't married," said he. "Ain't had time. Mother's dead. Father's in Pittsburgh. Smart but getting old. Taught me all I know."

MARCH
20
1940
EDITOR

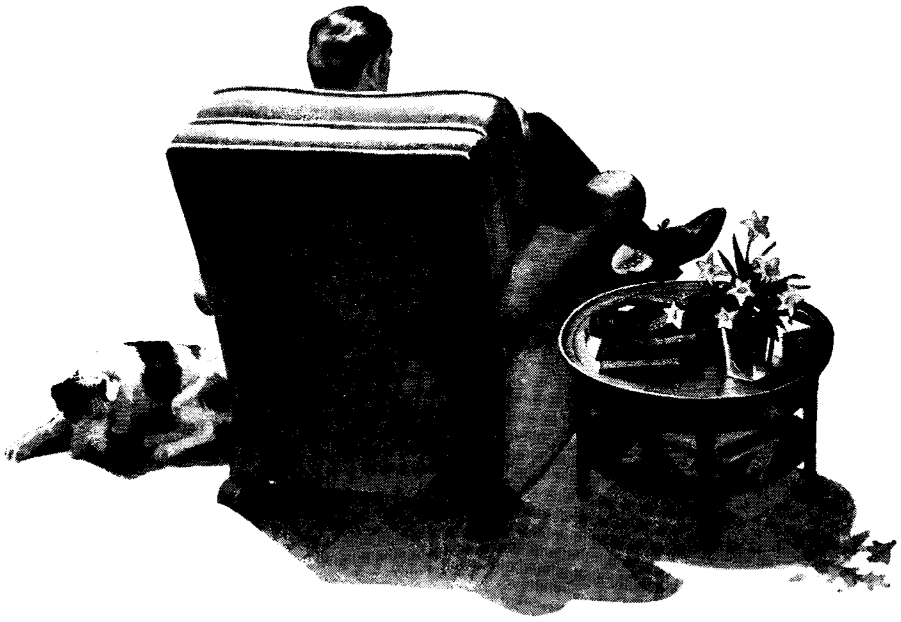
WE'RE getting a lot of jeers about what you think was our oversight in Collier's for March 23d. On our editorial page there was a spirited bit—Okay, Eleanor—which began with the observation that "it's been years since we've heard or read a joke or a sneer about Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt or seen one cartooned." In the same issue there was a cartoon—a much readdressed letter to the absolutely unanchorable Mrs. Roosevelt, a letter that is in shreds in its efforts to catch up with her. Incidentally Mrs. Roosevelt was so delighted with the picture that we sent her the original which now rests with her collection of Eleanor cartoons. Anyway, we investigated your jeers. Our answer is, "Yes, we read our own magazine." The cartoon and the editorial were ordered into the same issue by an editor who had run smack into his first whiff of spring. Gamboling like an electrified lamb, he was.

TAKING sulphur and molasses . .

W. D.

Vol. 105, No.17. Entered as second-class matter at Post Office, Springfield, Ohio, U.S.A., under Act of March 3, 1879, and at Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, by The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio, Publishers of Woman's Home Companion, The American Magazine, Collier's. Copyright, 1940, The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, in the United States, Canada and Great Britain. Executive and Editorial Offices: 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.; 6 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London. Published weekly at Springfield, Ohio, U. S. A. Joseph P. Knapp, Chairman of the Board; Thomas H. Beck, President; Albert E. Winger, Executive Vice President and Treasurer; Gertrude B. Lane, Vice President; John S. Brehm, Vice President; William P. Larkin, Vice President; J. A. Welch, Vice President; Denis O'Sullivan, Secretary. Manuscripts or art submitted to Collier's, The National Weekly, should be accompanied by addressed envelopes and sufficient postage for their return. The Publisher assumes no responsibility for return of unsolicited manuscripts or art. Price, 5 cents a copy in the United States and Canada; $2.00 a year, $3.50 for two years, in the United States and Possessions, also in Argentina, Balearic Islands, Bolivia, Brazil, Canada, Canary Islands, Chile, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, Dominican Republic, Ecuador, El Salvador, Guatemala, Haiti, Honduras, Labrador, Mexico, Newfoundland, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay, Peru, Spain and Colonies, Uruguay and Venezuela. Foreign subscriptions including postage: $5.50 a year to all other countries.
Remit by postal or express money order or check in United States funds to The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio. To avoid mistakes in delivery, subscribers should notify us of change of address five weeks in advance. Give both old and new addresses.

# A healthful exercise you can take sitting down



EXERCISING for good health isn't entirely a matter of using and training your *muscles*.

Your mind needs workouts, too. And, agreeably enough, one of the most helpful mental workouts you can choose is perhaps the *easiest* exercise and the *pleasantest* prescription you ever took!

▶ It is simply the habit of *reading*—reading for, say, an hour or so each day. And the delightful thing about this habit is that in order for it to do you good it need not necessarily be "heavy" reading or "duty" reading.

▶ You have all the world—and what a fascinating world!—of books from which to choose. From books on Adventure or Astronomy to books on Zeppelins or Zoology. You can find first-rate reading on practically anything that touches your life—hobbies, babies, sports, your job, movies, your country. And of course there's no end of rattling good yarns to enjoy. So it's easy to select whatever books will be sheer fun for *you!*

▶ This habit of reading an hour each day will leave many things of real value in your mind—will widen your horizons, and kindle new interest in your fellowmen and the world about you.

▶ And equally important, the hobby of reading is almost certain to be worth-while *alone* for the relaxation it brings your mind and nerves. It gives you release from tenseness and worry, offers you recuperation from the things in your life that are tiresome, perplexing, annoying.

▶ Your life can be fuller and richer if you begin tonight to make use of the restful, refreshing mental exercise that reading offers you. An active mind is a healthy mind—and a healthy mind tends to stimulate a healthy body.

COPYRIGHT 1940—METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

**Metropolitan Life Insurance Company**

*(A MUTUAL COMPANY)*

*Frederick H. Ecker*, CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD
*Leroy A. Lincoln*, PRESIDENT
1 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N.Y.

Metropolitan Life Insurance Company
1 Madison Avenue, New York, Dept. 540-C
Please send me a copy of your booklet, "Health, Happiness and Long Life."

Name____________________

Street____________________

City________________State________

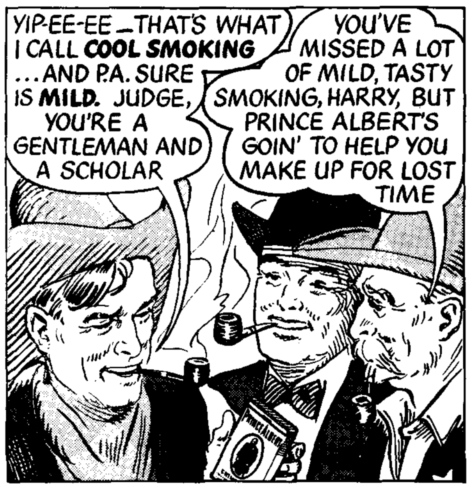
OL' JUDGE ROBBINS

HARRY'S GOT A TOUGH ONE THERE—BUT HE'S DOIN' ALL RIGHT
OOH! DADDY—IT'S EXCITING—I HOPE HARRY WINS!
THAT BRONC WAS HOTTER'N ELECTION DAY IN A HORNET'S NEST
YOU'RE USED TO HEAT, HARRY, CONSIDERING THAT BRANDING IRON YOU SMOKE. HA! HA!
I'M GETTIN' SICK AND TIRED OF BEING KIDDED ABOUT THIS HOT-BURNING PIPE
GO ON—YOU TELL HIM, JUDGE
WELL, THERE'S NO TIME LIKE RIGHT NOW TO CHANGE YOUR TOBACCO, HARRY
I'M LISTENING, JUDGE!
JUST TRY PRINCE ALBERT—THE TOBACCO THAT'S FAMOUS FOR COOL BURNING. NATURALLY, YOU'LL FIND IT MILDER AND TASTIER

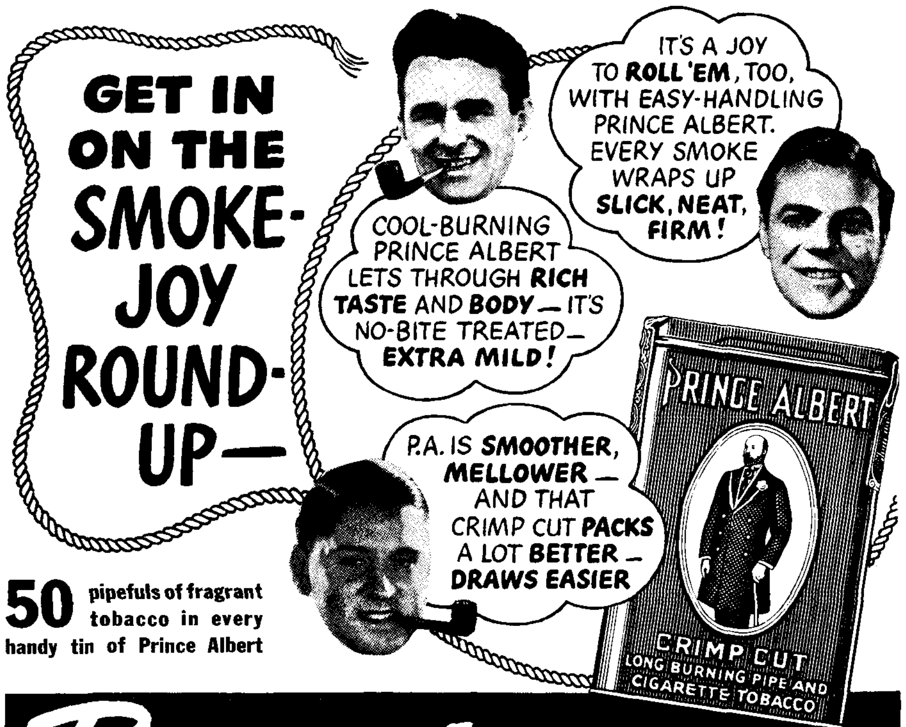
IN RECENT LABORATORY "SMOKING BOWL" TESTS, *PRINCE ALBERT* BURNED

86 DEGREES COOLER

THAN THE AVERAGE OF THE 30 OTHER OF THE LARGEST-SELLING BRANDS TESTED—*COOLEST OF ALL!*


YIP-EE-EE—THAT'S WHAT I CALL COOL SMOKING ...AND P.A. SURE IS MILD. JUDGE, YOU'RE A GENTLEMAN AND A SCHOLAR
YOU'VE MISSED A LOT OF MILD, TASTY SMOKING, HARRY, BUT PRINCE ALBERT'S GOIN' TO HELP YOU MAKE UP FOR LOST TIME

Copr., 1940, R. J. Reynolds Tob. Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.


GET IN ON THE SMOKE-JOY ROUND-UP—
IT'S A JOY TO ROLL 'EM, TOO, WITH EASY-HANDLING PRINCE ALBERT. EVERY SMOKE WRAPS UP SLICK, NEAT, FIRM!
COOL-BURNING PRINCE ALBERT LETS THROUGH RICH TASTE AND BODY—IT'S NO-BITE TREATED—EXTRA MILD!
P.A. IS SMOOTHER, MELLOWER—AND THAT CRIMP CUT PACKS A LOT BETTER—DRAWS EASIER
PRINCE ALBERT
CRIMP CUT
LONG BURNING PIPE AND CIGARETTE TOBACCO

50 pipefuls of fragrant tobacco in every handy tin of Prince Albert

PRINCE ALBERT THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

# KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

## By Freling Foster

*Although* the diplomatic mail of the United States is free of inspection in all countries through a reciprocal agreement and is delivered to our embassies and legations by American couriers, each pouch is equipped with a special lock that records the number of times it was opened on each trip. If this number does not check with the schedule, an investigation is made.

*The* American food industry packs its fruits and vegetables in more than 150 different-sized cans, at least forty of which are used for tomato juice.—*By E. G. Smith, Vineyard Haven, Massachusetts.*

*Many* medieval Russian artists, when painting a holy personage on an icon, used an odd method to make each figure "realistic." They would first paint the skeleton, then the body organs, then the flesh and, lastly, add the clothes.—*By Maria Moravsky, Miami, Florida.*

*Paradoxically,* physicians do not live as long as the average man. At the age of thirty years, for instance, their life expectancy is two years less than that of the general male population.

*Because* the density of the air decreases with altitude, a car that develops 100 horsepower at sea level has only 82 horsepower at an elevation of 5,000 feet and only 60 horsepower at 14,000 feet.—*By Ernest Rudd, Jr., Pleasant Garden, North Carolina.*

*The* Federal Communications Commission now has on its books about 65,000 active radio call letter assignments, some 54,000 having been given to amateurs, 3,800 to shipping corporations, 1,800 to civil aviation organizations, 1,100 to state and city police departments, 300 to the Coast Guard and 250 to the Forest Service.—*By Jane Campbell, South Orange, New Jersey.*

*One* of the chief reasons why rats are used extensively in biological research is that, owing to their size, they require only minimum quantities of testing substances. For example, in a recent experiment on a small number of these rodents, protein fed to them, in the form of purified amino acids, cost $50,000. If the experiment had been made on the same number of rabbits, this food would have cost $500,000.

*Natives* of the following countries are not subject to quota restrictions when applying for admission to the United States: Canada, Canal Zone, Cuba, Dominican Republic, Haiti, Mexico, Newfoundland and the independent countries of Central and South America.

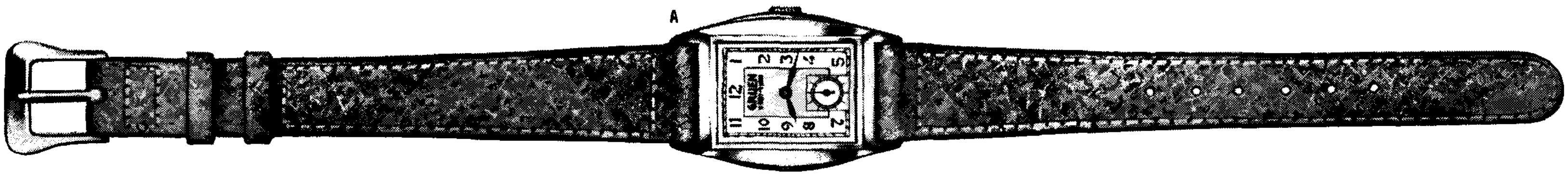
*A police* officer has no legal right to shoot at the tires of a speeder in order to prevent his escape. Speeding is only a misdemeanor, not a felony, and a revolver or "excessive force" may be used only when the escaping man is known to be a felon or when the officer's life is in danger.

*Although* granite, like marble, is noted for its hardness and durability, granite buildings have been known to crumble and fall in devastating fires that have only scorched marble structures.

*During* Japan's last suicide wave, which occurred between 1933 and 1935, 313 persons succeeded in jumping into the volcano on the island of Oshima. Of the 1,208 others who were foiled by the guards at the crater's edge, 29 managed to jump off the boats on the way back to the mainland.

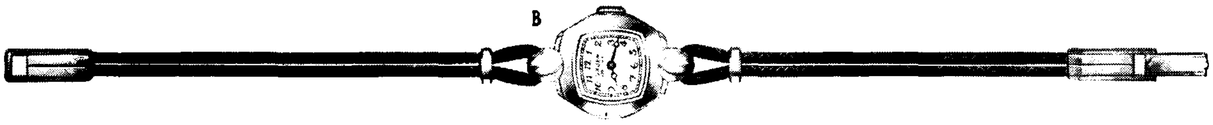
**Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City. This column is copyrighted by Collier's, The National Weekly. None of the items may be reproduced without express permission of the publisher**

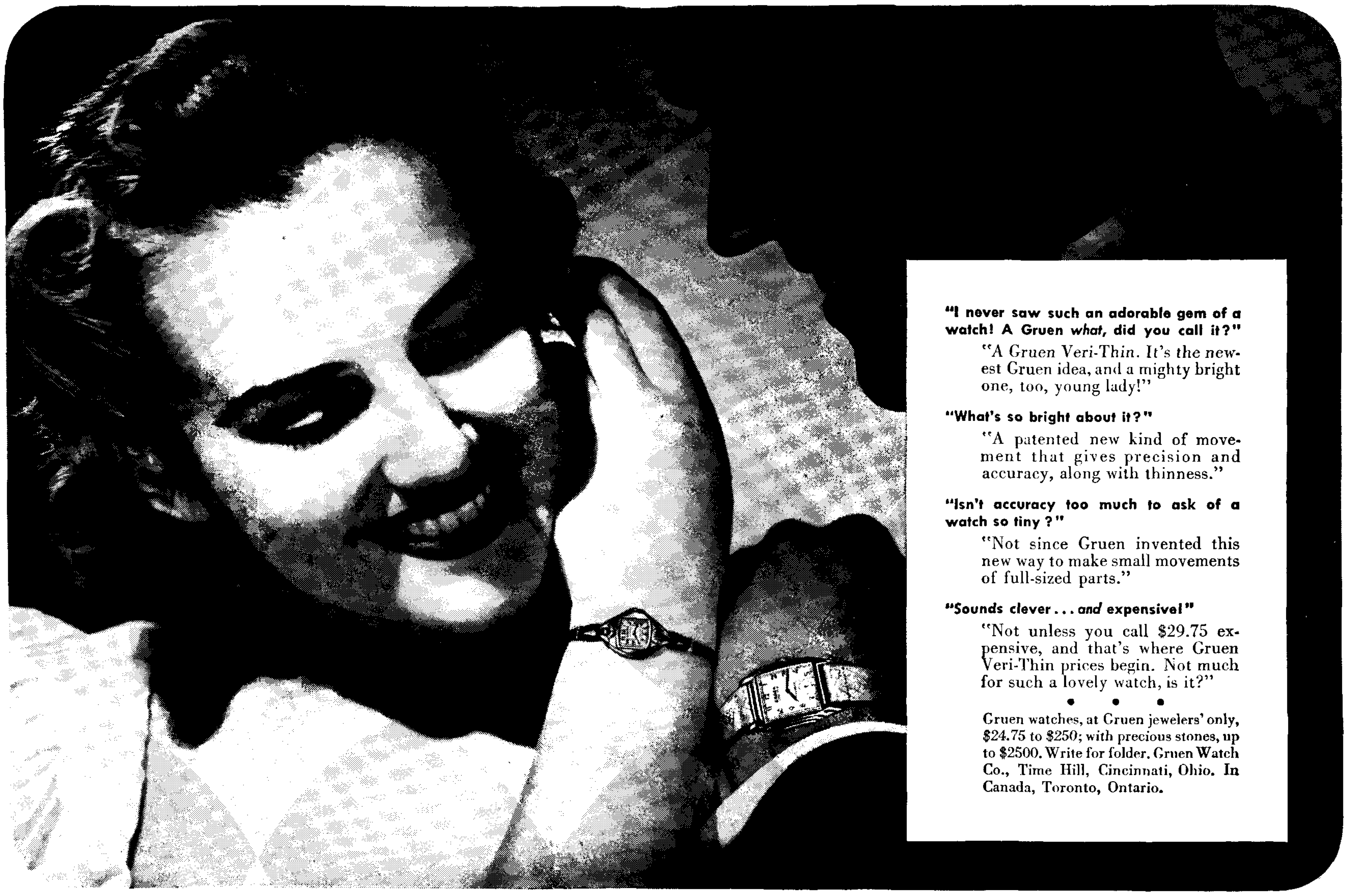
A



# The most up to date pair of watches in the world!

B





**"I never saw such an adorable gem of a watch! A Gruen *what*, did you call it?"**

"A Gruen Veri-Thin. It's the newest Gruen idea, and a mighty bright one, too, young lady!"

**"What's so bright about it?"**

"A patented new kind of movement that gives precision and accuracy, along with thinness."

**"Isn't accuracy too much to ask of a watch so tiny?"**

"Not since Gruen invented this new way to make small movements of full-sized parts."

**"Sounds clever... *and* expensive!"**

"Not unless you call $29.75 expensive, and that's where Gruen Veri-Thin prices begin. Not much for such a lovely watch, is it?"

• • •

Gruen watches, at Gruen jewelers' only, $24.75 to $250; with precious stones, up to $2500. Write for folder. Gruen Watch Co., Time Hill, Cincinnati, Ohio. In Canada, Toronto, Ontario.

Model illustrated on woman's wrist—VERI-THIN BALLET, 17 Jewel Precision movement, yellow gold-filled case . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . $33.75
Model illustrated on man's wrist—VERI-THIN PILOT, 17 Jewel Precision movement, yellow gold-filled case, grey or silver dial, Guildite back . . $33.75

A. VERI-THIN ARROW, 15 Jewel movement, yellow or pink gold-filled case, Guildite back . . . . . . . . . . . $29.75

•

B. VERI-THIN STAR, 15 Jewels, yellow, white or pink gold-filled case . . $29.75

•

C. VERI-THIN ADMIRATION, 15 Jewel movement, yellow gold-filled case set with 2 fine diamonds . . . . . . . . $39.75

•

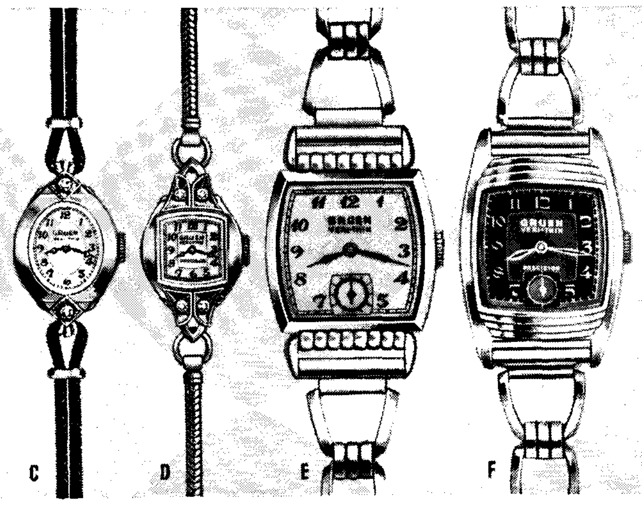
D. VERI-THIN MELODY, 17 Jewel Precision movement, yellow or white gold-filled case set with 4 fine diamonds. $49.75

•

E. VERI-THIN SPUR, 15 Jewel movement, yellow gold-filled case with pink or silver dial, Guildite back . . . . . . . . $39.75

•

F. VERI-THIN PENNANT, 17 Jewel Precision movement, yellow gold-filled case with grey dial . . . . . . . . . $42.50



### HOW GRUEN VERI-THIN* ACHIEVES THINNESS WITH FULL-SIZE PARTS

This photo diagram shows how the full-size, rugged working parts of the Veri-Thin movements are brilliantly arranged to fit completely within the thin, curved case without sacrificing accuracy or dependability. By this ingenious arrangement of the wheel-train, it is possible to slope the case downward on both ends and sides for extreme thinness and streamlined styling.

*REG. U. S. PATENT OFFICE
PATENTS PENDING

# GRUEN
## Veri-Thin*

GIFTS FROM YOUR JEWELER
ARE GIFTS AT THEIR BEST!

COPYRIGHT 1940, THE GRUEN WATCH CO.

# PHILCO
# brings You a New Kind of *Refrigerator*

**ONLY THE PHILCO REFRIGERATOR**

**GIVES YOU THE CONSERVADOR *plus* DRY, MOIST AND FROZEN FOOD COMPARTMENTS**

A sensational new refrigerator is here . . . created by Philco, the quality name in over 14 million homes. It's an *entirely new kind* of refrigerator, unlike any you have ever seen. New inventions and brand new, *ADVANCED* design give you services and conveniences you have never enjoyed before . . . and cannot enjoy today in *any* other refrigerator, regardless of price!

## New, Modern, Advanced Design!

The old-fashioned freezing unit that takes up space in the center of the refrigerator *is gone!* Instead, you have *two* separate freezing chambers . . . one for ice cubes and the other a *giant-size, separate* compartment for Frozen Foods, frozen desserts and all modern frozen storage uses. Not a miniature, makeshift space in an ordinary freezing unit, but a full-fledged, genuine Frozen Food Compartment. And *only Philco has it!*

Besides . . . a Moist Cold Compartment where you don't have to cover foods. A Dry Cold Compartment for foods that tend to spoil quickly. And the famous Conservador that gives you 26% more quickly usable space. New uses, thrilling conveniences, greater economy . . . all yours *AT NO INCREASE IN COST* over refrigerators of ordinary design!

## NEW ADVANCED DESIGN GIVES YOU THIS GIANT-SIZE, SEPARATE FROZEN FOOD COMPARTMENT IN ADDITION TO OVER-SIZE ICE CUBE CHAMBER

The old-fashioned freezing unit that takes up space in the center of the refrigerator *is gone!* Instead, you have a huge, roomy, *separate* chamber, specially designed for frozen storage. Not a tiny, miniature, cramped space added on to an ordinary ice-freezing unit, but a *giant-size* space, as large as 13½" wide, 11" deep and 7" high, *in addition* to the regular ice cube chamber—two complete chambers instead of one! Plenty of room for packaged Frozen Foods (even for a turkey), for ice cream, for delicious frozen desserts to delight your family and friends. This wonderful addition to your convenience is yours only through the new, advanced design of the Philco Refrigerator . . *only Philco has it!*

### MOIST COLD COMPARTMENT

(*Below*) Now, *you don't have to cover food* to keep them from shriveling, and drying out. This Moist Cold Compartment preserves the taste and flavor of cooked meats and left-over vegetables . . . without the bother of covers and wasted space of special dishes. The refrigerated Freshener Shelf cools food quicker, by direct contact. *Only Philco has it!*

### DRY COLD COMPARTMENT

With proper covers for foods that should not lose moisture, "dry" cold serves all purposes of food protection better than any other *single kind* of cold. Some foods, like milk and other dairy products that have fast bacterial growth, *must* have "dry" cold safely to preserve their purity. *That's why no modern efrigerator is completely safe and healthful unless t offers dry cold.* The Philco Refrigerator has this omplete Dry Cold Compartment.

### [illegible] CONSERVADOR . . .
### [illegible] Shelf-lined Inner Doo

[illegible] per cent more quickly usable space . . . double [illegible]ace in front of the shelves where foods are easiest to [illegible] and put away . . . that's what you get with [illegible]ador. And it's yours *only* in the Philco Refriger[illegible] patented, exclusive, *only Philco has it!* Two-[illegible] your food is right at your fingertips, without [illegible] the main compartment . . . easy to reach, no [illegible] or groping. Makes main compartment orderly [illegible] to use for bulkier foods; no cluttered shelves, [illegible] in front, no empty, wasted areas in back. [illegible], in everyday use, the Philco Refrigerator [illegible] food! And since the main compartment stays [illegible] of the times you open the outer door, Con[illegible] the cold air in and warm air out of main [illegible] . . . a "storm door" that saves you money [illegible] electric bills.

**Investigate! See your Philco dealer today. In your choice of 12 gleaming models, you get the most your dollar can buy in modern refrigeration service!**

**From $119.95 to $257.50** (F. O. B. FACTORY, INCLUDING 5-YEAR PROTECTION PLAN)

**Yours on easiest monthly payment terms.**

**Collier's** The National Weekly for April 27 1940

# From the Bottom of My Heart

## By James Ramsey Ullman

ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER KLETT

**Explaining Eva Worth, actress, who longed for screen fame and fortune. A Cinderella story—out of Hollywood**

EVA WORTH scored her first dramatic triumph in the part of Maggie in What Every Woman Knows. It was a triumph, to be sure, that caused no furor either on Broadway or Hollywood Boulevard, for at the time Eva Worth was still known to all but herself as Eve-yn Wertenbacker and the sum total of her public consisted of the pupils, teachers and parents assembled in the Galesville High School auditorium.

As she walked home through the soft June night on the arm of Harry Clausen, the applause of the audience still surged n her ears and her heart pounded so that she could scarcely breathe.

"I've got it," she said to herself tensely, over and over. "I've got it—I've got it—"

She was suddenly aware that Harry's eager, flushed face was bent toward her. "Will you wear it?" he was saying.

She looked down at the miniature gold football he held in his hand.

"We—we're not really engaged yet, of course," stammered the boy, "but I thought—"

"How sweet of you," said Evelyn. "But I shouldn't. I really shouldn't."

"Please, Evy."

She took the football and turned it in her hand. "Well—" She looked up at him quickly and smiled.

Harry thought of many things to say, and said, "Gosh."

They walked without speaking and in a few moments stopped before her home.

"And, Evy—"

"Yes?"

"I—I just wanted to tell you I thought you were wonderful up there tonight."

"Thank you, Harry." ("I've got it! I've got it!" shouted the voice inside. Her whole slim body seemed to tremble with the words.)

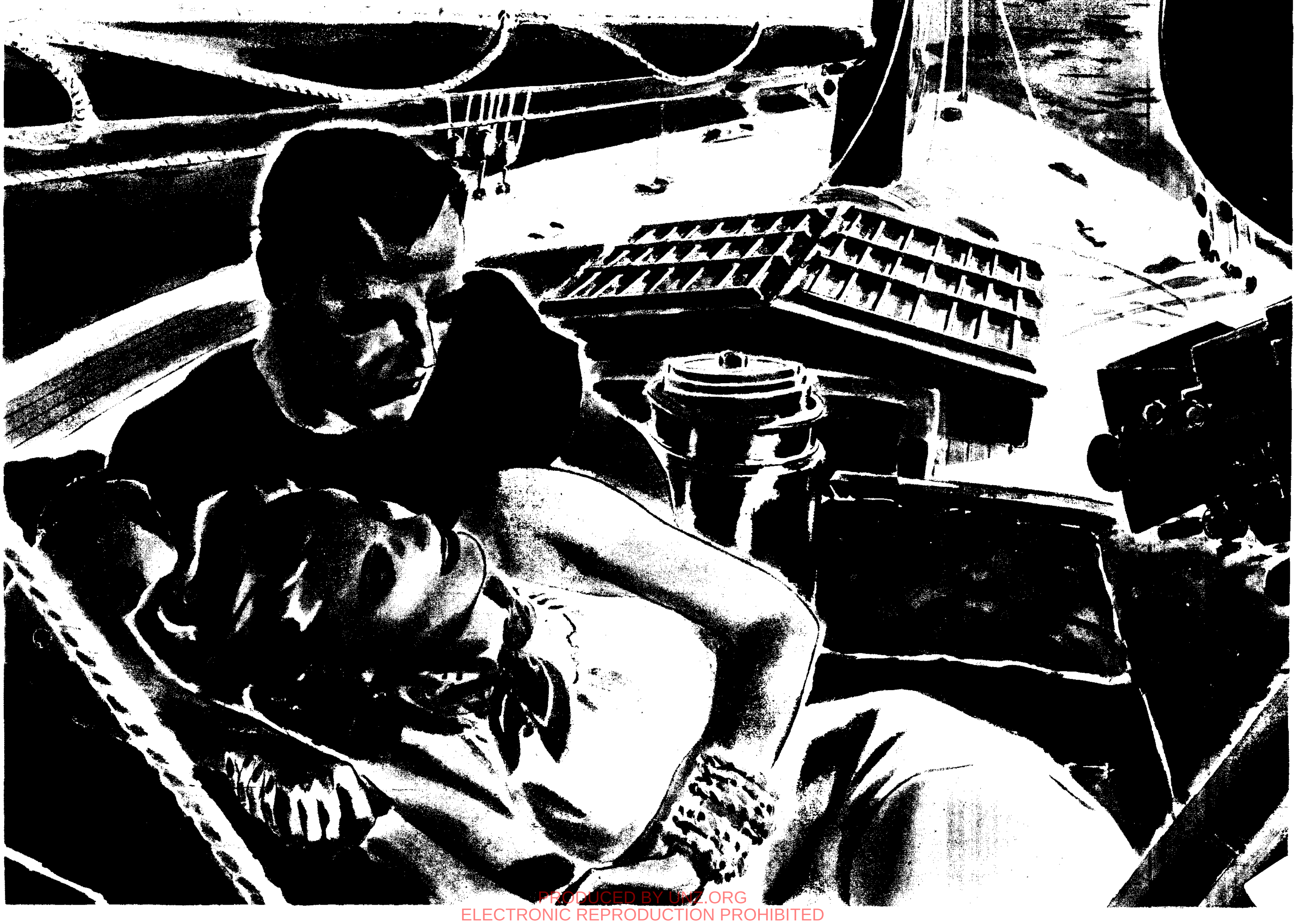
She opened her pocketbook, dropped in the football and took out her compact and mirror. From the clouded glass the white, oval face and gray-green eyes of Eva Worth stared back at her with a fierce, triumphant smile.

Her mother was still up, knitting in the living room. Her face was gray and tired, but it lighted up at Evelyn's entrance.

"How did the play go, dear?" she asked.

"All right," said Evelyn. "I looked for you."

"Oh, darling, I wanted so much to



**Each day for three months she toiled before the cameras, as the word spread slowly that K-W had hit upon another find**

come. But I couldn't leave your father." The light left her face as quickly as it had come. "He's had a bad evening."

"What, again?"

"Dr. Garber was here. He said he'd have to stay in bed at least two weeks." Mrs. Wertenbacker looked at her daughter soberly. "Evy, I'm afraid it will be a long time before your father can work again."

Evelyn received the news in silence. "But what about the store?" she asked at last.

"I've been thinking about that," said her mother. "I guess you and I'll have to try to run it, dear. It's either that or—" She broke off abruptly, compressing her lips into a tight line.

Evelyn watched her as she started for the bedroom. Suddenly she said, "How much is there, Mom?"

"How much what, dear?"

"Money. How much have we got?"

"Your father says there's about one hundred and fifty dollars in the safe at the store. That's all there is, I'm afraid, and we owe half of it to Dr. Garber already." Mrs. Wertenbacker patted her daughter's arm. "Now don't you be going and worrying that pretty head. We'll get along all right—just see if we don't." She opened the bedroom door.

"Mom," said Evelyn.

"Yes, dear?"

"Tomorrow's Saturday and there's no school. Wouldn't it make things easier if I opened the store? Then you could stay with Daddy."

Her mother started to protest.

"I'd love to, Mom. Honest."

Mrs. Wertenbacker smiled. "You're a sweet, goodhearted girl," she said, and kissed her daughter's cheek. Then she went into the bedroom.

AT 7:45 the next morning Evelyn opened Fred Wertenbacker's Stationery and Novelty Store at 53 S. Main Street. At 8:15 she boarded the through bus for New York. Her resources, when she had paid the fare, consisted of a hundred and seventeen dollars in cash, a gold football that might bring five dollars from an honest pawnbroker and a fighting heart.

On a night in March of the following year Eva Worth emerged from the stage door of the Royal Theater, on West 45th Street, and walked down the block to Ralph's Café and Restaurant. She made for the table at which Rose Perrin was sitting with Johnny Fry and a strange man.

"Hello, darling," said Rose. "This is Ken Prescott. Ken, this is the famous roommate."

"Better known as the Galesville Garbo," added Johnny Fry.

Prescott helped her off with her coat and ordered another highball. "I saw Forever Yours just last week," he said in a low, pleasant voice. "I thought you were grand, Miss Worth."

"That's sweet of you," said Eva. "Of course, it isn't much of a part."

"What a woman!" mumbled Johnny Fry. "Six months ago she didn't know the Paramount Building from the Canarsie subway station and already she is grousing about 'not much of a part.' "

"Rose has been telling me how well you've done," said Prescott.

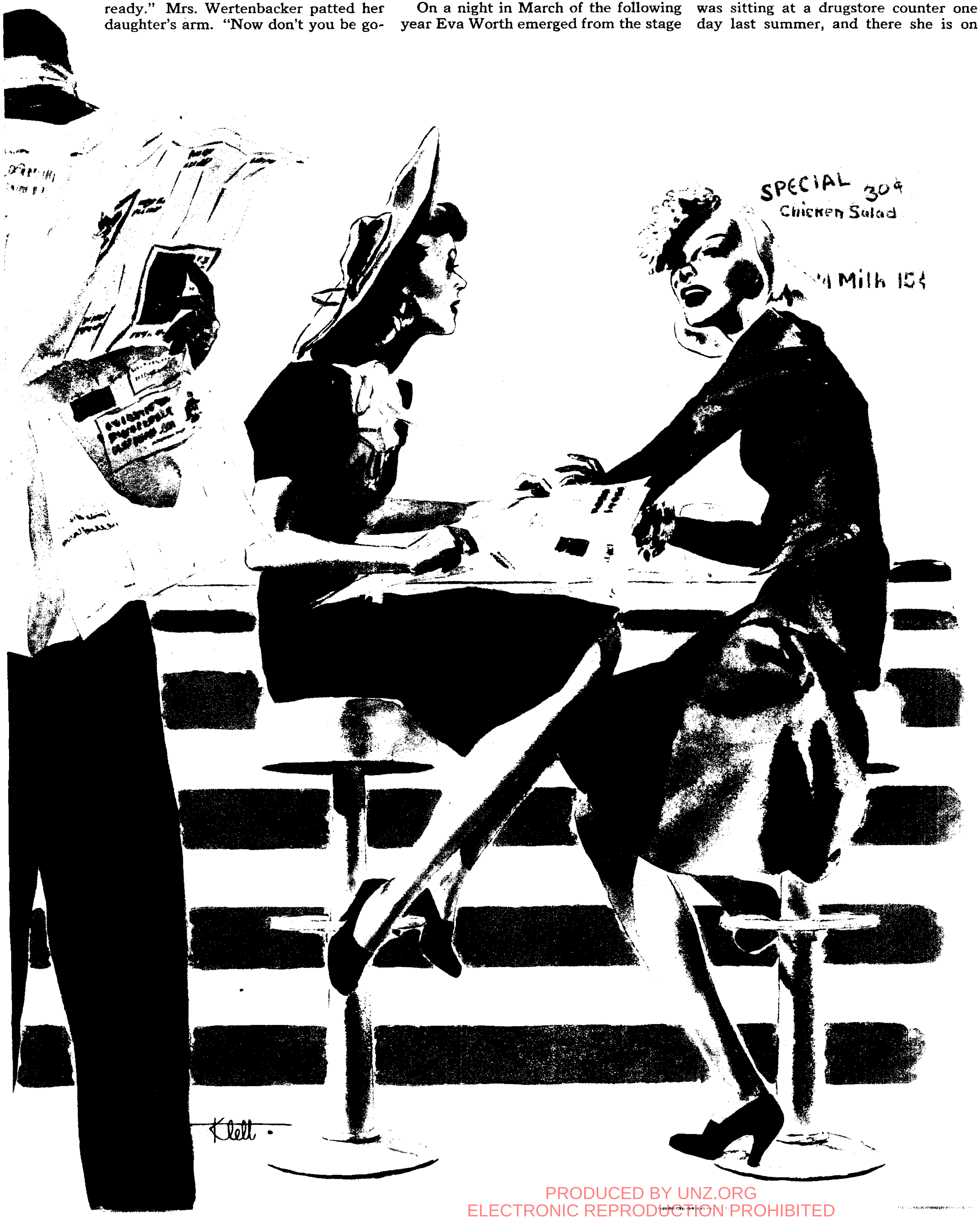
"Have I told you about the first time I met this brat?" said Rose, smiling. "I was sitting at a drugstore counter one day last summer, and there she is on the next stool, thumbing a newspaper and looking worried as hell. All of a sudden she turns to me and asks what section of the paper the actresses-wanted ads are in. When I was through choking we got to talking, and I told her I was going the rounds myself and why didn't she tag along; at least she'd learn the ropes a little. The first place we walk into is Sam Stein's office—that was wh[illegible] he was casting Girl Shy—and Sam no sooner sees her than he asks me, 'Who's your girl friend?' and shoves a contract at her."

Eva put her hand on Rose's. "I'd have never had a look-in at a job if it hadn't been for Rose," she said to Prescott. "She's been the best friend anybody ever had, and she's taught me everything I know."

"I'll bet she didn't teach you how to be so beautiful," said Prescott, smiling.

That was how it began.

The seats and elbows of Ken Prescott's suits were a little shinier than he would have preferred, but he was the owner of the sunniest disposition between Columbus Circle and the garment district and a 1930 car in which he and Eva Worth explored the byways of Long Island and northern Jersey during the long spring afternoons. He proposed for the first time on Easter Sunday and for the twelfth time on Decoration Day.



"SOMETHING'S eating you," Rose told Eva one evening in mid-June when the two girls were alone in their rooms. "Aren't you and Ken getting along?"

"Of course we are," said Eva. "He's a darling boy."

"You're stewing about something, though."

Eva hesitated. "I've been thinking I should go to California," she said suddenly.

Rose stared at her.

"Forever Yours closes next week, and there won't be a prayer of another job before fall. Besides, Rose, I think I've got everything out of New York that I can."

"You've got everything out of New York?" her roommate repeated in astonishment.

"Oh, I know I'm only a thirty-a-week bit actress," Eva said quietly, "and I guess most people would say I should stay here and plug along. Only that isn't the way I figure it. Hollywood's where the real things are in this business—money, success, fame—and those are the things I want."

"They're what most of us want," said Rose, laughing.

"Maybe," said Eva, her gray-green eyes looking unsmilingly into her friend's. "Only I'm going to get them."

The two girls talked long into the night.

"I wish I had your courage," said Rose, when at last they were crawling into bed.

"I wish I had the money," said Eva.

"How much have you saved?"

"About two hundred." Eva lay silent for a moment, staring at the ceiling. "I'm willing to take my chances after I get there. It's getting there that worries me."

"Johnny Fry went out last month by car. They say that's an awfully cheap way, if you've got one." Rose snapped out the night lamp. "Do you know how to drive?"

Her roommate didn't answer.

*(Continued on page 25)*

**"She turns to me and asks what section of the paper the actresses-wanted ads are in. When I was through choking, we got to talking"**

# Little Giant

## By Kyle Crichton

PHOTOGRAPH BY IFOR THOMAS

**Young Ezra Stone caught the acting bug when he had to recite aloud to overcome a lisp, and he's been spouting ever since. At 22 he has a lifetime of experience**

**Ezra Stone, who directed Reunion in New York, surveys part of his cast**

EZRA STONE has been referred to as a bargain-basement edition of Orson Welles, which is an awful thing to say about anybody. The charge seems to rest upon the fact that Orson is a thickset, bushy-haired guy and Ezra is a *little* thickset, bushy-haired guy. Orson is an actor on stage, radio and screen; Ezra is ditto. Orson directs plays. Ezra directs plays. Orson has made a hogshead full of dough and kicked it away; Ezra has made a great deal less and saved every kopeck.

"Put it this way," they say around 47th Street, Manhattan. "Welles is a genius and will either make a whale of a success or fall flat on his nose. Ezra will be a big shot around here when we're all gone."

Young Ez may not be a genius, but he gives every indication of having the world by the off ear. Last year he was out in Hollywood playing at Paramount in the first of the Siwash pictures. Before he left Broadway to pick off that easy touch, he had directed See My Lawyer for George Abbott, the kind of job not often entrusted to the Boy Scouts. During all this he was playing in the Aldrich Family, a radio feature which is regarded highly by people who keep themselves in a state about such matters. When he went to the coast the radio program followed him out there.

What got him into all these small Comstock lodes was his experience with What a Life, a Broadway play which Abbott offered to turn over to the sheriff after eight weeks of headaches. Ezra headed the cast and immediately went into action. He and the other members of the company took over the show and began to run it co-operatively. They kept it going for nine months, some of the time under an oxygen tent but often with full dinner pails and bonuses for the whole outfit. Ezra made more than five hundred speeches in the New York area in helping to maintain this little cripple. He appeared at schools and clubs, at clambakes and picnics. Whenever eight ladies gathered anywhere in search of surcease from the ironing board, Ezra would pop up with his set speech and a handful of cut-rate tickets.

"Not the greatest drama ever penned," he would concede handsomely, "but I am sure you will laugh most heartily at our modest effort. Now if each of you will just bring three friends . . ."

By cutting everything to the bone, the show could get along on $2,300 a week, which is vest buttons on Broadway. At one period they hoisted the receipts up to $10,000 a week, which meant that everybody in the cast was running around socking money in the bank.

When the family migrated from New Bedford, Massachusetts, to Philadelphia—his father was a chemist and went down there to work in the Navy Yard—our hero took with him a lisp. But he was put in the hands of Maurice Stone, an ex-actor, who soon had Ezra reciting Horatius at the Bridge from morn till night.

Later our little man became a boarder at the Oak Lane Country Day School and was snubbed very properly by the scions of Philadelphia's better families. This sharpened the naturally acute wits of young Ez and he took to business in revenge. He opened a yo-yo repair shop, at which any of the little snobs could get their yo-yos repaired for the small sum of twenty-five cents, they having cost ten cents originally.

"The thing was almost pure profit," says Ezra. "My partner and I got the repair parts by unraveling the string from the girls' hockey sticks."

The recitations were going well with Maurice Stone, and Ezra began showing up at a Saturday-morning kid session on one of the local radio stations. No pay but a chance to shoot off the mouth. From that he graduated over to something called Young America, which finally managed a schedule of three times a week after school hours. At the age of twelve Ezra was running this little bit of patriotism, directing the actors and paying them off at the end of the week.

"Three hundred bucks in all. I got seven fifty of that."

### Some Trouble with Papa

But the one course at Oak Lane he invariably flunked was chemistry and his old man was a chemist and had ideas about Ezra's career. It got so bad that Ezra finally couldn't stand it and ran away from school. When he got as far as Trenton his money and courage gave out and he went up to see his Aunt Sophie, who lived in said city.

She chased him back home so fast it made him spin, but the bug soon bit him again and he made another stab at it. This time he was out on U. S. Highway No. 1, north of Philadelphia, trying to thumb his way to New York when he accidentally thumbed the wrong car. This vehicle happened to contain his old man, who had been notified by the school and was in hot pursuit. Upon seeing his mistake, Ezra turned and ran. Papa hopped out of the car and chased him. The cop on the corner, delighted at this spectacle, drew his gat and joined in the hunt. Not knowing just what quality of criminal he was pursuing, the cop was just on the point of pinking Ezra with a pot shot when our little hero slid desperately through the front door of the big Sears-Roebuck store out there on Roosevelt Boulevard and was saved.

This episode was followed by a family conference at which it was decided that Ezra could have a whirl at the American School of Dramatic Art in New York. He came over to the wicked city, lived at the Y.M.C.A. on 23d Street and was soon under the expert guidance of Philip Loeb at the school. Out of that came a part in the school production of June Moon. Among the spectators was Horace Moses, the late Broadway producer who put on Grand Hotel, and Ezra received a summons from the great man. He went in, thinking that his career was made.

"I like you, my boy," said Moses, "and I want to give you a bit of advice. Acting is a tough game. My advice to you is to go home and forget it."

Ezra thanked him and came out saying, "Nuts to that," and was next seen in the Theatre Guild production of Parade, a political revue which was several years ahead of its time. After an unsuccessful venture at a summer resort he returned to New York where he met Horace

*(Continued on page 60)*

# Deferred Payment

### By John Collier

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY L. TIMMINS

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE

LLOYD took the stairs instead of the elevator. He had to knock on twelve doors, two on each floor. Some were opened a few inches, some wider. All were closed—quickly.

On the top flight Lloyd stopped for a minute, and stood still to let a little life get back into him. Then he went on up the cold stairs, and knocked on the door at the very top.

Slippered feet came padding up, and the door was suddenly jerked wide open. A small, monkey-faced man in a dressing gown stood there. "Yes?" he said. "What is it?"

Lloyd drew in sufficient breath. "I am an artist," he said. "A sculptor. Begging. I have letters here, from galleries; photographs of my work. I am not a fake."

"Go on," said the man.

"I am begging," said Lloyd. "My wife is . . . ill. I have a chance to take her away, and do some work at the same time. But I . . ."

"Come inside," said the monkey-faced man in the dressing gown.

This was the first time anyone had asked Lloyd inside. The room was a poor place, though large. It was a studio, but not that of a painter. There were many books, a typewriter, tables covered with papers. In clearings among the papers were plates of food: congealed bacon and eggs, scarcely touched, a sandwich only half eaten and two or three empty coffee cups.

"SIT down," said the man, sitting down himself, then getting up again and walking nervously about the room.

Lloyd found a place to sit, but for a moment he could think of nothing to say. There was something disconcerting about this little monkey-faced man.

"Come on," said the man. "Let's hear about it."

"I'm a sculptor," said Lloyd. "Lloyd's my name. Ernest Lloyd. From Chicago. If you'd like to look at these photographs, these letters . . ."

"Go on," said the man, with a malicious smile.

"It's nothing very dramatic," said Lloyd. "But if you're any sort of artist yourself . . ."

"Sure I am," said the other. "Go on."

"Well," said Lloyd, "I do carvings in wood mostly. Rather big figures. Nowadays I'm a bit too old to be a promising youngster any more, and I suppose I haven't made the grade. It seems harder to get anyone to give me an exhibition these days. You know how it is?"

"Go on."

"Every year it's been getting worse. I've not many friends. I know a couple of men who buy about one thing a year. I'm telling this very badly. I hope you believe me. A fellow turned up in Chicago, a sort of optimist, I suppose. He thought he could put my stuff over; had a small gallery in New York. I borrowed every cent I could, and got the stuff here. There was a fire in his storehouse, and, of course, he wasn't insured. He's flat broke himself, and that's that."

"How about these friends?" said the other. "Though few—you said they were few—surely they . . . ?"

"They've nothing to spare," said Lloyd. "There's one fellow; he's got a little house in Mexico. He said I could go there."

"But what about the sick wife?" said the little man. "You seem to have forgotten her. Are you taking her with you? What has she got? T. B.?"

"My wife has not got T. B.," said Lloyd. "Nothing so classical. She's got six years of our sort of life, that's all. Six years of hoping—and of living on half the wage of a truck driver."

"Now that," said the little man, "that's something *really* bad."

"She could go back to quite a comfortable home," said Lloyd. "Where I'm hated like poison. She's not thirty yet. She could marry again."

"Let her go, if she wants to," said the little man indifferently.

"Let her go?" said Lloyd. "I've told her to go. I've told her I want her to go."

"What does she say to that?" asked the other.

"She laughs," said Lloyd. "She calls me a liar. She's right."

"I don't know," said the little man, quite interested. "Forgive my blunt way of putting it. Isn't there something . . . something inexpressibly wearisome about a woman who has stood it for six years?"

"Depends on the woman, perhaps," said Lloyd. "Not this one."

"You can't get a job, of course?"

"I've tried," said Lloyd. "There aren't any."

"Besides," said the little man, "if you got a job . . . well, you don't build up love's young dream all over again on twenty a week."

"We've nothing to build up," said Lloyd. "We've something to hold on to. And we can't. We can't hold on to it any longer."

"How much are you trying to raise?" said the other.

"I'd hoped to get two hundred," said Lloyd. "To get there, and to live a month or two. . . ."

"You're crazy," said the little man. "Two hundred! What good's two hundred to you, even if you end up in Mexico? You need a year. When you chisel, sculptor, chisel deep. You're clutching at straws."

"Seems like it," said Lloyd, standing up. "Well, I'm—"

"Don't look so ferocious," said the little man. "You're asking me to help. Toward what? Another spell of semistarvation for your wife. And you really think she'd like it?"

He looked keenly at Lloyd. "That's better," he continued. "That's a very nice, confident, almost triumphant smile. It draws my contribution. The widower's mite!"

Still grinning, he went over to the farther table, and rooted out a check book. "Ernest Lloyd?" he asked.

"Yes," said Lloyd. "Listen; I don't want you to give me a damned cent if you don't believe me."

The little man didn't answer. He came over, folding the check into an envelope, which he sealed. He took Lloyd by an elbow and led him through the door. He pressed the button for the elevator. As it came whining up, he gave the envelope to Lloyd. "Here's a straw," he said. "Clutch at that."

"I must thank you, somehow," said Lloyd.

"Thank your wife," said the little man, pushing him into the elevator. "And don't come back."

Downstairs in the hallway, Lloyd tore open the envelope. "My God!" he said. The check was for a thousand dollars.

"The swine!" said Lloyd. "The dirty, sadistic, little swine! I'll . . ." He turned back toward the elevator. "Oh, hell!" he said. "What's the good?"

He walked out into the street, crumpling the check into a ball, ready to throw it into the gutter. Then he straightened it out and took another look at it. It was made out to Mrs. Ernest Lloyd.

"I wonder," said Lloyd, putting it into his pocket, ". . . I wonder!"

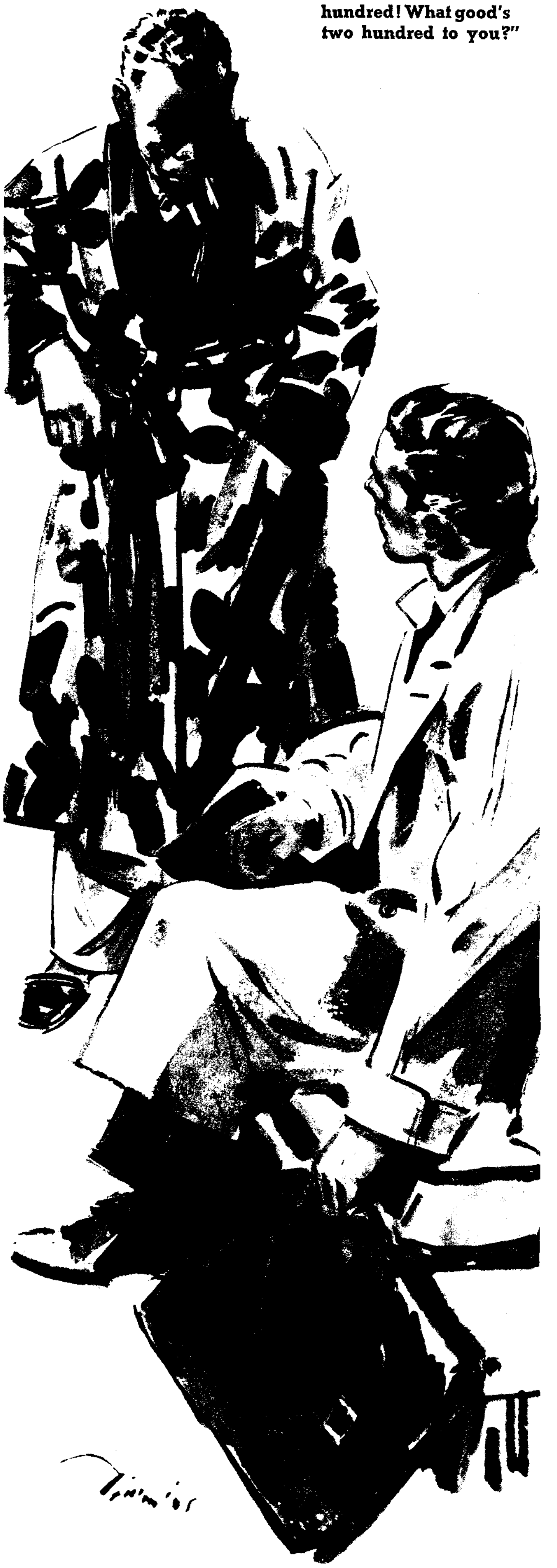
AS HE turned to go home, a big man in a big coat pushed past him, and went up to the apartment where the monkey-faced man still walked up and down grinning and fidgeting.

"Well, I'll be damned!" said the newcomer. "Not dressed? What goes on?"

"I was dressing this morning," said the little man, "when Hornfeldt rang up. Jack, I wrote a play years ago and sent it everywhere. Turned down, of course, like the rest. Well, a little while ago it seems Supreme Pictures came out with a film with the same identical story. Hornfeldt got after them. He said nothing to me. He was afraid of raising my hopes, Jack. This morning he rang up. Would I settle for one hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars?"

"Boy!" said the visitor. "One hundred and . . . ! What will Connie say?"

"Don't ask me," said the other. "I got a letter from her last week. She's staying down there, Jack. Said she couldn't stand it any longer. She's through with pinching, she said, and through with failure, and through with me."



**"You're crazy," said the little man. "Two hundred! What good's two hundred to you?"**

# NO TIME TO LOSE

## BY EDWIN LANHAM

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER

**Why the girl Homer Bradshaw met took her time. A love story, geared to just the right speed**

IN HIS thirty-five years as conductor on the Northeastern & Gulf Railway, Homer Bradshaw had provided playing cards and friendly advice for so many bridge games on the 5:28, and had shared the confidences of so many of his large family of commuters, that even after his retirement he could not get over the habit of lending a helping hand. He would have said that he was acting in his role of servant to mankind, and not from curiosity, when he drove his car to the wayside gas pump alongside the canary-yellow roadster.

Three times that day the roadster had spurted past him with a warning tune from a musical horn that played something that sounded like *Pop, Goes the Weasel,* and three times he had overtaken the car as it was parked beside the highway; once at a restaurant, once at a telegraph office and now at a gasoline pump on the road. Driven by a girl traveling alone, for all its bursts of furious speed the yellow roadster progressed no faster than Homer's calculated average of thirty miles an hour.

As he got out of the dependable coupé that he had bought secondhand for his trip to California, Homer pulled out his gold watch—presented to him on his retirement by Katz & Brady, official timekeepers for the Northeastern & Gulf. He confirmed that he was several minutes ahead of schedule and tucked the watch back in his pocket with satisfaction. He could afford to pass a little time on a siding.

The yellow roadster was empty, and Homer saw that the girl was not at the lunch counter inside the low frame building adjoining the gas pump. On the wall of the building was painted *To the Zoo,* and an arrow pointed to a row of rusty cages behind the gas station. Homer told the attendant to put five gallons in the tank and walked toward the zoo. When he came out behind the building he saw the girl.

She was leaning on an iron railing, staring intently into a cage. She was quite unaware of Homer as he approached her slowly, pausing for brief glances at a coyote, a badger, a puma. She had taken off her hat, and the breeze from the flats ruffled her hair for the sun to catch the glint of red in it. She was a decidedly beautiful girl, Homer thought, rather like the little redhead who had been a secretary in the city and had traveled with him for four years on the 5:28, until she married George Roberts, the architect. Homer had introduced them on the train one winter evening.

Homer moved up to the iron railing, a yard away from the girl, and looked down into the cage. The floor was sunken and deeply covered with sand, and at first he saw only sand. Then he made out a little nest of dark bodies, a pair of beady eyes returning his gaze with malevolence. The sign on the cage said *Gila monsters.*

"I know a man with eyes like that," the girl said suddenly. "Exactly."

Homer looked at her, his mouth slightly open. He met her level gaze, and it seemed that she had merely transferred to him the same keen gaze with which she had inspected the Gila monsters. What she saw was a small but strongly built man, neatly dressed in gray, with a dark pin stripe, and wearing a flower in his buttonhole. She saw a brown face and very thick, but white hair, and friendly blue eyes.

"All he likes to do is lie in the sand," she said. "He's perfectly happy so long as he's in his own sand pile."

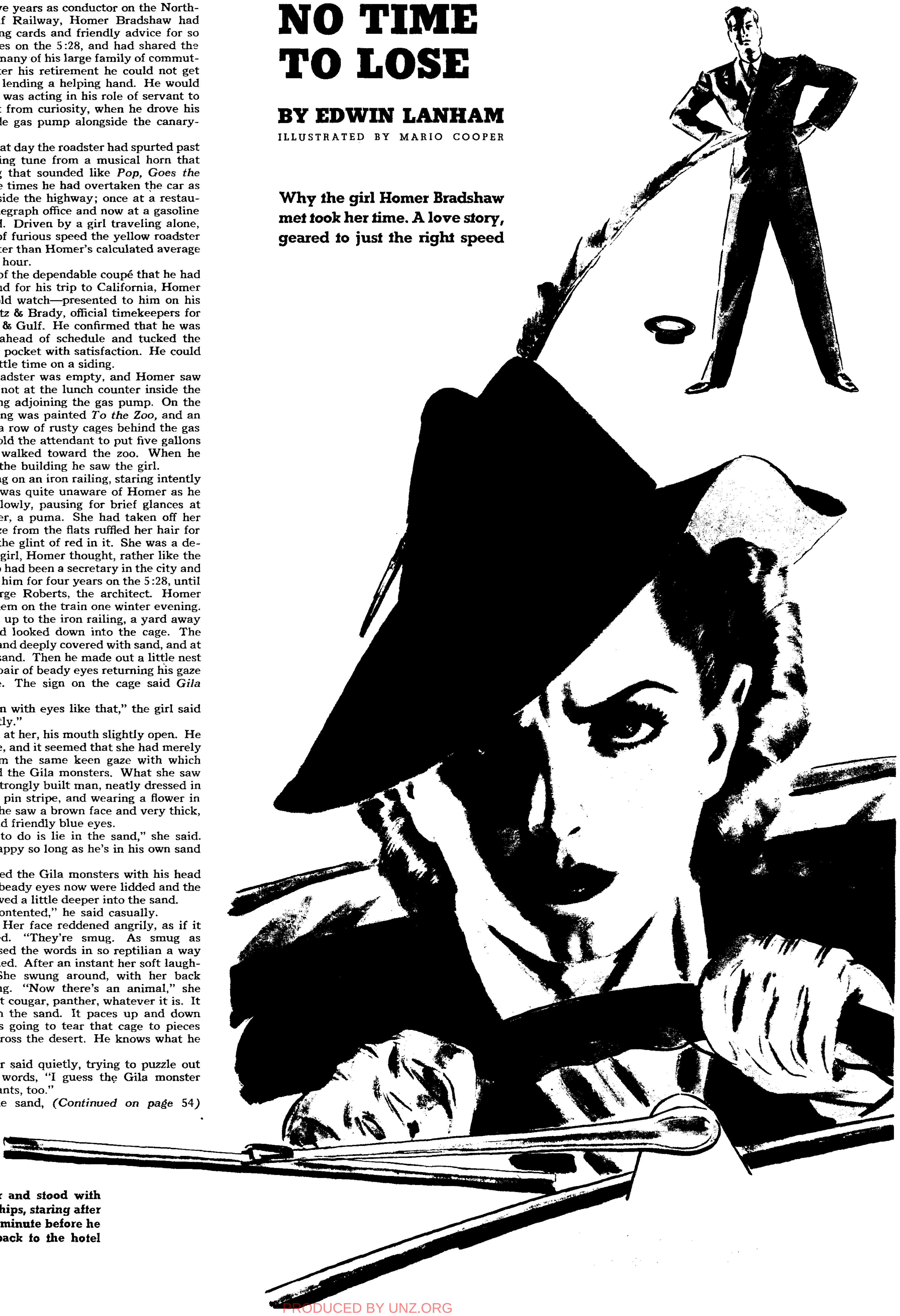
Homer regarded the Gila monsters with his head on one side. The beady eyes now were lidded and the lizards had burrowed a little deeper into the sand.

"They seem contented," he said casually.

"Contented!" Her face reddened angrily, as if it had been slapped. "They're smug. As smug as snakes." She hissed the words in so reptilian a way that Homer laughed. After an instant her soft laughter joined his. She swung around, with her back against the railing. "Now there's an animal," she said. "I mean that cougar, panther, whatever it is. It doesn't just lie in the sand. It paces up and down and some day it's going to tear that cage to pieces and streak out across the desert. He knows what he wants."

"Well," Homer said quietly, trying to puzzle out the point of her words, "I guess the Gila monster knows what he wants, too."

"To lie in the sand, *(Continued on page* 54*)*



**He jumped clear and stood with his hands on his hips, staring after the car, for a full minute before he walked slowly back to the hotel**

# Blessed Events

## By Richard Howells Watkins

ILLUSTRATED BY GILBERT DARLING

**The U-boat was doing all right until it met Mr. Jimpson, a young man who had much more important trouble on his mind**

MR. JIMPSON, who was second mate in her, lowered his binoculars and smacked the bridge rail of the Marjorie Tolliver by way of emphasis.

"That's her!" he said, and leveled a long finger at the speck on the cloudy gray horizon about a point on the starboard bow. "That's the Grenville. Well's I c'n make out she's not under way, no smoke out o' her funnel, no change o' bearings. Sure!"

The Old Man, the mate and the third didn't say anything.

"The sub didn't sink her," said Mr. Jimpson. "He must ha' got her in the radio shack with a shell, breaking off the distress call. That's why we thought she'd been sunk. But why would we be hearing a gun an hour ago if he'd torpedoed her early this mornin'?"

"There could be more than one British freighter four hundred miles due east of the Virginia capes, Mr. Jimpson," said Captain Brackett sharply. "You jump to conclusions. We're close to where the westbound low-powered route crosses the eastbound track for ships from the Gulf ports to England. There could be— Then what do you make of that one?"

He pointed to the ship dead ahead and much closer than the speck to which Mr. Jimpson had been devoting his eyesight and conversation.

"That?" said Mr. Jimpson. "That'll be some neutral that's picked up the crew of the Grenville. Wait! You'll see I'm right."

The mate snorted. He did not approve of the fat master's toleration of the loudly expressed views of anything as low as a second mate. But he said nothing. He was content to let developing facts prove the lanky second a poor guesser.

The radio operator arrived from the shack with a cigarette dangling toughly from the right corner of his lower lip.

"I been working that guy, Captain," he said. He flipped up his cigarette toward the approaching steamer. "He's a squarehead out o' Gothenburg bound home. He's just picked up two lifeboats with thirty-three survivors o' the Grenville." He pointed his cigarette to Mr. Jimpson's speck on the horizon. "That's the Grenville over there."

"Ar, shut up!" said the mate to Mr. Jimpson as he started to open his mouth. "Anybody that works his hatch as much as you do can't help bein' right once in a while."

"I'm right because I was a naval reserve man myself—in the last war," said Mr. Jimpson with dignity.

"How long?"

"Two months. Well, was it my fault we ran out o' war before I could see any service?"

"The enemy must ha' heard you were coming," said the mate derisively. "So they—"

"Holy—" said the Old Man. The stifled way he said it made everybody swing toward him. The Old Man's jaw and stomach had dropped; he was staring with eyes gone glassy at something that had appeared on the empty gray sea not two hundred yards and two points abaft the starboard beam. It was a submarine, a squat thing with white water cascading off her foredeck as she thrust to the surface.

Of a sudden, as agilely as a chamois, Captain Brackett bounded toward the engine-room telegraph and rang down the engines. "Quartermaster!" he bellowed. "Swing her! Put our starboard side to him!"

There was an American flag the size of a hatchway painted on her side plates. Right now nobody in her thought it was big enough.

"Get up our signal letters!" bawled the Old Man. "Show our colors! Stand by to get his signal!"

Mr. Jimpson and Mr. Knight, the third mate, both jumped toward the chartroom. Mr. Jimpson, who was as quick as his tongue, was in the lead.

"He wouldn't be coming that close if he didn't know we were American, Bill," Mr. Jimpson said.

"I dunno," muttered the old third. He had a washboard forehead and deep lines beside his mouth. "These German sub commanders have a way o' goin' off half cocked."

"S-Satan!" said Mr. Jimpson. "That wouldn't do me a bit o' good—me with a wife that was expectin' last time I had a letter."

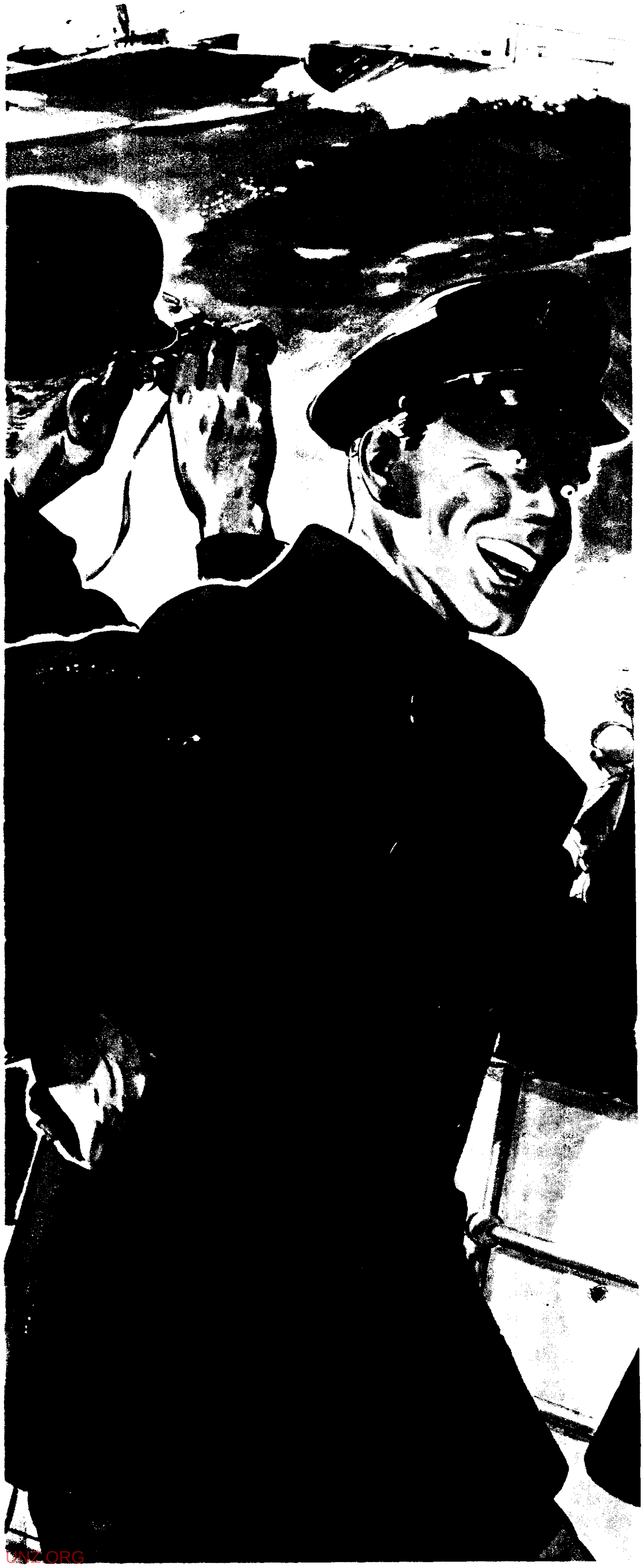
ALL hands but the black gang on duty were boiling up on deck before the flag hoist was on the halyard. The men lined the rail and stared and cursed the U-boat in a most unneutral manner. Seamen, who listen to other seamen in barrooms, happen to be not at all impartial about submarines. The Marjorie Tolliver slowly fell off into the trough.

"How'd you like to have that thing slip a torpedo into your gizzard?" Mr. Jimpson asked the mate. "A limey mate I knew told me he was eating his dinner one time in the saloon and he speared a spud and the next thing he knew he didn't have no spud on his fork and no hand on his arm. A piece o' steel—"

The mate vented a succinct word which left Mr. Jimpson in doubt as to whether he or the U-boat was meant.

For a long ten minutes the submarine, like a steel shark, circled the rolling ship. She made no signal; no man appeared on her deck; no sound came from her.

"Lookin' us over," said Mr. Jimpson. "Suppose it had been night or thick weather! Would he ha' let go first an' looked later? They ain't allowed to take chances. They let us take 'em. And me likely to be a father any minute and not enough jack in the bank for my wife to



buy the kid a pair o' socks! It ain't—"

Captain Brackett shoved the telegraph handle over gingerly to slow ahead.

"He's had his look," he said. "He knows we aren't from the war zone. If he wants to see my papers let him ask."

The submarine hung on, matching their pace, but still remaining a manless, inscrutable mass of wet metal.

"A suspicious guy," said Mr. Jimpson.

"Suspicious is correct," said Sparks.

"They've been warned everybody's spoilin' to get a crack at 'em one way or another," said Mr. Jimpson learnedly. "Suspicious—sure!"

He pointed a long arm at the U-boat.

"Ready for a crash dive or to stick a torpedo in us," Mr. Jimpson went on. "They tell me them sub crews got nerves strung up like piano wires from killin' an' bein' set to be killed. I wish he'd blow. This is no place for a comin' father."

A GOOD many deep breaths were taken simultaneously. The sub of a sudden pointed her ugly bow once more to the speck on the horizon to westward that was the unlucky Grenville. Her surface speed became faster than the old Marjorie Tolliver's gait; she drew ahead. Her course took her close to the ship from Gothenburg that bore the Grenville's survivors. No signal passed between her and the Swedish ship. The Swede had had her going over; their business was finished and salutes were dispensed with.

"He's goin' back to finish the Grenville, we not bein' digestible," Mr. Jimpson said.

Captain Brackett, rumbling, walked quickly to the desk in the wheelhouse. He reckoned the distance made good since his noon position with meticulous care and then scribbled off a radio message. He thinned his lips as he handed it to the mate.

"Is it neutral to tip off the sub's position?" the mate asked doubtfully. "That U-boat might not think so."

"Even a neutral can send news that another ship has picked up distressed seamen and just where and why they're distressed," the Old Man said. "Is it my fault if shipping deduces there's a sub still hanging 'round? I want Sparks to blast that out in a hurry."

The mate blew his whistle and sent the message back to the shack.

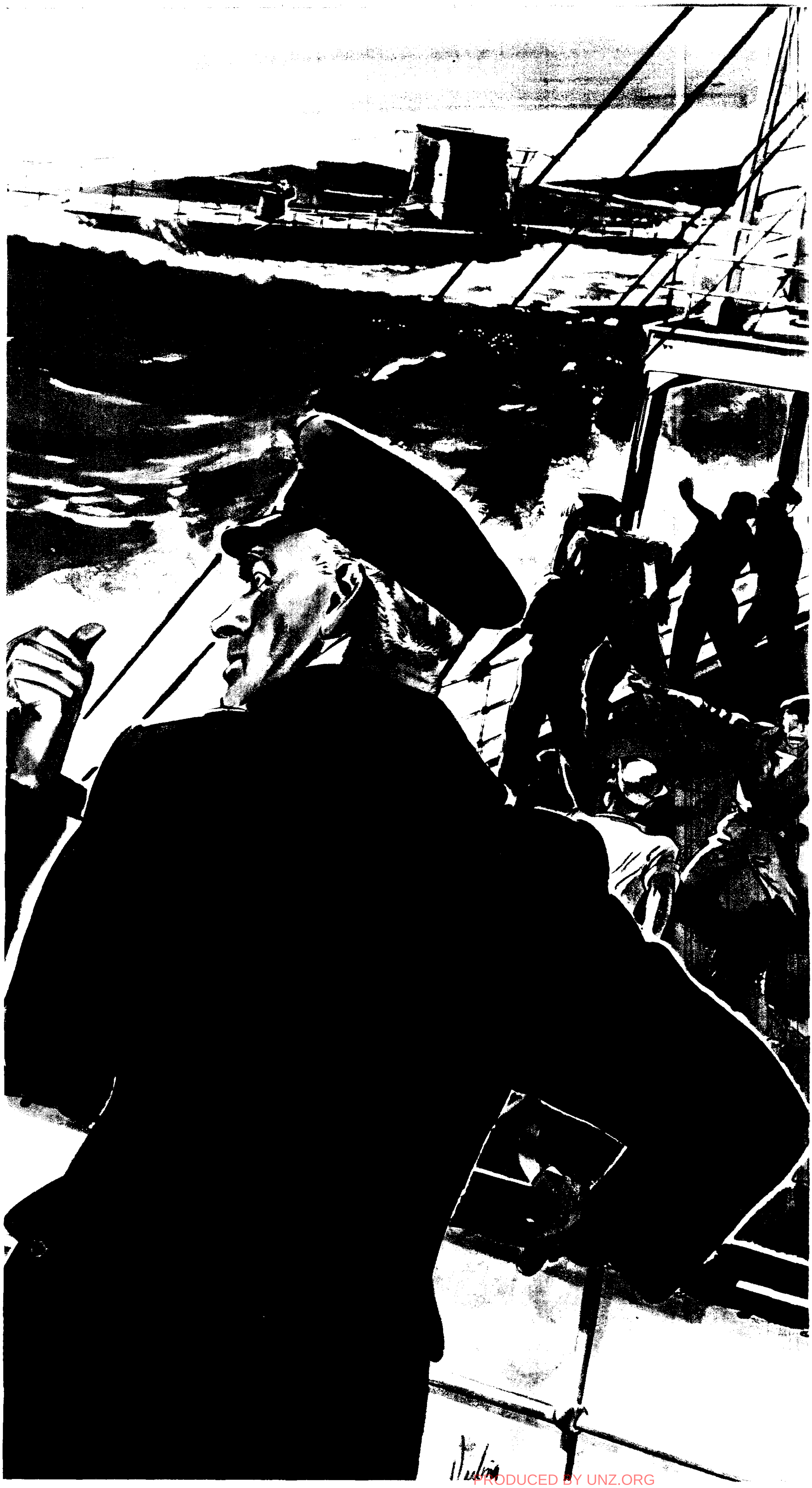
"I hope it will be all right," the third mate muttered to Mr. Jimpson, but his voice belied any hint of hope. "Those subs keep listening all the time an' some o' the commanders get screwy from the strain."

The sub changed course abruptly. She swung from due west to what looked like north with only a little westing in it. Mr. Jimpson grabbed the binoculars out of the box on the bridge and looked to northward. He picked up the smoke of another ship almost immediately.

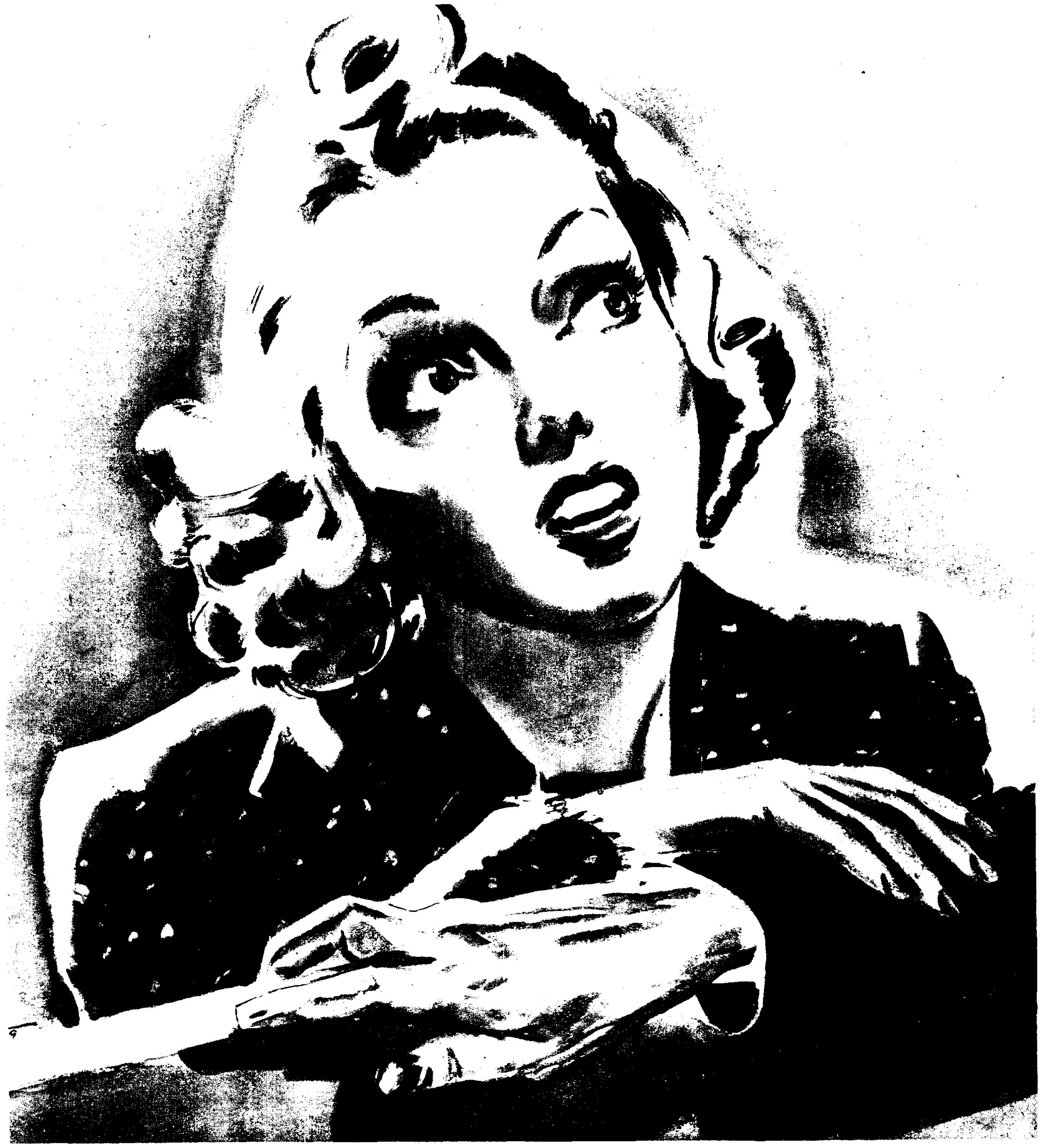
Captain Brackett looked, too, and vanished with most unneutral haste toward the radio shack. Nobody needed to be told he was going to get across a warning. The submarine had not submerged. She was making her best time on the surface in that easy sea and her wake showed it plainly. Of a sudden men came swarming out of her and manned her forward gun.

The mate scowled and Mr. Knight's wrinkles deepened. "I wouldn't like this ship to be the cause of America's

*(Continued on page 48)*



**The Marjorie Tolliver slowly fell off into the trough. "How'd you like to have that thing slip a torpedo into you?" Mr. Jimpson said**



"Listen," she whispered, "that Dan Taber is just the sort of a decent man a no-good woman would hound"

# Spring Meeting

## By Peter B. Kyne

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES LEWIS

**The story of a girl and a man and a wise owl who knew women as well as he knew horses**

OLD MAN HASELTINE had arrived at Bay Meadows Track at noon and as soon as his horses had been placed in their stalls the swipes hurried over to the track boardinghouse for luncheon, leaving their employer on guard at the stable. The old gentleman was in the stall putting bandages on the legs of his good handicap horse, Hard Times, when, through the board partition, he heard a horse in the stall on the opposite side of the barn come down with a thump and a groan; a moment later the animal commenced kicking the partition.

"Colic," thought Old Man Haseltine. He waited a few minutes to see if the sound of voices in the stall would indicate that the horse was being attended to, but, hearing none, decided the employees of his neighbor were all over at luncheon; hence, if anything was to be done to aid that horse it must be done by him.

He was in the sick horse's stall, with the animal's head in his lap, drenching him with his own tried-and-true colic remedy, when a woman demanded to know who he was, by what right he was in the stall and what he was doing to her horse.

Old Man Haseltine looked up and beheld standing just inside the door a girl in her early twenties. She had a pitchfork in her hand. Behind her and just outside the door stood a tall man about thirty years of age, and this person held a long-necked black bottle in his hand.

Old Man Haseltine mildly gave her the desired information adding that the medicine he was giving her horse was Haseltine's Colic Cure, which he had been using with gratifying success for twenty years before she had been born. To which the girl replied coldly that she desired him to remove the bottle from her horse's mouth and turn over a sample of its contents for chemical analysis.

"Oh, come, come," the young man standing outside the door protested. "Really, that's laying it on a bit thick. Mr. Haseltine exudes benevolence and neighborliness; he would be the last person in the world to tamper with your horse."

The girl turned, did her best to squelch the speaker with a fiery glance and replied: "My horse is entered in the Inaugural Handicap to be run on the opening day of this spring meeting. Ten thousand added, Mr. Buttinsky, and, to win a purse that big, horses have been tampered with before now. I don't accuse Mr. Haseltine of tampering with my horse but I certainly want to be certain he has not."

The young man paid no attention to her, but ducked in under the half door and stood gazing down at the sick horse, much as the old family doctor might gaze at a sick child.

"What's in that bottle you're carrying?" the girl demanded.

"Taber's Equine Emulsion. As a colic remedy I think quite as highly of it as Mr. Haseltine does of his private remedy. So you think your horse, provided he is able to start next Saturday, will be a contender in the Inaugural?"

"I think he'll win it in a gallop."

"Not unless my horse, Gangway, breaks down. Any horse that ever beat him to the place where the money is won the race driving."

"I had a sort o' notion mebbe I might win the Inaugural with my horse, Hard Times," Old Man Haseltine piped up. "But of course if this young lady's entry is scratched on account of sickness naturally I'll have to scratch Hard Times, otherwise she tears my already shattered reputation to tatters. Here's your sample for chemical analysis, miss."

Miss took the bottle and set it up on a scantling. "Who let you in here, Mr. Haseltine?" she demanded.

"Nobody. I just unlatched the lower door and crept in. I'm awfully sorry I done it, miss, but, then, when a feller's born with an urge to go around samaritanizing he's bound to git into trouble."

"SHE'S certainly one salty damsel," the young man declared. "Her trainer is too shiftless to leave one swipe on duty while the others go to lunch. It wouldn't occur to him that a horse might come down with acute colic and die unless promptly relieved, or that a fire might break out and burn him out of a job. Then, when neighbors come running to do a good volunteer job of first aid, the owner lodges a charge of unethical conduct."

"And who might you be when the judge is calling the morning calendar?" the girl demanded.

"I am Daniel W. Taber."

"Never heard of you."

"I'm not much of a hand at self-advertising. And by what name were you known when you were thrown out of Miss Fitt's School for Girls, following conviction on charges of running your tongue out at the teacher and pulling the wings off live flies."

The girl laughed—a soft, gurgling laugh that made the day sunny warm. "You win, you great big bully. I'm Margie Hayden. And how come you're here, asking questions and making charges?"

"Oh, I was just passing your barn and heard the riot; so I looked in this stall and decided, like Mr. Haseltine, to do a little samaritanizing." He smiled. "By the way—don't you think you owe Mr. Haseltine an apology?"

"Right!" Miss Hayden declared heartily. "Mr. Haseltine frightened me. It is instinct to scold a person who frightens one."

"Is it, Mr. Haseltine?"

"It is, Mr. Taber."

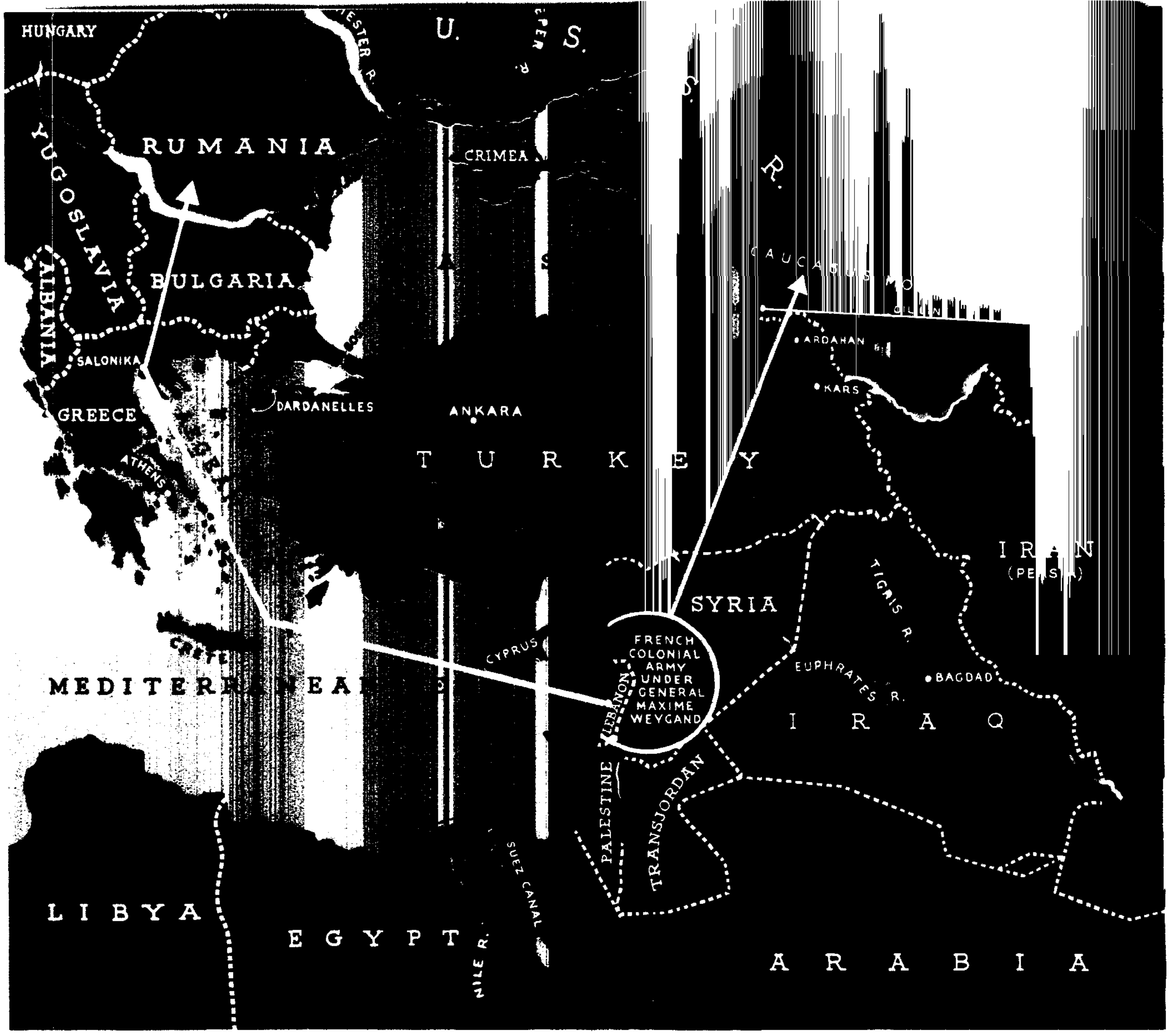
"Miss Hayden, how about that sample for chemical analysis?"

*(Continued on page 61)*

# Desert Warrior

## Cabled from Beyrouth by Frank Gervasi

**Nothing stops General Weygand. He has beaten the Bolsheviks; he has licked the age limit of the French army. Now he's in command in Asia Minor—soldier and politician at 73**



ROLF KLEP

**General W[illegible]d's hug[illegible] offense and [illegible]nse. O[illegible] oil regions[illegible] move a[illegible] Russian th[illegible] Ruma[illegible] General W[illegible] can p[illegible] tains or th[illegible] the C[illegible]**

**At 73, Gen[illegible] Weygan[illegible] ment is p[illegible] the [illegible] any French [illegible]eral has[illegible]**

GENERAL MAXIME WEYGAND dislikes card games. That's fortunate for potential poker and bridge opponents. He has the most unreadable face east of Damon Runyon. He's one of the best mathematicians this side of Einstein. If this war folds up he may combine his talents for reserve and arithmetic and get some excitement that way.

For a war correspondent already slightly exasperated by the elusiveness of the war he's supposed to be covering, an interview with the commander in chief of the Allied forces in the Near and Middle East produces all the professional satisfaction of a quiet chat with King Tutankhamen. The hero of Warsaw, member of the Académie Française, horseman, tennis player and Margaret Mitchell *aficionado* simply won't talk. We doubt whether that sergeant down in the second district would even dare try to make him talk.

You start off with something like, "Well, what does Monsieur Le General think of the situation?" Weygand doesn't even try to duck. He gives you the old dead pan.

What does the general think Adolf and Joe are going to do next, now that Finland is washed up? "Nice weather we're having in Beyrouth." Could the general give a perplexed reporter any indication of the strength of the Allies' forces in Lebanon and Syria? "Well, that's a military secret." There might be 160,000 troops or half a million or more. The general doesn't even smile when he reminds you you've been all over Lebanon and Syria and that you've seen all the troops and how many does the reporter think there are?

Finally the general breaks down, perhaps out of pity, perhaps because he's personally a good sort and really wants to be helpful, and says: *"Moi, je suis pompier*—me, I'm a fireman. If there happens to be a fire anywhere, I shall put it out."

He might as well have that mimeographed and distributed to all correspondents who have descended upon Beyrouth. It would save trouble, expense and days of waiting to see the general. It would also save cable tolls to New York. It costs one American dollar just to say "General Maxime Weygand" by cable from Beyrouth to home.

The general is avidly interested in the press. He insists upon reading every word written by the correspondents if they write about him or his army, and they usually do, because, after all, Baedeker did a good job on the scenery. (Aside to the general: Sir, you'd better put aside Margaret's Gone with the Wind. The Russo-Finnish war is over and there'll be many correspondents down here right soon. You'll have to burn the midnight oil to keep up with their output.)

This interest of Weygand's in the reporters' literary efforts constitutes a new sublime kind of censorship. It's a terrific mental hurdle for war reporters who have hitherto had merely to write down to the mental level of the animals known as censors. Here they've got to remember they're writing for a select audience—for a man who has written three books himself and knows prose *(Continued on page 35)*

PIX

PIX

# Tomorrow's Champs

### By Quentin Reynolds

**Here's a sneak preview of the boys who will make the sports headlines any day now. Mr. Reynolds courageously sticks his neck 'way out**

THOMAS INTERNATIONAL

MONAHAN MONAHAN

**Four youngsters who will make sports history if they live up to their present promise. They are: upper left, Heavyweight Lee Savold; lower left, Harold "Peewee" Reese, who'll have his chance with the Brooklyn Dodgers this season; upper right, California's 19-year-old tennis wonder, Welby Van Horn; and, right, Leslie Mac Mitchell, New York U's sizzling young mile runner**

SPRING is quite properly known as the silly season. It is the time when two-headed calves are born, comets are discovered and moon-struck laddies sing lullabies of love. Anything can happen in the spring. Now, to top the silliest thing that can be expected to happen this season, we are going to gaze into a crystal ball and tell you about the man who will be the greatest fighter of them all, the ballplayer who will make us forget Joe DiMaggio, the tennis player who is going to lick Don Budge and the runner who is going to mangle all existing world records. We'll gaze deeply into our crystal and see what we come up with.

Well, now, here's a fine broth of a lad named Lee Savold, 192 pounds of him, broad-shouldered and with high cheekbones and a murderous left hook. He emerges from the crystal weaving and bobbing and there's something about the look of him that rings a bell in your memory. Why, he looks like Dempsey. He throws short punches as Dempsey used to do and sometimes he crouches the way Jack crouched, feinting with shoulders and with his head.

Yes, sir, he's our baby and we might as well learn something about him. The crystal tells us that he'll be chasing Joe Louis out of a ring two years from now. He'll be hailed as the greatest of them all and they'll be saying that Louis never was much good anyhow. If you think this won't come to pass remember it's the silly season and we can make any predictions we please.

Savold popped up in one of the preliminaries to the Louis-Pastor fight in Detroit some months back. He weighed just 199 pounds then and he flattened someone named Jack O'Sullivan. The fistically wise gentlemen around Mike Jacobs told Mike to keep an eye on the lad. Now it is a strange anomaly of the fight game that its high priest, Monsieur Jacobs, knows absolutely nothing about fighting. Mike, in fact, does not know the difference between a left hook and a planked steak but he listens to people who know the difference. They sold him on Savold and he wired Pinkey George, the kid's manager, to bring him east.

Canny Pinkey George wired back: "He's not ready for New York yet."

However, a month later Savold fought his first good heavyweight, a clever, experienced fighter named Maurice Strickland, who knows all the answers. Strickland had stayed ten rounds with Bob Pastor without any trouble and he had beaten a lot of real good men, as good men go in the heavyweight division these days. And Savold knocked him out.

### A Surprise for the Fight Fans

"He's ready now for New York," Pinkey George wired Mike, and Mike gave him a chance. He matched Savold with Jim Robinson of Philadelphia, in one of the Garden preliminary fights. Robinson would never muss Joe Louis' ears but he has fought some good fights in New York and no one would put him in the push-over category.

Our kid went to work systematically on the big Philadelphian. The first round wasn't two minutes old before the Garden became quiet. This, the mob sensed, was a fighting man. He crowded Robinson nicely and threw short punches, something that we don't see often in these days of free, wild swingers. He feinted nicely; he slipped blows prettily and when he hit he hurt. He took his time and in the third round the referee stopped it. After the fights the crowd walked out talking excitedly about the kid from St. Paul.

The fight mob has been disappointed twice this past winter. First, it made Billy Conn its favorite, but to date Billy hasn't shown a punch that would justify anyone's predicting great things for him. Then there was the punching Pat Comiskey of Paterson, who looked gorgeous until he was tossed in with a ring-wise old veteran named Steve Dudas. Steve made Pat look pretty bad. So now the crowd is stringing along with our boy Lee. Let's hear his story.

When Lee was a kid he used to hang around a gymnasium run by Mike Gibbons. Gibbons and Jock Malone have established what is known as the St. Paul school of fighting. They emphasize feinting and they slip more punches than they block. Lee, just watching, absorbed a lot of their technique. Then he began boxing and he proved an apt pupil. He looked great, so good that they sent him out to the coast to campaign.

But they hurried him along too fast. They fed him to smart heavyweights and at that time Lee wasn't in their class. He was just a neophyte in the trade. After he was beaten a couple of times he became disgusted with the ring and quit. He worked here and there doing the best he could and then headed back for St. Paul, where he became, of all things, a bartender.

Now when a man on the drinking *(Continued on page 32)*

# The Secret of the Marshbanks

## By Kathleen Norris

COPYRIGHT, 1940, BY KATHLEEN NORRIS

*The Story Thus Far:*

HER parentage a mystery, Charlotte ("Cherry") Rawlings lives through early childhood and adolescence at St. Dorothea's, a school for girls who have no family backgrounds. At the age of twenty she receives a surprise visit from Judge Judson Marshbanks who tells her that he has made arrangements to place her in a secretarial position with a friend and neighbor of his in San Francisco.

The judge—a kindly, charming man—reveals little about her past. But she gathers from what he says (very guardedly) that her mother, dying, had left some money; and that she had directed her old nurse and housekeeper, Emma, to place her in St. Dorothea's.

Cherry goes to San Francisco presently, where she is briefly a guest in the household of Judge Marshbanks. The household consists of the judge's young wife Frances; the judge's widowed mother; and Amy Marshbanks, the judge's orphaned niece, a pretty girl with the mind of a debutante and not much more. Cherry is coolly received by Frances and Amy. At the Marshbanks home Cherry meets Kelly Coates, friend of the judge, admirer of the judge's young wife. Coates is young, prepossessing, already a successful artist. Cherry finds him charming and exciting.

Cherry's stay at the Marshbanks home ends and she takes up her work as secretary to Mrs. Porteous Porter, a wealthy semi-invalid widow. Cherry is comfortably installed in Mrs. Porter's house and begins her duties. Mrs. Porter's housekeeper is a middle-aged woman named Emma, who had once been Cherry's mother's housekeeper. It was Emma who had cared for Cherry's mother during her last illness and who had arranged Cherry's admission to St. Dorothea's. Cherry vaguely recalls the grim, taciturn woman.

From time to time Cherry thinks of Kelly Coates—wonders if she will ever see him again. She is restless, and not quite happy. Nothing ever happens in the great, silent house. There is no excitement, no real life. . . . Cherry peers toward the future hopefully but ahead of her she can see nothing but a comfortable, depressing monotony.

### III

ONE day she had an adventure. It came on a quiet, foggy afternoon when all the world seemed dull and quiet. Cherry was driving with her old employer through the stripped winter park in which even the deciduous trees appeared to have shrunk in size and to have pulled their skirts away from the accumulated trodden rubbish beneath them—papers and gum wrappers, candy bags and ice cream cartons and odds and ends of string.

She had fallen into a dreamy recollection of a day when cheery, sturdy little Sister Carmelita had directed a half dozen of the larger girls to help her clear the Wallace property recently acquired by the convent, and they had all had a glorious time, raking and burning and hacking at roots, when Cherry's old companion said suddenly:

"Look there—wait a minute—stop him!"

Automatically and instinctively obeying these instructions Cherry seized the speaking tube and Merryweather drew up at the right-hand side of the road. Then the girl saw for the first time that two bay horses carrying a man and woman were pacing along one of the bridle paths, and that the woman was Fran Marshbanks and the man Kelly Coates.

In response to old Mrs. Porter's gesticulations, and her voice at the window she was energetically lowering, the riders came close to the car and Fran gave Cherry her second careless smile and nod, and Kelly saluted her by touching his cap with his whip. He was presented to Mrs. Porter, and as the two women fell into a discussion of the list of patronesses for a forthcoming series of concerts, he rode around the back of the car and chatted with Cherry at her own opened window.

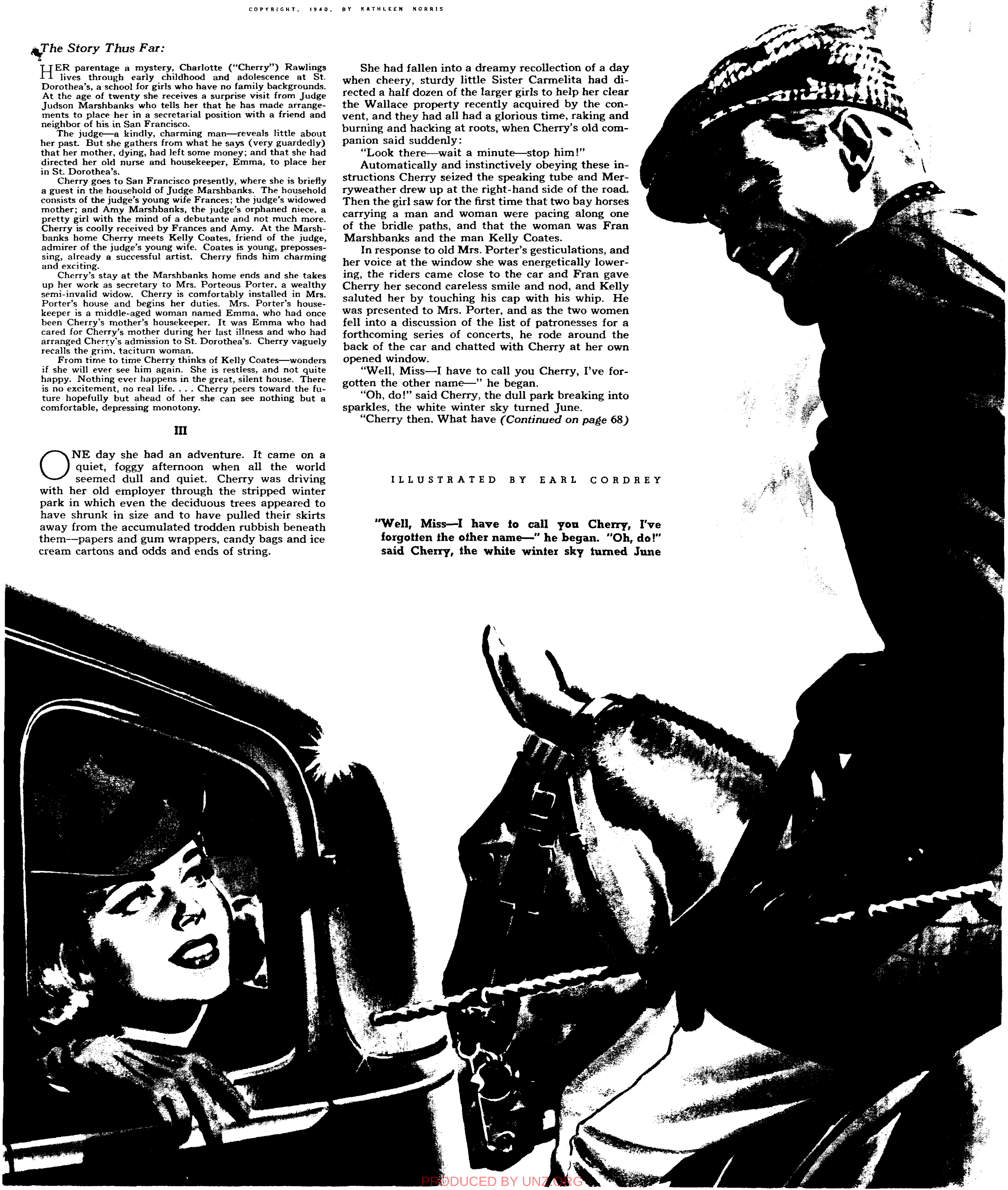
"Well, Miss—I have to call you Cherry, I've forgotten the other name—" he began.

"Oh, do!" said Cherry, the dull park breaking into sparkles, the white winter sky turned June.

"Cherry then. What have

(Continued on page 68)

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL CORDREY



**"Well, Miss—I have to call you Cherry, I've forgotten the other name—" he began. "Oh, do!" said Cherry, the white winter sky turned June**

# Appointment in India

## By Lawrence G. Blochman

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY MORSE MEYERS

*The Story Thus Far:*

WITH orders to foment trouble among the natives, Fred Oaks, an American soldier of fortune, is sent to India by the Spanish rebels. He goes to Shakkarpur, takes a room at Seaside House, a decrepit hotel that is owned and run by an eccentric old woman: Gwendolyn Small.

Two women soon become infatuated with Oaks—Virginia Hatton, whose brother is the district officer; and Rhoda Curring, the wife of James Curring, a plantation manager. . . . Bill Gabriel, a private detective from San Francisco, arrives on the scene. He is later joined by a girl—Lucy Steel—who had employed him to find Fred Oaks. But, having made good on the assignment, he does not return to America. Before he can leave, Lucy Steel is murdered, shot to death, in Oaks' room; he feels that it is incumbent upon him to stay and, if possible, find the killer.

Oaks, the most obvious suspect, goes into hiding. A few hours later, Gabriel, in his room at Seaside House, hears a noise at his door. It is night. He opens the door. As he does so, Fred Oaks falls at his feet—someone has drugged him, brought him to the room. Why? Gabriel cannot answer the question. Mystified, he puts Oaks (who is unconscious) to bed; then, going out, he begins his investigation.

First, he interviews Rhoda Curring. When he leaves her, he feels sure that she had been in the room in which Lucy Steel was killed; he suspects strongly that she hopes her husband, *and not Fred Oaks,* will be accused of the crime.

Slipping into Seaside House, Gabriel explores the old, dust-covered attic. He sees bloodstains on the floor. He finds some clothing and a handbag that had belonged to Lucy Steel. And he finds old Gwendolyn Small—dead! Her body, still warm, is hanging from a rope. She has hanged herself—or been hanged.

Gabriel cuts the body down, leaves the hotel. He encounters Virginia Hatton, tells her about Oaks. Then, yielding to her frantic pleas, he takes her to his room, and leaves her there—alone with Oaks.

As he goes out, Oaks opens his eyes. Virginia says: "Will you listen to me, Fred?"

**He kissed her eyes, the smoothness of her forehead, the fragrance of her hair. Then he shook his head**

### VII

"YES, of course." Fred could make out the silhouette of the girl's patrician head against the blur of netting. He could see the graceful line of her hair that curled at her shoulders—hair that was fine and silken to the touch. He reached out his hand to caress its soft resilience. "Of course I'll listen," he said. "You came to tell me why you had me smoked out of the chokidar's lodge."

"But I had nothing to do with all that! I didn't know the chokidar was coming back for his precious pipe."

"You don't owe me any explanation, Virginia. You were following your natural inclinations and your natural loyalties. And even if you feel no particular loyalty to your brother, why shouldn't you want to hit back at me, after I'd told you how I'd planned to use you? I'd have been just as vindictive myself. You had every reason to be resentful."

"But I wasn't resentful, Fred. That's just the point." The girl's voice was vibrant with feeling. "I was hurt, at first. I did go to my brother with every intention of telling him where he could find you. But when I got to him, I discovered I couldn't say a word. Every instinct that had always seemed right and natural suddenly appeared wrong and against the grain. I felt as though I wasn't Virginia Hatton any more, but somebody else, somebody entirely different. I was terrified. I'm still terrified—but I'm not sorry. I'm happy, really happy, that I didn't give you away—not even after I learned that you had—wives to burn."

"Who told you that?" Fred's tone was sharp.

"Mr. Gabriel has Lucy Steel's marriage certificate. And he has a record of a marriage to a Marjory Somebody. Marjory Root."

"Wives to burn," Fred laughed briefly, bitterly. "I never really had a wife," he said.

"You don't have to tell me about it. It doesn't matter. Or rather it did matter—to you—once. I fancy it would explain you, all of you, the way you are now. But even without your telling me, I think I understand."

"YOU'D better stop being so damned understanding and noble and self-sacrificing. If you don't, you'll get really hurt, badly hurt. Haven't you enough trouble, as you are? You're honest. That's enough of a handicap in our modern world. That's—"

"You see, it does matter," the girl interrupted. "What did she do to you, this Lucy Steel?"

"Nothing."

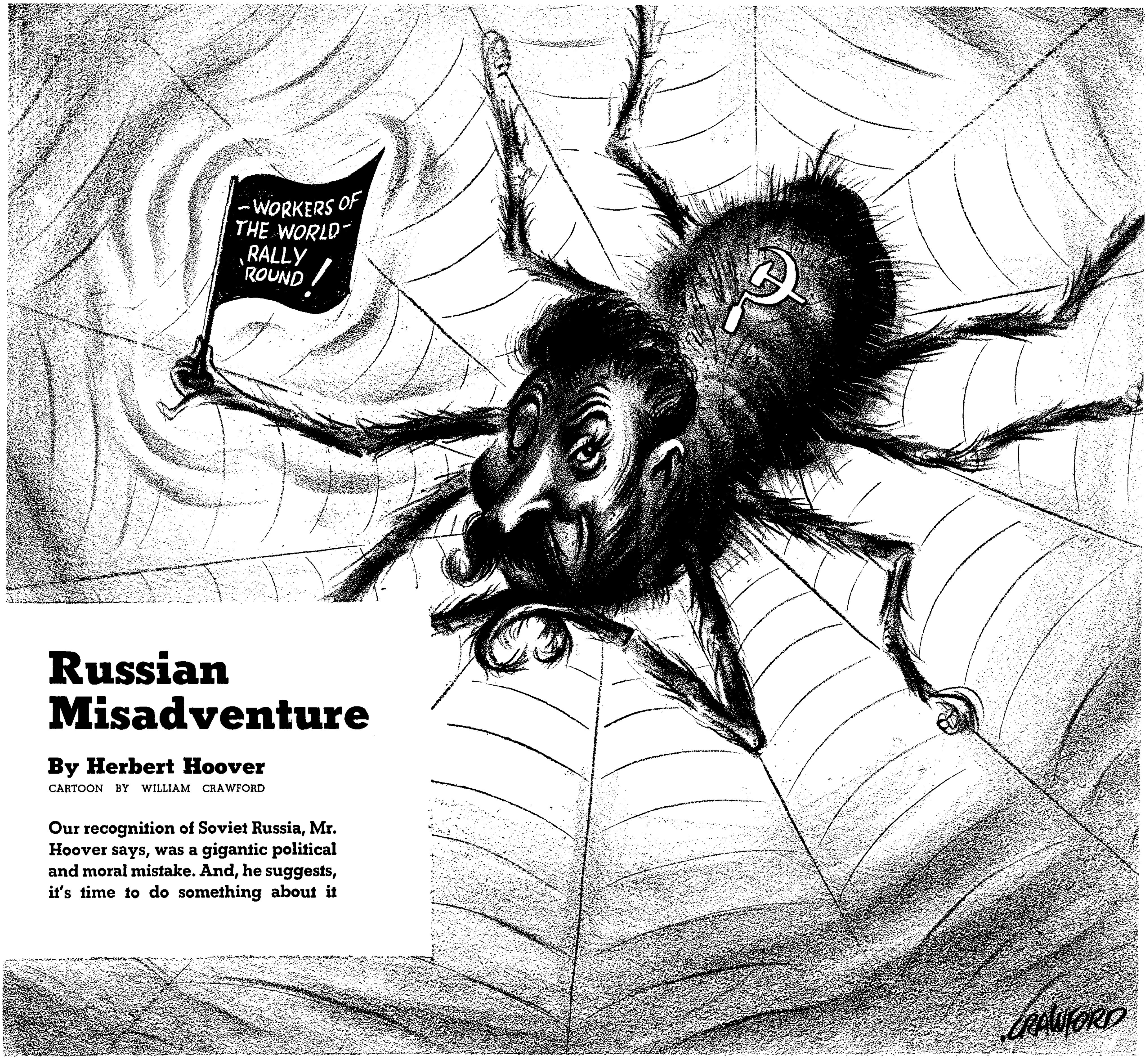
"Then it was the other one. What sort of person was Marjory Root?"

"She was fascinating," Fred mused. "She was also cheap, designing and completely upscrupulous. But she was very beautiful. That was all that mattered at the time."

"When was this?"

"I was still in college . . . my last year. I hadn't been brought up as the typical pampered rich man's son. My father was a despot, with theories. He didn't believe in giving anyone anything he hadn't sweated for, not even his own son. I didn't have much money to spend, and I was still fairly naïve, in spite of my having been raised in India until I was six, and in Europe for several more years. When I met Marjory, I was completely obsessed with her. I knew from the first time I saw her I would have to marry her. Nothing else mattered. I

*(Continued on page 42)*


- WORKERS OF THE WORLD - RALLY ROUND !
CRAWFORD

# Russian Misadventure

**By Herbert Hoover**

CARTOON BY WILLIAM CRAWFORD

**Our recognition of Soviet Russia, Mr. Hoover says, was a gigantic political and moral mistake. And, he suggests, it's time to do something about it**

THE safety and defense of the United States in a world armed to the teeth does not wholly consist of being properly armed ourselves nor of maintaining our neutrality in the present wars.

It depends upon maintaining the respect of other nations. It depends upon our giving vigorous moral support to decent standards of conduct between nations. It depends upon our freedom from the pitfalls of power politics. It depends upon our keeping free of propaganda and interference in our domestic affairs by foreign governments and foreign ideologies.

In other words, our safety and defense depends greatly upon the wisdom of our foreign policies.

In these lights I propose to analyze Mr. Roosevelt's recognition of the Communist government of Soviet Russia, and its consequences to the American people and to mankind.

The events of the past six months have further illuminated this policy and point to two major reasons for a re-examination now.

Errors in foreign policies often cannot be fully corrected. But because errors are made is no sign that nothing can be done about it. When we see that the consequences result in continued disintegration of decent standards in the world and at home, we should at least reassert our position on these standards.

The recognition of Russia is a test of statesmanship. With two thirds of the world at war, vast problems will arise daily, the solution of which will determine our peace abroad and our peace at home. The capacity and judgment in the past should be examined before we elect leadership for the difficult years before us.

Recognition or nonrecognition of new governments and the exchange of ambassadors or ministers is one of the protections to international decency that nations have developed over centuries. These measures are not merely to provide afternoon teas for cooky-pushers in foreign service or avenues for the red tape of ponderous verbiage in communications. These are measures designed to safeguard nations from grave consequences.

At once let me make it quite clear that in analyzing the recognition of Russia and its consequences I am not advocating war with Russia. Nor am I advocating that we in the remotest degree interfere with the internal affairs of Russia. That is the business of Russia alone.

When our neighbors choose to live a life of disrepute, we do not shoot them up. But we can hold up the moral and social standards in the community a little better if we do not associate with them. Or take part in their parties. Or invite them into our homes. Or present them to our children.

Recognition of new governments is thus more than a re-establishment of legalistic or trade relations. It is a sign that we believe they are respectable members of the family of nations. It gives to them right of entry into our homes. It gives them a recommendation to our neighbors.

Further, let me say that I am not interested in Red baiting. I have no anxiety that the Communists will pull off a Communist revolution in the United States. That is not what happens. What does happen is that a people get annoyed and indignant over Communist sabotage of national life and poisoning of the wells of liberty. Then

---

**The second article by D. H. Dubrowsky on How Stalin Steals Our Money will appear next week**

in a rage they go Fascist and put the Communists down by cruelty and violence. Or in milder form they go vigilante. Both of these reactions are the defeat of liberty. That is the Communist contribution to the abandonment of democracy in a number of nations outside Russia. Communism everywhere has paved the way for Fascism. And daily we see the two systems approach the same form of sheer tyranny and despotism.

We may summarize some firsthand history.

For a number of years before the Great War I, as an American engineer, practiced my profession in Russia. In the building of large industrial works I came to know only too well the sufferings of a people under the Czarist despotism. I came to know the gentle character of the great mass of the Russian people. I knew their strivings toward better family and community life. I saw their rising aspirations of liberty. I saw their frustrations against the repression of an intolerable aristocracy.

Finally, in 1916, due to the internal demoralization of the Great War, the Czar was compelled to recall the parliament (the Duma) of the people to ward off rebellion. At that I rejoiced. In March, 1917, the courageous men of this parliament overthrew the Czarist government. These were not Communists—they were liberal-minded patriots. They created a representative republic under Kerensky. I felt that even the dreadful losses of the Great War might have compensations in the glow of rising liberty that dawned across the bleak Russian steppes.

In November, 1917, however, the Communists, as the Bolshevik party, in co-operation with Czarist forces, overthrew the democratic government. A bloody curtain descended upon the Russian people. The hope of liberty in Russia had been assassinated. The four modern Horsemen of Hate, Terror, Atheism and Imperialism were started on the march in the world.

## Massacre, Not Revolution

The Communist revolution was not a revolt against the Czarist regime. It was a massacre under the softer word "liquidation" of all the liberal men and liberal women in Russia. Nearly every member of those brave parliaments who raised the banner of liberty against the Czarist regime was executed without a semblance of justice or compassion. The remaining few still live in exile abroad.

Incidentally, this Communist government deserted the United States in the Great War and gave support to our enemy.

We move on to 1919.

With the Armistice arose the question of the recognition of the Communist government of Russia by the United States. President Wilson requested from me a memorandum upon the matter. It contained these lines:

" . . . The Bolsheviki most certainly represent a minority . . . as such they constitute a tyranny that is the negation of democracy . . . they have resorted to terror, bloodshed and murder to a degree long since abandoned even amongst reactionary tyrannies. . . . We cannot even remotely recognize this murderous tyranny . . . without transgressing on every national ideal of our own. . . ."

Woodrow Wilson, in fact, needed no such advice. In August, 1920, his views and those of the Democratic party were ably reviewed by Secretary of State Bainbridge Colby—which I condense:

" . . . at the moment when the work of creating a popular representative government based upon universal suffrage was nearly completed, the Bolsheviki . . . an inconsiderable minority of the people, by force and cunning seized the powers and machinery of government, and have continued to use them with savage oppression. . . .

" . . . The responsible spokesmen . . . have declared that . . . the very existence of Bolshevism . . . depends . . . upon revolution in all the other great civilizations, including the United States.

"Moreover, it is within the knowledge of the government of the United States that . . . the Third Internationale . . . is heavily subsidized by the Bolshevist government from the public revenues of Russia, has for its openly avowed aim the promotion of the Bolshevist revolution throughout the world.

". . . There can be no confidence . . . if pledges are to be given . . . with a cynical repudiation . . . already in the mind of one of the parties.

"We cannot recognize . . . a government which is determined and bound to conspire against our institutions."

## In the Name of Humanity

And now we come to 1921, and the twelve years of Republican administrations.

A great famine descended upon South Russia. The lives of 20,000,000 people were threatened. This famine was in large part due to the undermining of national productivity by the Communist government. But the Communist leaders appealed to America in the name of humanity. They had expropriated hundreds of millions of American savings invested in Russia. They had repudiated their debt to our government. But we, being a democracy, listened only to the cry for compassion. We had no desire to punish the Russian people for the wickedness of their oppressors. It fell to me to organize and direct the distribution of more than $75,000,000 worth of American food to those helpless people. We saved the lives of those millions.

And now, after all these years, opens a revealing incident. It appears, from disclosures before the Dies Committee, that during that famine, under a false-front organization, "The Friends of Soviet Russia," absolutely controlled from Moscow, the Communists in the United States in competition with the American relief organizations raised one million dollars from the American public for relief of Russia. They now confess that they never sent a cent to Russia but used it for Communist propaganda in the United States. There is no better commentary on the morals or cruelty of the Soviet government.

During this period from 1919 to 1933 the Moscow government was busy everywhere in the effort to destroy democratic governments. These destructions were a large part of the rise of Nazism in Germany and of Fascism in Italy. In England Soviet officials were arrested and expelled for conspiracy against the government.

The Republican administrations for twelve years refused to give the Soviet government recognition despite constant propaganda on its part and that of its fellow travelers.

During this time we held to the ground, first, that the Communist government of Russia, with its foundations in cruelty, terror, destruction of liberty and religion and murder, should not be given the dignity and respectability of recognition from free men. Such recognition would increase its destructive power against all free nations and all free men.

Second, that such recognition would open the floodgates of Russian-subsidized Communist propaganda and conspiracy upon the American people.

And third, we knew from a thousand evidences that promises were valueless from a government that openly flaunted all the decencies of men.

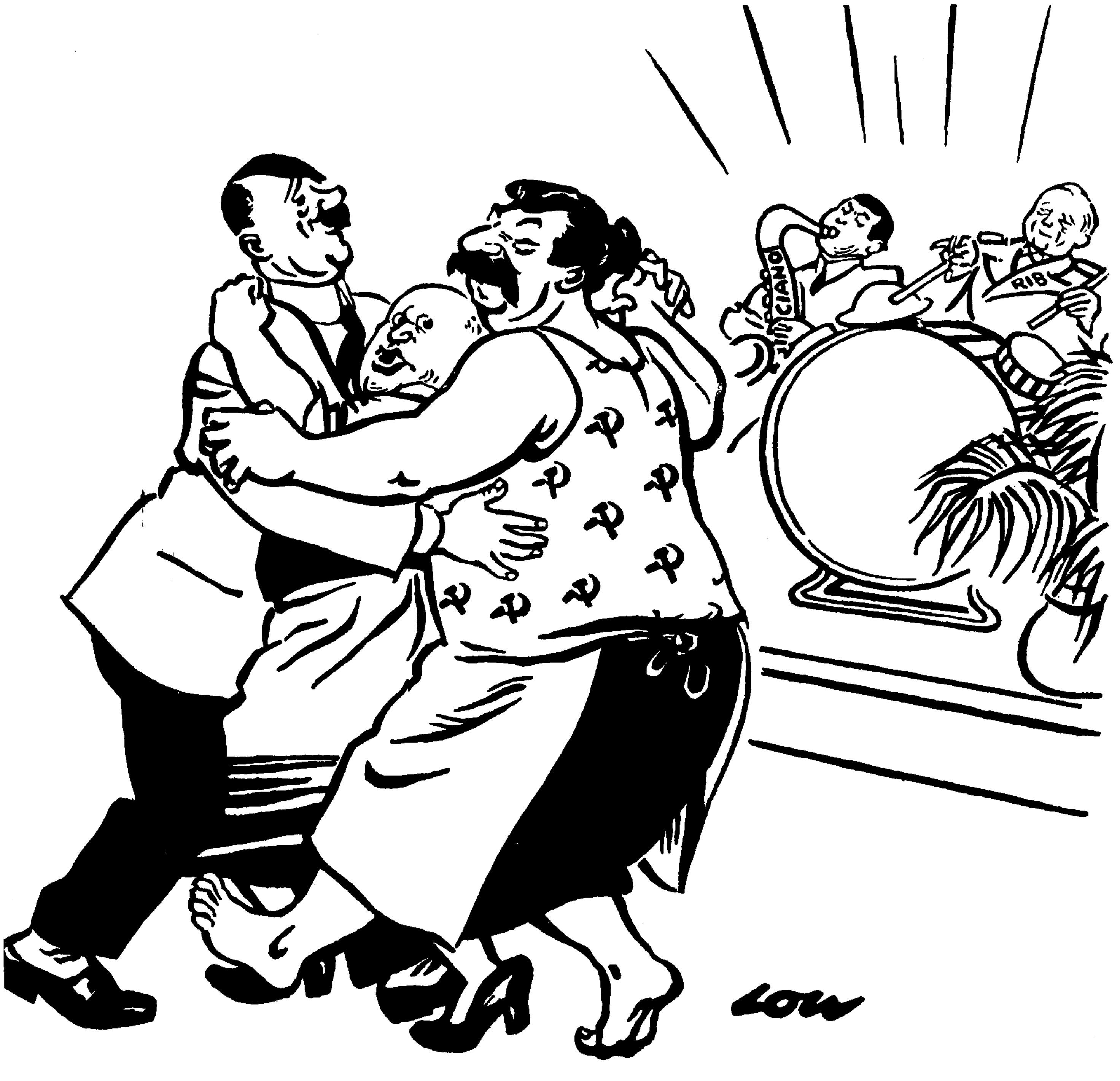
While it was not our business, yet such recognition would further cement the hold of 2,000,000 Communists upon 150,000,000 suffering people in their own country.

Thus four Presidents and four Secretaries of State concurred in these views.

We move on to November 16, 1933.

On that date President Roosevelt recognized Soviet Russia.

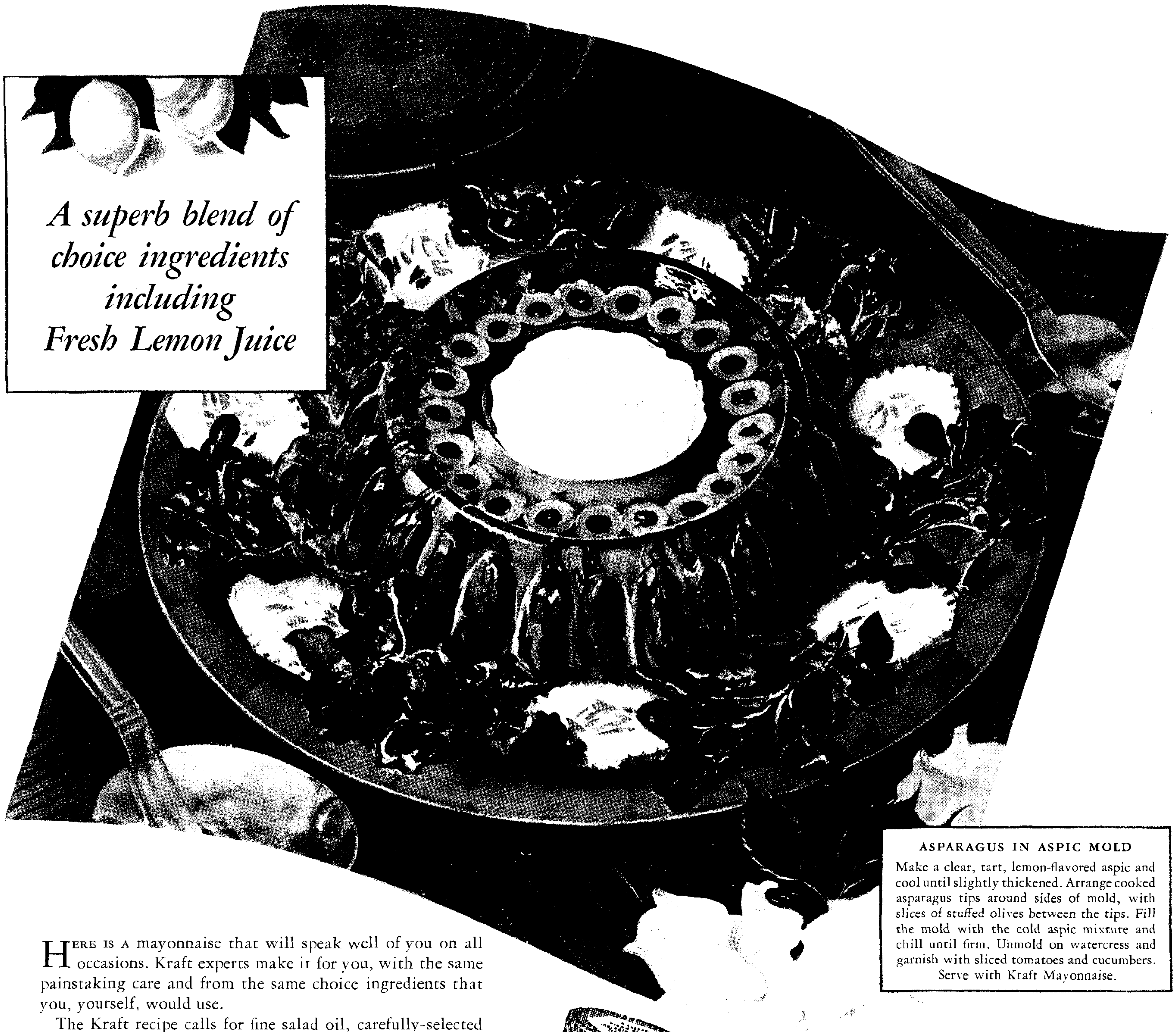
*(Continued on page 75)*



**SAY, WHO'S DANCING WITH WHO ROUND HERE?**

DRAWN BY LOW FOR COLLIER'S AND SENT FROM LONDON BY RADIOPHOTO

# Put your best foot forward with this finer mayonnaise!



*A superb blend of choice ingredients including Fresh Lemon Juice*

**ASPARAGUS IN ASPIC MOLD**

Make a clear, tart, lemon-flavored aspic and cool until slightly thickened. Arrange cooked asparagus tips around sides of mold, with slices of stuffed olives between the tips. Fill the mold with the cold aspic mixture and chill until firm. Unmold on watercress and garnish with sliced tomatoes and cucumbers. Serve with Kraft Mayonnaise.

HERE IS A mayonnaise that will speak well of you on all occasions. Kraft experts make it for you, with the same painstaking care and from the same choice ingredients that you, yourself, would use.

The Kraft recipe calls for fine salad oil, carefully-selected eggs, fragrant vinegar, imported spices and, as the final crowning touch—*fresh lemon juice!* Then, in a patented beater that's exclusively Kraft's, these fine ingredients are whipped to unsurpassed smoothness. Since freshness is essential to true delicacy of flavor, frequent deliveries are made to dealers.

Try a little just "as is" on the tip of a teaspoon. Taste it *critically*. You'll say immediately that this is true mayonnaise at its best! Do get a jar—soon.

A skillful blend of choice ingredients including fresh lemon juice
KRAFT
Mayonnaise
Kitchen Fresh

**KRAFT Mayonnaise**

Copr. 1940 by Kraft Cheese Company

# G-E Prices Go Lower Than Ever For 1940!

**NEW GENERAL ELECTRIC REFRIGERATORS ARE FINEST YOU'VE EVER SEEN**

***NOW IS THE TIME*** to get that big new General Electric Refrigerator you've always wanted. For today the finest G-E Refrigerators ever built are selling at the lowest prices ever quoted. Never before could you buy so much quality for so little money.

***THINK OF IT!*** All the beauty, all the convenience, the dependable performance, and the enduring economy of a General Electric for only a little more than you would pay for the very cheapest refrigerator. Who wouldn't want the best for such a very few dollars more?

## Here's How the Refrigerator with CONDITIONED AIR Keeps Foods Fresher Longer

NEW deluxe 1940 G-E Refrigerators provide controlled humidity and temperature, and constant circulation of sweet and clean air. They give you what G-E engineers have found to be the most convenient, most practical low-cost method of food preservation ever developed for the home.

MEATS STAY MARKET FRESH DAYS LONGER

**1 New G-E Cold Storage Compartment.** Automatically controls humidity for keeping meats better longer.

AIR IS SWEET AND FRESH— NO STALE ODORS

**2 New G-E Air Filter** freshens air and practically eliminates transfer of food odors. You can taste the difference.

YOU CAN KEEP FRESH VEGETABLES INDEFINITELY

**3 New G-E Humi-Dial** provides proper humidity for keeping varying quantities of vegetables "garden-fresh."

THE PEOPULS CHOICE
XYZ

The first choice of millions now a better buy than ever!
Big, beautiful cabinets! Spacious interiors!
Newest conveniences! Better food preservation!

ALWAYS a leader in better refrigerators at less cost, G-E first gave to America the sealed-in-steel cold-making unit, all-steel cabinet, 5 years performance protection—and a long list of other "firsts" later adopted by other refrigerators. Now from the famed G-E laboratories come new advancements that make this 1940 G-E the most complete, the thriftiest of all. Yet prices are lowest in history.

***Easy to Buy! Thrifty to Own!*** The new thrifty G-E Refrigerator goes a long way towards paying for itself—buying one is easy on G-E's monthly payment plan. Sizes up to 16 cu. ft. capacity on display by G-E dealers everywhere. *You'll always be glad you bought a G-E!* General Electric Co., Bridgeport, Conn.

### *A Statement by General Electric Co.*

We believe the new 1940 G-E Refrigerator to be the finest product of its kind ever offered to the American public—one that will cost you less to own than any other refrigerator you could buy at any price.

**SEE G-E THAT'S THE BUY!**

**Sealed-in-Steel G-E Thrift Unit,** world famed for quiet, low-cost operation, long life and enduring economy. Unparalleled Service Record.

**Conditioned Air!** Controlled temperature, humidity and constant circulation of freshened air.

**All-Steel Cabinet.** "Built for keeps" with stainless steel Super Freezer, stainless steel sliding shelves and features of proved convenience.

**Selective Storage!** Most practical method to meet all needs. All 4 needed zones: 1. Sub-freezing. 2. Extra Cold. 3. Crisping Safety Zone. 4. General Storage.

**Lasting Investment.** A product of combined research, engineering skill and manufacturing experience of world's largest electrical company.

**GENERAL ELECTRIC**

# From the Bottom of My Heart

Continued from page 10

"Eva?"

"Oh—I'm sorry. I was thinking."

"Don't you *ever* stop thinking?"

"Hardly ever," said Eva, smiling into the darkness.

It was not, however, as a disembodied intellect that Ken Prescott gathered her into his arms the following night.

"You mean it, darling? You really mean it?" he whispered.

Eva nodded, smiling.

"Tomorrow?"

A worried expression came into her face. "Oh, Ken, I couldn't. Without Daddy and Mother even knowing. It would break Mom's heart not to be at my wedding."

"Bring 'em on, then. We'll wire them tonight."

"But they're not in Galesville now. They went to Pasadena for six months for Daddy's health." The worried expression deepened. Then suddenly her face lighted up and she clapped her hands. "Ken, darling—I've got it!"

Ken looked at her questioningly.

"We'll go there!"

"To California?"

"Uh-huh." Eva's eyes shone as she held his hands in hers. "Why, it's just perfect! We'll just get in the car and one fine day we'll honk the horn outside the folks' place in Pasadena and yell, 'Hey there, come on and watch us get married!' "

Ken gulped. "But—but, Evy—we've so little money. And there's this summer stock job at Greenwich I've been promised—"

Eva looked straight into his eyes and her voice was suddenly very low: "A job in a summer stock company means more to you than I do, Ken?"

"Don't be crazy," Ken gulped again. "But California. Gosh! It's just something that—well—I ought to think about—"

BUT as it turned out, on the late June night on which the Greenwich Players opened their season, Ken Prescott, far from mourning his lost opportunity, was watching the moon sail up over Yosemite Falls and telling himself that here at last, after centuries of false alarms and mistaken identities, was really the happiest man in the world.

He looked down at the slim, lovely girl beside him.

"Happy, dear?"

Eva nodded.

"It's been wonderful, hasn't it? And just think, tomorrow we'll be there. And when you're my wife, when we're together, really—"

The girl put a finger to his lips. "Don't talk, Ken. It's too beautiful to talk."

But when Ken Prescott awoke the next morning there was no waist to put an arm around. There was also, subsequent investigation revealed, no fiancée and no 1930 car.

WHEN, toward seven of a September evening, Max Wrenn passed through the outer office of the Wrenn-Morrison Agency, the girl with the green eyes and gleaming copper hair was still there. He nodded good night to the receptionist and headed quickly for the door. But the girl was at his elbow before he reached it.

"Mr. Wrenn," said Eva, "you've got to see me."

Wrenn mumbled something to the effect that he was already late for an appointment. Then he stepped out into Sunset Boulevard and hurried down the curb to where his blue-and-silver roadster was parked.

"Please, Mr. Wrenn."

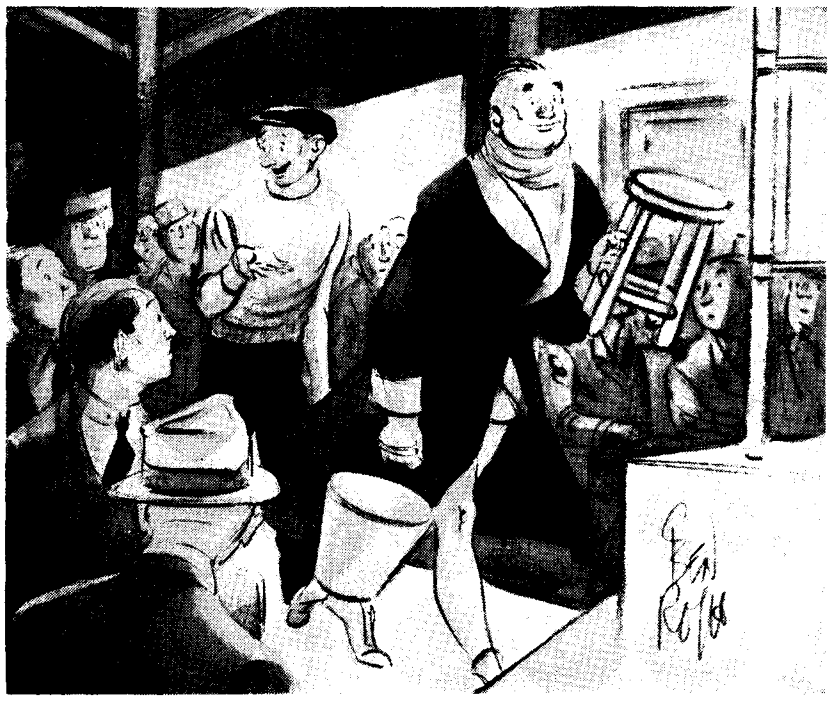
The agent turned with a foot on the running board. "For the ten thousandth time, girlie, there's nothing I can do for you."

He got into the car. "Be a good girl and go to work on someone else, will you?" He looked up suddenly from starting the engine. "Say, where do you think you're going?"

"Wherever you like," said Eva, closing the door.

"I ought to know better," Wrenn told himself as they drove out toward Santa Monica and an obscure little restaurant where he knew he would encounter none of the picture crowd. He told himself the same thing after his second, fifth and ninth Bourbons and as he opened the door of his Bel Air house in the early hours of the morning. As soon as they were upstairs, however, he stopped telling himself anything.

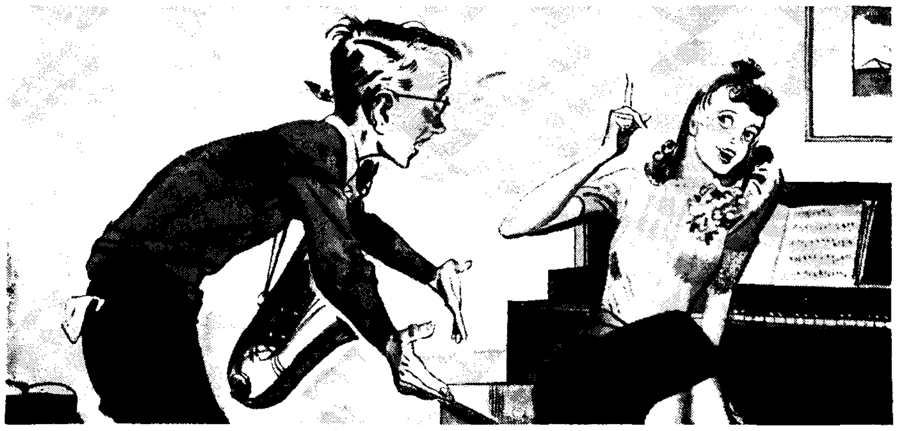
He was gone when Eva awoke at ten,



**"He likes to carry 'em; says it reminds him of the farm"** BEN ROTH

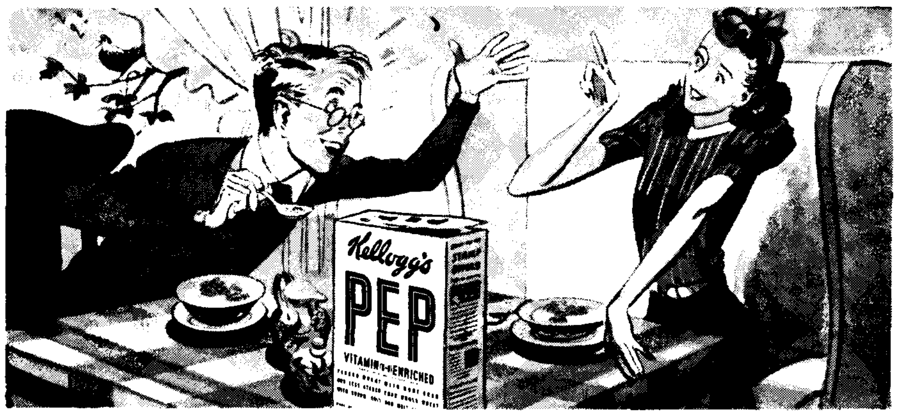
How's your "Pep Appeal"? —by Dorne

**Sis:** You've got the notes. But where's the "oomph"?



**Bud:** What the Sam Hill is "oomph"?

**Sis:** Another word for "pep appeal," stupid. A feeling of well-being . . . something you wouldn't understand. And I'll bet I know why! You don't eat right. *You don't get your vitamins!* Come along with me and I'll introduce you to them.



**Sis:** I heard the doctor say we need to get *all* our vitamins for pep. And right in that delicious cereal called KELLOGG'S PEP are extra-rich sources of two of the most important ones—vitamins $B_1$ and D.

**Bud:** Say! Where've you been keeping this? It tastes like a million dollars!

**Bud:** (sometime later) I'm leading the band tonight, Sis. Am I going to be hot!

**Sis:** Well . . . where there's pep there's hope!

Vitamins for pep! Kellogg's Pep for vitamins!

*Pep contains per serving: 4/5 to 1/5 the minimum daily need of Vitamin $B_1$, according to age; 1/2 the daily need of Vitamin D. For sources of other vitamins see the Pep package.*

MADE BY KELLOGG'S IN BATTLE CREEK

COPYRIGHT, 1940, BY KELLOGG COMPANY

*How I learned Zambini's neatest trick*

**1. Zambini, the famous magician,** was plain Harry Carpenter when we were roommates in college. Even then, he made my neckties disappear. The other night, we had supper after his show. Everything was lovely until coffee was served.

Copyright, 1940, General Foods Corp.

**2. "Take it away!"** I snapped. "Don't you like it?" Zambini asked. "I love it," I explained, "but the caffein keeps me awake." He grinned. "Watch The Great Zambini! *Presto*—the caffein is *out!* Drink it and sleep!"

**3. I drank two cups** of the finest coffee I ever had—but I slept like a baby that night! I don't believe in magic—but the next day I told him: "Professional ethics or not, show me that coffee trick—*or else!*"

**4. Zambini chuckled.** "You force me to give away a good trick. That was Sanka Coffee—*real* coffee, but 97% of the caffein has been removed. Compared to *that*, making an elephant disappear is child's play!"

**5. "I like Sanka** because of its flavor," he said. "But the Council on Foods of the American Medical Association says: 'Sanka Coffee is free from caffein effect, and can be used when other coffee has been forbidden.' "

**6. It was deep gratitude** made me send him an electric stove, a coffee-maker, and some Sanka for his dressing room. I plan to pay him more visits, too. Maybe I can find out something else as wonderful as that Sanka business—but I doubt it!

SANKA COFFEE

REAL COFFEE...97% CAFFEIN-FREE...DRINK IT AND SLEEP

Sanka comes in "regular" as well as the popular, new "drip" grind so you can have just the right grind for your favorite method.

TUNE IN "WE, THE PEOPLE"...laughs, pathos, thrills, drama, as real people tell true experiences!—Tuesday evening—*Columbia* network—see your local paper for time and station.

NOW SELLING AT THE LOWEST PRICE IN HISTORY!

nor was he in his office, according to his secretary, when she phoned at eleven, twelve, one and every half-hour thereafter. It was not until three days later that she succeeded in dodging past the receptionists and clerks of the Wrenn-Morrison outer office and confronting him alone.

"Just what the hell do you call this?" she demanded, her green eyes smoldering.

The agent raised his eyebrows. "Just what the hell do I call what?" he inquired blandly.

"This run-around I'm getting." Eva pulled a hundred-dollar bill from her bag and held it up. "And this?"

"I call it a hundred-dollar bill. I also call it damn' generous."

"You think I'm that kind, is that it?"

"I really haven't any idea what kind you are," said Wrenn. "And unfortunately I haven't time to find out." He arose from his desk. "And now are you going to get out of here, or am I going to have to have you thrown out?"

Eva stared at him for a long moment. "All right. I'll go," she said evenly. "But don't be too surprised if we meet again, dear Mr. Wrenn." Then she left the office.

THE boulevards of Los Angeles are the longest in the world, but there were few blocks of them that Eva Worth did not navigate in the weeks following her idyll with Max Wrenn. First by bus, and later, when the hundred dollars had gone, by foot, she traced and retraced an endless course between Burbank and Culver City, between studio and studio and Central Casting and agency and Central Casting.

And then one afternoon she came down the steps of the Los Angeles County Relief Bureau and found herself face to face with Rose Perrin.

"Evy!"

"Why, Rose!"

The kisses and embraces over, Rose's glance passed quickly over her former roommate's face and clothes; then it moved to the building in front of which they stood.

"I know exactly what you're going to do," she said authoritatively. "You're coming home with me."

"Oh, Rose, you're so sweet. But I couldn't." Nevertheless, she dabbed at her eyes and followed her friend across the street to where a glistening new sedan was parked. "It's yours?" she asked incredulously.

Rose nodded. Then, as they drove away, she added, smiling: "I've got other things, too."

"Not a job in pictures?"

"Better than that." She looked at Eva triumphantly. "A husband."

Eva kissed her. "Darling, how wonderful!" she cried. "Who is he?"

"He's the sweetest thing in the world," said Rose. "And he's got the most wonderful job as assistant director at Kromer-Worldwide."

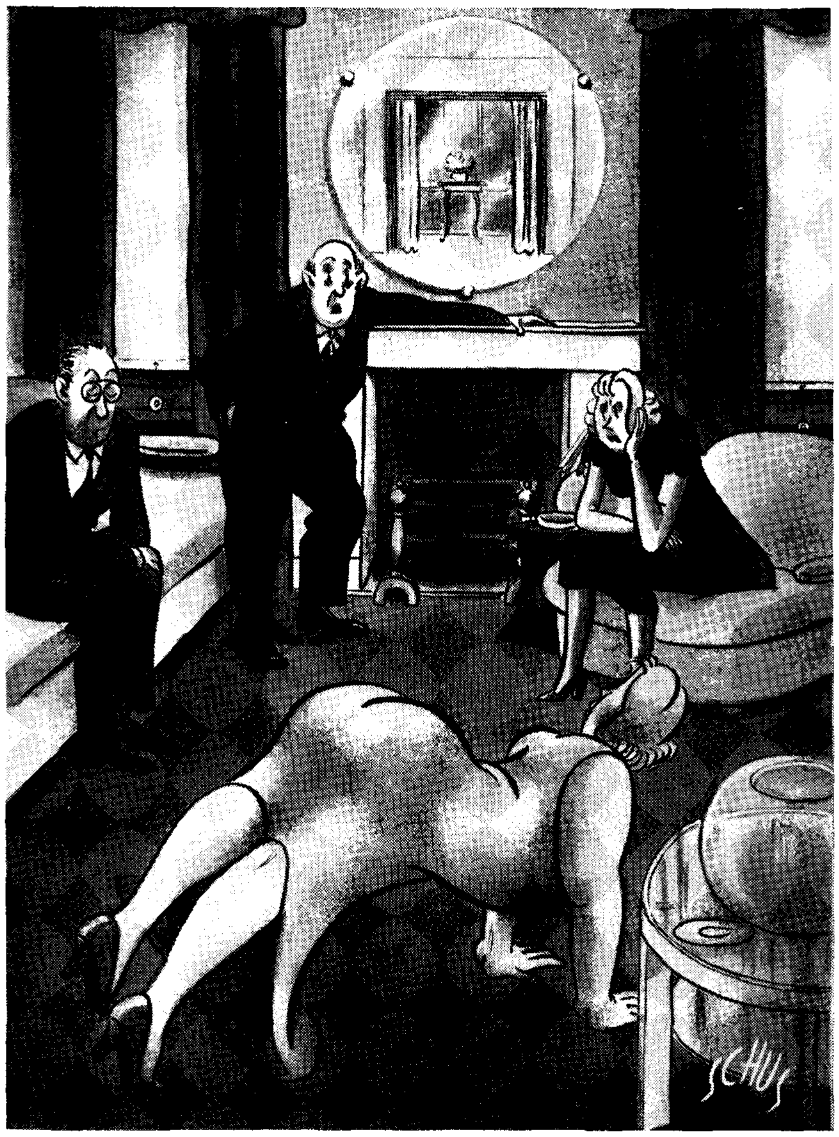
"Oh, Rose, he sounds heavenly!"

"Just wait till you meet him," said Rose blissfully.

"You know I never butt into these things, Matty," said David Gorman. "And I wouldn't now if I weren't sure that some day you'll be thanking me for it. This kid is a natural."

Matty Corcoran, unit producer in charge of Westerns for Kromer-Worldwide Productions, squinted at the photograph on his desk. "She's a looker, all right," he conceded. "But how do you know she's so good?"

"I've been watching her, Matty," said



"Dearie, can't you just tell folks how you lost those twenty pounds?"

SCHUS

# "It's My job to Know All the Answers!"

I'd *certainly* be "up in the air" if I didn't know my facts! When I bought my car, I checked every detail. ✓✓✓ Finally I landed on De Soto—the only car with actually 39 new features not in my old 1938 car. A trunk for 10 bags, but no bulge! Real clipper-ship elbow room ...Seats wider by 3½″ in front...7″ in back! New "high" in horsepower ...new "low" on gasoline. Now I get "visibility unlimited" ...greater glass area all around. Those Sealed Beam Headlights give 50-65% more road light. I've got a 1940 De Soto—and all the answers!

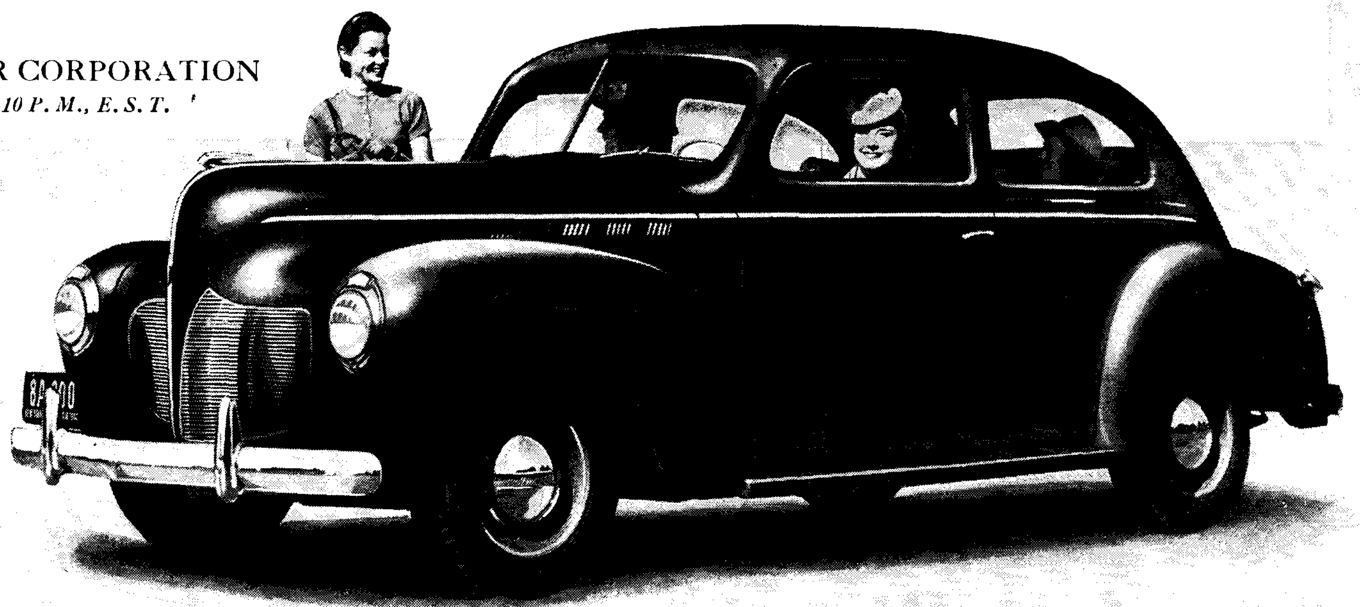
DE SOTO DIVISION OF CHRYSLER CORPORATION

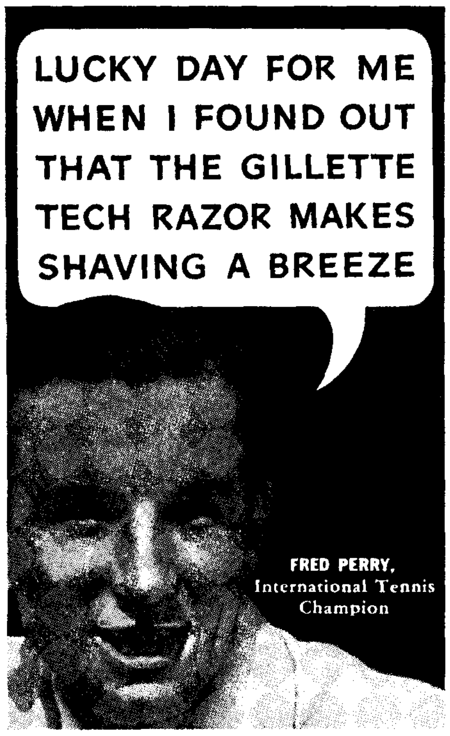
*Tune in Major Bowes... C. B. S., Thursdays, 9-10 P. M., E. S. T.*

**DE SOTO**

| DE LUXE COUPE | DE LUXE SEDAN |
|---|---|
| $845 | $905 |

Delivered at Detroit, Michigan. Federal taxes are included. Transportation, state and local taxes, if any, are extra.





LUCKY DAY FOR ME WHEN I FOUND OUT THAT THE GILLETTE TECH RAZOR MAKES SHAVING A BREEZE
FRED PERRY, International Tennis Champion

**Millions Of Men Now Enjoy Shaving Speed And Comfort Never Experienced Before**

FOR SHAVES worth telling your friends about, get acquainted with Gillette's new Tech Razor. "There's no discomfort . . . no nicks or cuts," says Fred Perry. "Easiest-shaving razor I ever used," agrees Coach Crowley. "Bucky" Walters, Gene Sarazen and thousands of others say the same.

*Sets Up Your Beard*

The Tech has four basic advantages. One is the solid bar guard. This sets up your whiskers like a barber does, speeds shaving and prevents nicks and cuts.

*Made For Each Other*

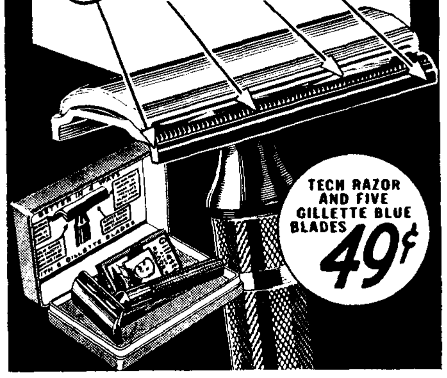
Today's Gillette Blue Blade has edges of a new kind. They're sharper, longer lasting. And because these blades are made to fit your Gillette Razor exactly, they spare you all the smart and burn of misfit blades.

Ask your dealer for the new Tech Razor and five Gillette Blue Blades. You pay only 49c . . . and satisfaction is guaranteed.

NO TROUBLE GETTING GOOD LOOKING SHAVES IN A JIFFY WITH THE NEW TECH RAZOR AND GILLETTE BLUE BLADE

JIM CROWLEY,
Head Football Coach, Fordham University

FOUR BIG IMPROVEMENTS
1. SOLID BAR GUARD ASSURES COMFORT
2. CLEANS QUICKLY—NEVER CLOGS
3. NON-SKID TREAD PROTECTS FACE
4. RIGID BLADE SUPPORT SPEEDS SHAVING



TUNE IN GILLETTE'S KENTUCKY DERBY BROADCAST, MAY 4TH, CBS.

Gorman earnestly, leaning across the desk. "Then a while ago I began working on her—giving her some coaching after hours. I'll swear to you, she can't miss."

The two men were alone in Corcoran's office. Riders of the Sunset, the newest in the endless series of Curly Blaine horse operas, was scheduled to go before the cameras the following Monday, and a special conference of the production staff had had to be called when the second ingénue lead was inconsiderate enough to come down with pneumonia. Several suggestions had been made as to a replacement, but David Gorman, assistant director on the picture, had remained for a private word with his chief.

Corcoran examined the photograph again. "Eva Worth, eh? Well, we'll give her a crack at it. Shoot some test stuff this afternoon and we'll have a look in the morning."

Gorman beamed as he got to his feet. "Thanks, Matty. And believe me, you won't regret it."

As he reached the door Corcoran called after him: "Say, you're coming to the party up at the house tonight?" Gorman nodded. "Be sure and bring that pretty wife of yours."

Gorman turned, but hesitated a moment before speaking: "I—I thought you knew, Matty. Rose and I are separated."

"No!" exclaimed the producer. He shook his head. "I'm sorry to hear it, Dave."

"A couple of weeks now," said Gorman. "It was just one of those things."

"Well, that's the way it goes," said the producer sympathetically. "See you about eight, Dave. And tell Miss—er—Worth not to dress."

IT CANNOT be said that Eva Worth's performance in Riders of the Sunset had the sensational qualities of her farewell appearance at Galesville High School, but it was good enough to win her a modest contract, as Hollywood modesty goes, and other parts. For upward of a year she slowly accumulated a knowledge of her craft and, more important, a growing trickle of fan mail. During this period her extracurricular activities included the acquisition of a comfortable villa in Brentwood called Los Feliz and a comfortable husband called David Gorman. . . .

One late autumn afternoon, Willa Grantham, for twelve years the bright, particular female star of K-W pictures, entered the private office of K. D. Kromer. She found the great executive looking grim and glum.

"You've got that board-of-directors expression," said Miss Grantham, smiling. "Have the little darlings got the knife out again?"

Kromer nodded. "Only this time it's a meat ax."

"Who gets it?"

"Just about half the outfit, that's all," said Kromer. "The foreign market's shot to hell, and it's retrench or fold. Starting the first of the year, we're going to concentrate exclusively on the A product. Everything else goes."

"Everything?"

The executive nodded. "Shorts, the travel stuff, cartoons, the Curly Blaine Westerns, all of 'em. They're all out."

"Curly, too?" Miss Grantham shook her head sadly.

"The whole unit," said Kromer grimly. He picked up a pencil and began jabbing dots on a pad. The actress watched him for a moment without speaking.

"Look, K. D.—" she began suddenly.

"It's no use, Willa. I'd like to keep Curly too, but there's not a prayer."

"I'm not thinking about Curly," said Miss Grantham. "I'm thinking of this Worth kid."

"Who?"

"Eva Worth. You know. The little redhead in Curly's pictures."

"Well, what about her?" asked Kromer.

"You oughtn't to lose her, K. D. She can be the biggest star in the studio if you give her a chance."

Kromer looked puzzled. Then he looked amused.

"Don't laugh, K. D. I haven't had many wrong hunches in twelve years, and you know it."

"Well, I guess she's got talent, all right," Kromer conceded. "What would you suggest I do with her?"

"I'd let her play Vicki in Tarnished Gold," replied the actress firmly.

Kromer looked at her in astonishment. "You mean you—"

Miss Grantham nodded. "It would make the picture. Her youth and my—well—experience." She smiled and rose to leave. "Think about it, K. D."

"Well—" said Kromer.

And so it came about that on the second day of January of the following year Eva Worth reported at the Kromer-Worldwide No. 1 Sound Stage to begin work as ingénue lead in the million-dollar production of Tarnished Gold. Each day for three months she toiled before the cameras, as the word spread slowly through the studio that K-W had hit upon another "find." And each night, in Willa Grantham's living room, she read and reread and acted and re-enacted her scenes until the older actress nodded smiling approval.

"You've got it, dear. Just do it that way tomorrow and you'll be perfect."

"Oh, Miss Grantham—I don't know how to thank you!"

"Don't thank me. Just run home, or that husband of yours will think I'm keeping you out all night."

But by this time the former assistant director of the Curly Blaine Western Unit was no longer in a position to know whether Eva Worth was staying out all night or going to bed with the sparrows. Kromer-Worldwide Productions were not the only ones who had dropped their option on David Gorman.

MAX WRENN came around from behind his desk to greet his visitor.

"It was so sweet of you to come," he said, smiling.

Eva nodded graciously and sat down in the proffered chair, allowing her sable jacket to fall open over her shoulders. Her eyes were traveling leisurely over the sumptous appointments of the room. "What a lovely office!"

"Do you like it?" said the agent, seating himself at his desk. "I'm rather proud of it. . . . Were you surprised to hear from me?"

"Surprised? No. Why should I be surprised?"

"I was afraid that you might have thought—"

"The only thing I thought, Mr. Wrenn, was that perhaps you wanted to talk to me. Don't you?"

The agent smiled urbanely. "I see you're a little lady who likes to get down to business." He took a cigarette from a teak box on his desk and lit it with great concentration. "Well, to be frank, Miss Worth, I've been following your career with tremendous interest and admiration. And I believe your talent to be the freshest, the most vital and the most—"

"I thought we were going to get down to business, Mr. Wrenn," said Eva pleasantly.

Wrenn paused, collecting himself. "I don't know what you mean—" he began.

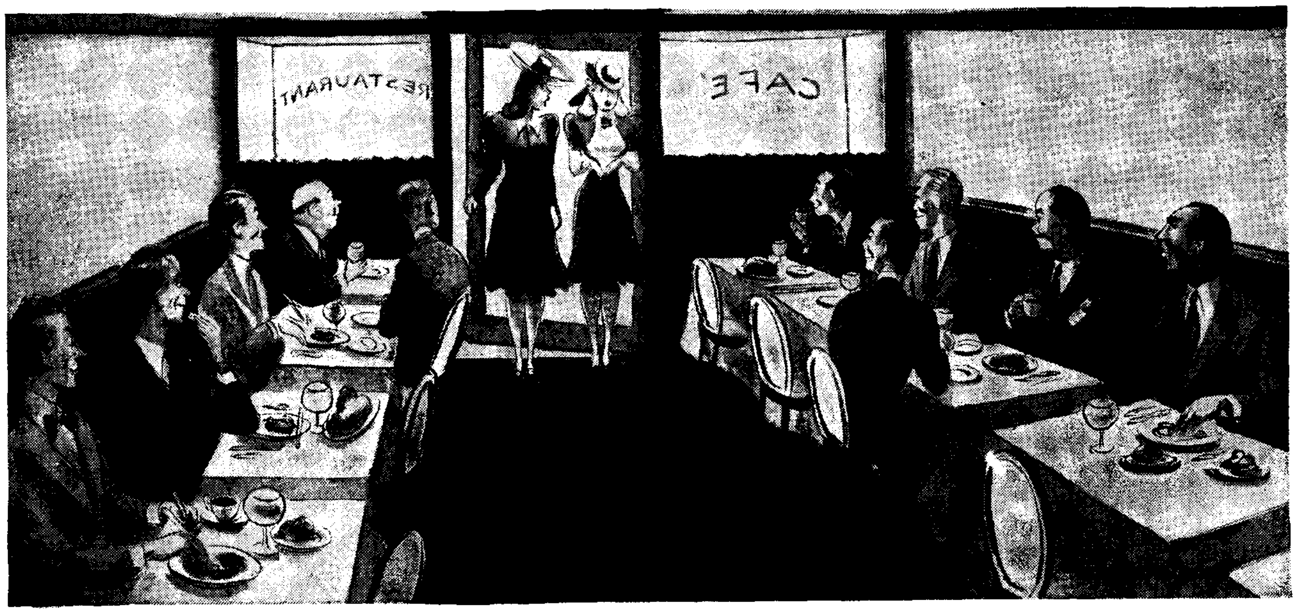
"I mean that I don't think you invited me here to ask for my autograph." Eva smiled. "At least, not on a photo."

Wrenn looked at her searchingly, and the last traces of the urbane smile left his eyes. Suddenly he mashed out his cigarette in an ash tray and leaned forward.

"Okay," he said evenly, "here it is. If you play ball with me, I can make you one of the top stars in this business."

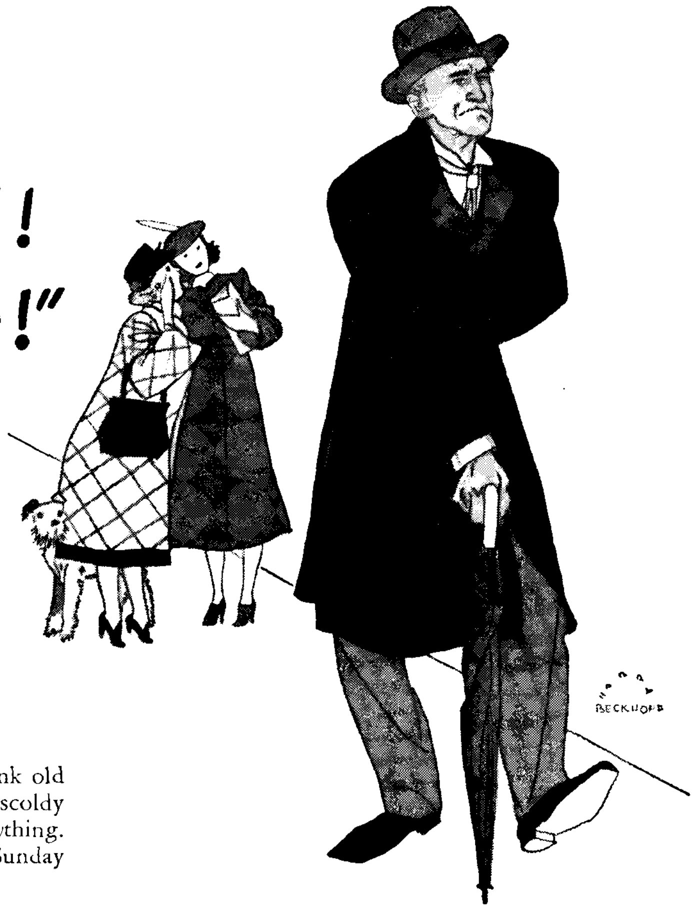
"That's better," said Eva. "What do I do?"

For the ensuing fifteen minutes the agent held the floor. And when he had finished and sat looking at her questioningly across the desk, the white, oval face and gray-green eyes of Eva Worth

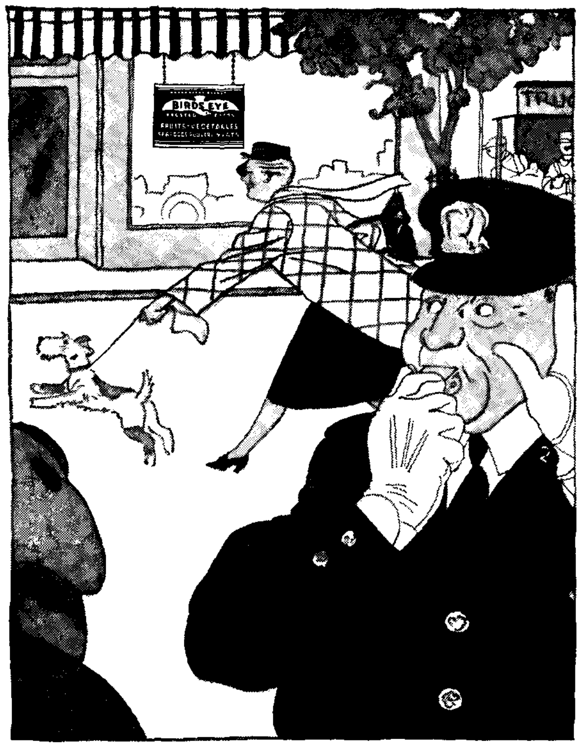


"I suppose we've got to run the gamut"

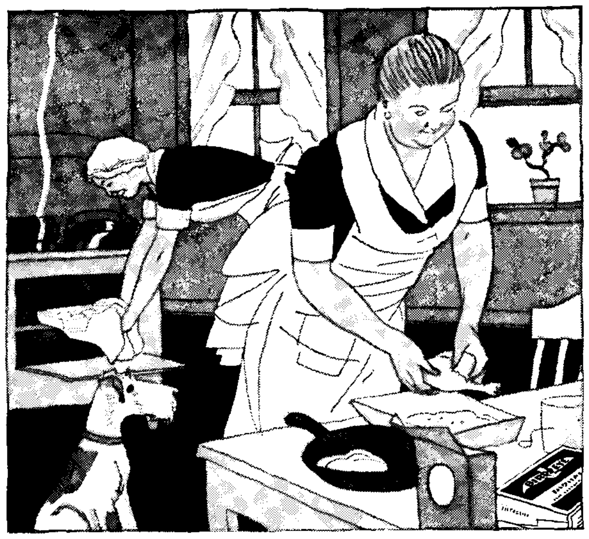
# "Merciful jaybird! Did that man *eat*!"



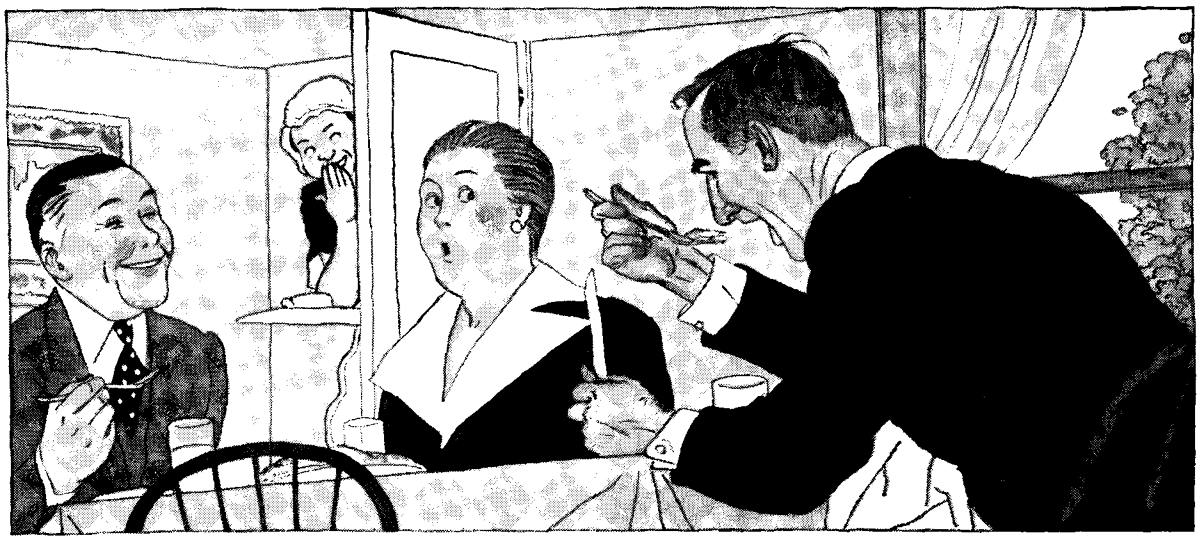
**1. Of all the grumps** that walk this earth, I think old Hank Lent is the orneriest. Skinny as an ice pick, scoldy as a bluejay, Hank never had a good word for *any*thing. Yet who do you think my husband invites for Sunday dinner, but scrumpy, fussy, picky, sour Hank Lent.



**2. Well, I up and decided** that if *anybody* could ever make that crab say a good word, it was going to be me. So I skipped out and bought me one of those Birds Eye Country Style Frying Chickens that menfolks moon over when the mellow mood takes them.

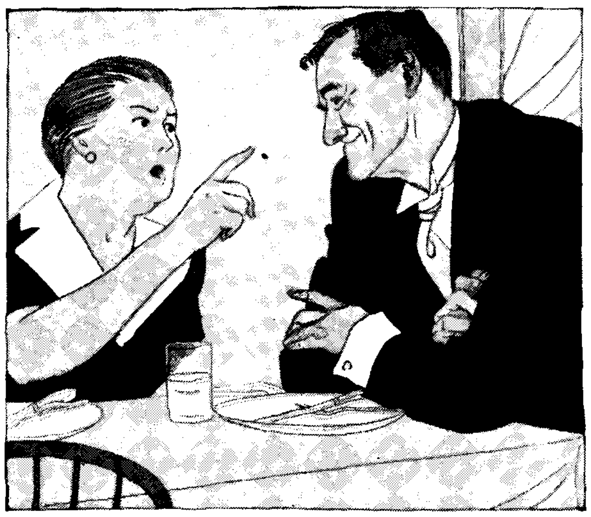


**3. You see,** these Birds Eye Fryers are fed buttermilk every few hours so's they're oozing with country flavor. They come cut up in handy pieces, ready to flour and slip into the skillet. And they're *always* country-fresh, because they're Quick-Frozen—just like all Birds Eye Foods.



**4. Now, I *will* say** I fixed that fryer up right proud. I panned it to a crusty, golden brown! . . . served it with fluffy mashed potatoes . . . hot biscuits . . . and a heapin' portion of Birds Eye baby lima beans that were really *garden-fresh!*

**5. Well, sir, Hank came.** Hank sniffed. And Hank dived into that fryer in just about one motion. Merciful jaybird! Did that man eat! Why, I don't believe there was enough meat left on the bones to feed a flea! Hank didn't move for 15 minutes. Finally he spoke:



**6. "Em," he says,** "you sure must have paid plen—" "Hank Lent," I broke in, "you're wrong! That Birds Eye Fryer came all cleaned, not an ounce of waste on it. So it didn't cost me a whit more'n any other Grade-A bird." It was then Hank let go of a smile. (And *that*, neighbor, is how I made old Hank act human.)

BIRDS EYE
FROSTED FOODS
FRYING CHICKEN

***Here are a few of these luscious foods:***

Bush-ripened Raspberries
Garden-fresh Peas
Spinach—no sand, no waste
Strawberries for shortcake
String beans—French style
Baby Green Lima Beans
Peaches—Orchard-ripened
Ocean-Fresh Haddock Fillets
Beef for Stews and Goulashes
Chopped Steak—not ground

*And there are more than 50 others—all cleaned, trimmed, ready to cook or serve. Get a box today! Guaranteed!*

**FARM-FRESH FOODS—IN PACKAGES**

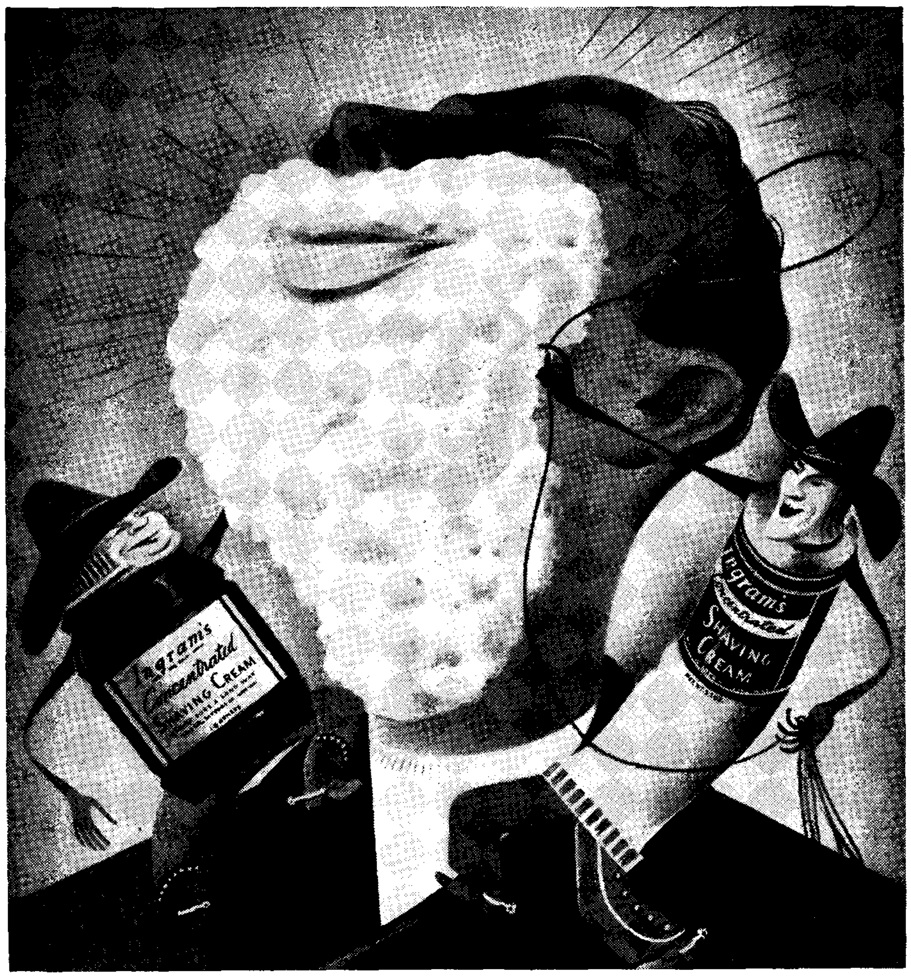
*For more information, write Frosted Foods Sales Corp., 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.*

**7. Where you can buy these wonderful Birds Eye Foods** . . . You may not always find a Birds Eye dealer right around the corner. For all stores do not have these glorious foods. But it will be worth your while to look for one. Finding it, can bring you the food thrill of your life. Remember, Birds Eye represents only *top* quality in quick-frozen foods. Therefore, be sure you look for the Birds Eye in the window, and the Birds Eye on the package.

Copyright 1940, General Foods Corp.

**BIRDS EYE**
BRAND
**FROSTED FOODS**
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

# Cool Shaves Ride Herd on Shaving Smarts and Stings!


Ingram's Concentrated Shaving Cream
Ingram's Concentrated Shaving Cream

**Ingram's c-o-o-l, quick lather helps relieve shaving stings and irritation—and no lotions need apply!**

PARDNERS, if your morning shave leaves your face all red hot and stinging, you're in for the surprise of a lifetime when Cool, COOL Ingram's goes to work on your cheeks.

For Ingram's, pardners, is COOL—purposely planned COOL—to help condition your skin and relieve the shaving stings and terrors that have made your life miserable.

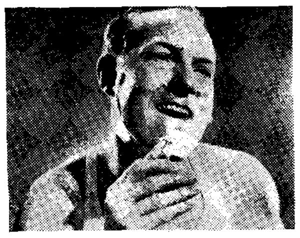
Ingram's billowing brushfuls of rich, creamy lather wilt whiskers in double-quick time. Your razor glides through your softened whiskers smoothly and cleanly, like a knife through butter. Yes, and all the time you feel that bracing, freshening October Coolness—a soothing COOLNESS that stays with you a long, long time. No lotions need apply.

If you're a fellow who values the comfort of his chin and the attractive look of his skin, make the acquaintance of Ingram's Shaving Cream without delay! Today—go to your nearest drug store. Choose the tube or the jar. In either container it's the same, cooling, soothing and economical cream!

**INGRAM'S**
**SHAVING CREAM**

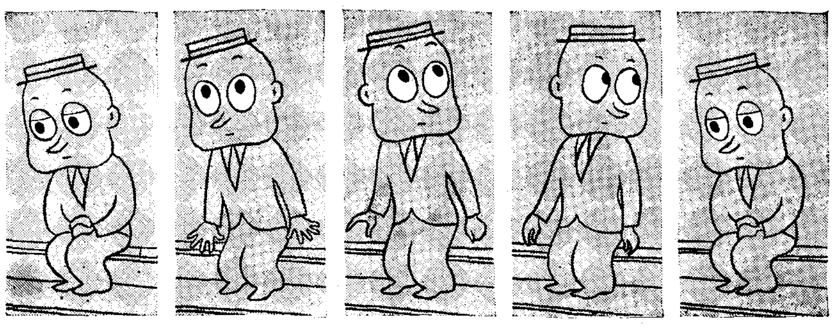
**TOMORROW MORNING TRY COOL INGRAM'S**

**QUICK SHAVES!** Swiftly Ingram's speed lather bubbles into action, wilting the toughest whiskers in jig time.



**CLEAN SHAVES!** Easily, cleanly your whiskers give way. All the while you feel that soothing Ingram's Coolness.

**COOL SHAVES!** Your face comes up smiling—smooth, refreshed. No lotion needed—and that freshness lasts for hours.



**Foul! Strike two**

CROCKETT JOHNSON

stared back at him with a fierce, triumphant smile.

"And my present contract?" she asked at last.

The agent took a sheet of scrap paper from his desk and tore it neatly in two.

"But they could sue, couldn't they?"

"They could, but they won't. They need you."

"And I—"

"You need me."

EVA was silent for a moment. "What do you want for this?" she asked.

"Twenty per cent of your earnings. Your unqualified agreement to follow my instructions in everything."

"*Twenty* per cent?"

Wrenn nodded.

"You don't seriously think—?"

"I think," he interrupted her, smiling again, "that you're a little girl who knows on which side her bread is buttered." He arose suddenly and came over to her. "And now I think we should celebrate that happy discovery by lunch at the Victor Hugo. What do you say?"

Eva looked at him curiously for a moment; then she returned his smile. "Why not?" she said.

When, five minutes later, they were about to leave the office, Wrenn paused suddenly and stared at something that was lying on the corner of his desk. Stepping over to it, he picked up a crisp, new one-hundred-dollar bill.

"Coming?" said Eva, at the door.

The agent did not answer her. Instead, he continued staring at the bill, then raised his eyes slowly and stared at Eva.

"It's yours," she said.

"Mine?"

"Don't you remember at Maury Sporborg's party last month, when I sold you that raffle ticket for Finnish relief?"

Wrenn's stare furrowed into a frown of puzzlement. Then, suddenly, the frown cleared. "Of course I do," he exclaimed. "At Maury's, sure—I remember—"

"Well," said Eva, smiling brightly, "you won."

While it cannot be said that the president of Kromer-Worldwide Productions was delirious with joy over all the terms of his new star's five-year contract, he affixed his signature to the impressive document without too many qualms. Then he turned to Eva. "All I can say is, you better be good," he said, smiling.

Eva merely smiled back.

"Although I've got to admit, if Rapture isn't a smash I've just been wasting twenty-three years hanging around this business."

The executive arose from his desk, indicating that the conference was over. Eva, however, remained seated.

"There was just one other thing, K. D.," she said.

Kromer looked at her questioningly.

"About the part of the Grand Duchess. I was thinking—"

"Willa's going to be magnificent. Don't you worry about that."

"I was thinking," Eva continued, "that Francine Roberts would be just perfect in it."

Kromer stared at her. "Francine Roberts?" he repeated sharply. "You know perfectly well Willa Grantham has been set for the Grand Duchess from the beginning."

"Oh, has she?" said Eva. "I'm sure you'll be able to find her a nice part in some other picture."

Kromer glared at her across the desk. "Well," he shouted, "that's one thing you're not going to get away with! I'm still running this studio!"

"Of course I know that, darling," Eva agreed, smiling. "But I also seem to remember that my lovely new contract specifies my right to approve or disapprove my supporting casts."

"So that's it." Kromer sat silent for a long moment; then he arose and came around to Eva's side. "Look, honey," he said quietly, "this part in Rapture is made to order for Grantham. If she's half as good as I think she'll be, it'll be the greatest thing in the world for her career."

"For her comeback, you mean."

"What are you talking about?"

"What I'm talking about," said Eva, "is that Grantham's through and you know it. But I don't think I'm interested in having your girl friend ham up any more of my films." Now it was Eva's turn to get up. "Oh, dear," she exclaimed, "I'm late for the hairdresser already."

Kromer eyed her grimly. "Eva, you don't know what this is going to do to Willa—"

"But I know what Antoine's going to do to me if I'm late again," said Eva. Kromer stood silently as she turned and went out.

THE president of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences paused to refresh himself with a sip of water; the glittering aristocracy of the industry, fanned out across the great banquet hall in white-fronted, jeweled splendor, waited attentively.

"In presenting this award," he continued, "it is not necessary for me to review in detail this little lady's artistic achievements. To all of us who have followed her career with pride and admiration, they speak for themselves. What I do want to say at this time, however, is a brief word about her, not as a great star and artist, but as a woman."

He consulted his notes briefly, and there was silence in the great room. In his seat a few places down at the speaker's table K. D. Kromer, of Kromer-Worldwide Productions, was absorbed in the blue ribbons of smoke that curled upward from his cigar.

"We all know," said the president, "that the career of Eva Worth is the nearest thing to the real Cinderella story that has ever happened in Hollywood. But how many of us know—"

In the sitting room of a modest bungalow in Santa Monica the retired film actress, Willa Grantham, sat quietly by her radio as it detailed the early struggles of the latest Academy Award winner. It was a plainly furnished room, in which the only appointment that might have caught the eye was a bronze statuette on an engraved base, which stood in the shadow on a corner shelf.

"—and even this cannot give a complete picture of the disappointment, the heartache, the shabby treatment this girl suffered in her long climb, step by step, from obscurity to the heights. I know that, modest and unassuming as she is, she would not want me to—"

The radio in Mac's Elite Lunch, corner of Figueroa and Fourth, Los Angeles, growled menacingly in a splutter of static, and the rheumy-eyed young man at the end of the counter looked up from his doughnut and coffee. In a moment, however, the voice was clear again, and David Gorman returned his attention to his evening meal.

"—but we have here the living proof of what talent, combined with courage and integrity can accomplish in the field of the motion picture. I have no hesitation in saying that there is only one reason why Eva Worth is one of the greatest names in our industry today, and that is her own indomitable heart!"

THE applause of the banqueters came over the air so loudly that the stage manager of the Bijou Repertory Theater of Dayton, Ohio, rushed angrily into the women's dressing room.

"Turn that damn' thing down," he snarled. "They can hear it on stage."

Rose Perrin twisted the dial listlessly until she picked up a soft rumba band.

But the listeners who tuned out on the president of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences were few. He was an accomplished speaker, and now, as the moment of presentation approached, his eloquence became compelling.

"—and to you of the great American public who are listening in," he said with quiet eloquence, "I would say only this. There have been many harsh accusations thrown at the motion-picture industry. Some of them, unfortunately, have been justified. But we are still learning, still trying, and in our efforts we are strengthened by the presence among us of a few rare people such as the young lady we are honoring tonight—a young lady whose courage and success has been an example and inspiration to us all. Ladies and gentlemen of the motion-picture industry, I give you Miss Eva Worth!"

This time the roar of applause was so loud and sustained that it almost drowned out the roar of the Times Square traffic. Ken Prescott swerved to the curb and picked up the couple who had signaled him.

"Grand Central," said the man. "And cabby—turn off that damn' radio!"

Eva Worth arose from her table in the grand ballroom of the Los Angeles Biltmore Hotel and walked toward the dais. Even in that assemblage of fabulous, glittering women she was easily the loveliest, the freshest, the most vital. She stood silent while the Academy president bestowed upon her her award as the outstanding screen actress of the year and through the renewed applause that followed. Then she smiled and approached the microphone.

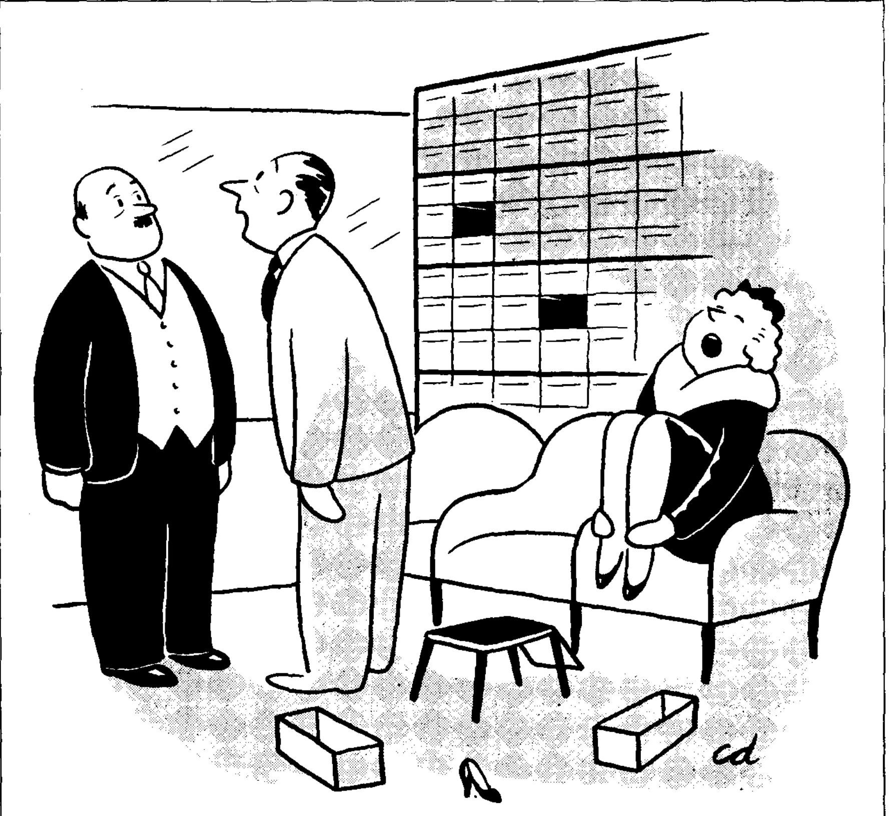
"I have just been pictured to you," said Eva simply, "as a girl who has made her way purely on her own efforts. That is not true. Oh, I have had my struggles and disappointments, of course—who of us hasn't?—but I would have got nowhere except for the goodness and kindness of those who have helped me. I only wish that all of them were here beside me tonight, sharing my happiness—"

Mrs. Fred Wertenbacker sat alone in her room in Mrs. Detwiler's Boarding Home, to which she had moved shortly after her husband's death. Although her eyes were closed she could see quite clearly, and she smiled back at the pretty girl in the white commencement dress who was smiling at her as she spoke. If only she spoke a little louder, thought Mrs. Wertenbacker, or if the radio were not so old and squeaky. But a new radio cost almost ten dollars.

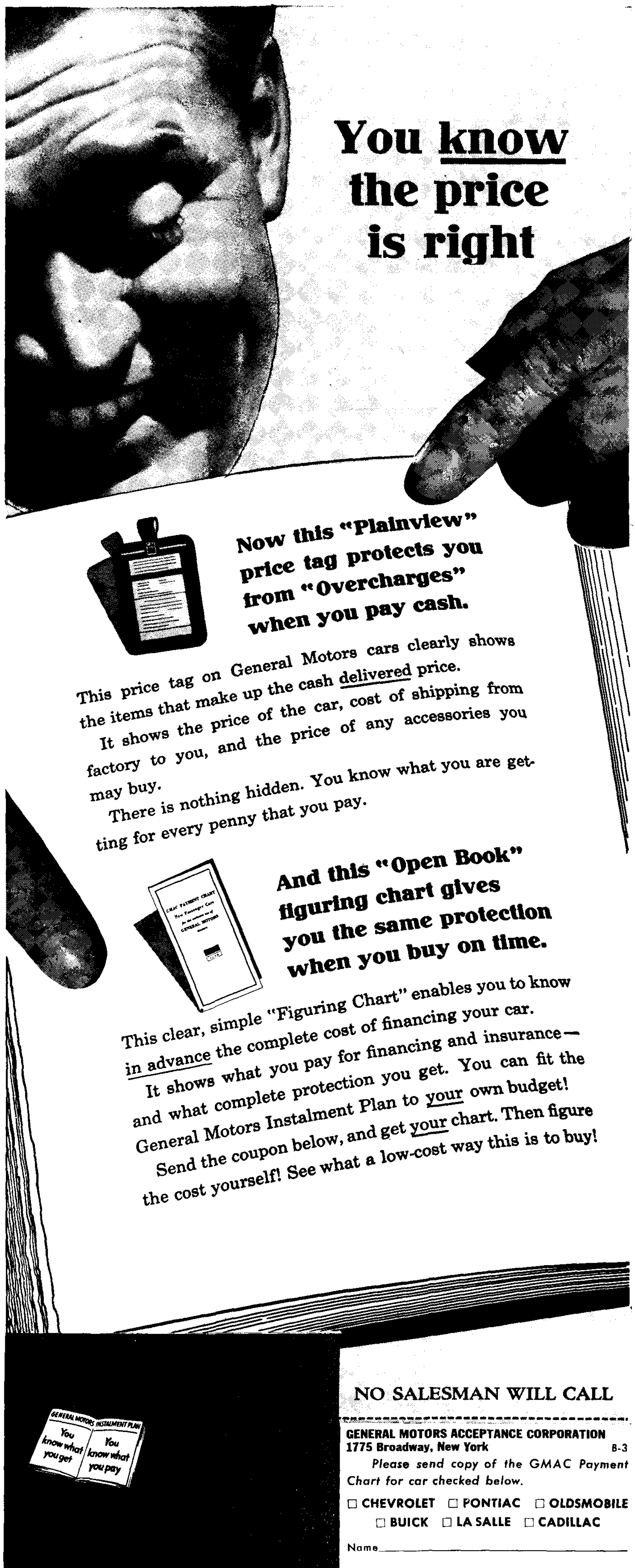
"—but at least one of them is here," said the girl in the white commencement dress, "and I do not want to let this wonderful moment pass without sharing it with the person who, more than anyone in the world, has had faith in me and fought for me and been good to me, and to whom I owe whatever I am today—my husband."

There was a moment's silence, followed by a sustained crescendo of applause. Mrs. Wertenbacker's eyes were open now, but it seemed to her suddenly she could not see as well as when they had been closed. Evy's voice, however, when it came to her again, was clear and strong.

"Max, darling," it said, "ladies and gentlemen, dear friends everywhere—I love you all, and I thank you from the bottom of my heart."



"She says she'll be all right as soon as her feet go numb" CHON DAY


GENERAL MOTORS INSTALMENT PLAN
You know what you get
You know what you pay

You know the price is right

Now this "Plainview" price tag protects you from "Overcharges" when you pay cash.

This price tag on General Motors cars clearly shows the items that make up the cash delivered price.

It shows the price of the car, cost of shipping from factory to you, and the price of any accessories you may buy.

There is nothing hidden. You know what you are getting for every penny that you pay.

And this "Open Book" figuring chart gives you the same protection when you buy on time.

This clear, simple "Figuring Chart" enables you to know in advance the complete cost of financing your car.

It shows what you pay for financing and insurance—and what complete protection you get. You can fit the General Motors Instalment Plan to your own budget!

Send the coupon below, and get your chart. Then figure the cost yourself! See what a low-cost way this is to buy!

*Available only through dealers in*
CHEVROLET, PONTIAC, OLDSMOBILE, BUICK, LA SALLE and CADILLAC cars.

NO SALESMAN WILL CALL

GENERAL MOTORS ACCEPTANCE CORPORATION
1775 Broadway, New York B-3
*Please send copy of the GMAC Payment Chart for car checked below.*

☐ CHEVROLET ☐ PONTIAC ☐ OLDSMOBILE
☐ BUICK ☐ LA SALLE ☐ CADILLAC

Name__________
Address__________
City__________
County______State______U. S. A.

"Imagine! The Jones have Another New Car!"

Simonizing Makes Dull Cars Look Beautiful as New Again

Don't drive another mile in a dull car! Simoniz! See how quickly and easily the wonderful Simoniz Kleener uncovers all the beauty of the original finish. Too, it checks further decay. Gives new "life" to the lacquer or enamel. All through a scientific cleaning principle . . . and without harsh abrasives, alkalies or acids that harm the paint work. Then, protect with Simoniz. Surprise! You'll always drive a new-looking car!

Simoniz protects the finish, makes washing seldom necessary, saves your car's beauty. Simoniz Kleener restores the natural lustre and color. Try the new quick way to use!

MOTORISTS WISE SIMONIZ MAKES CARS STAY BEAUTIFUL

NEW EASY WAY TO USE
SIMONIZ
NEW EASY WAY TO USE
SIMONIZ KLEENER
MOTORISTS WISE SIMONIZ

Always insist on world-famous Simoniz and Simoniz Kleener. Sold at hardware, drug, grocery and auto supply stores, filling stations and garages.

THE SIMONIZ COMPANY
CHICAGO, U. S. A.

## Tomorrow's Champs

Continued from page 18

side of the bar said, "And have one yourself," what else was a poor bartender to do except draw one. Strictly in the course of business Lee lapped up many a flagon of beer per diem. His weight increased in direct proportion to the number of beers he consumed. Finally he tipped the groaning scales at the tidy poundage of 252.

Pinkey George, well and favorably known in Midwest fistic circles, used to stand on the business side of the bar and shake his head sadly. He had seen this lad as a 175-pound eager-eyed prospect. Now he was fat, bleary, unhappy in his job and going nowhere fast. To complicate the whole thing Lee was married now and the father of a one-year-old youngster.

"I'd like to get out of this business," Lee growled once to Pinkey.

"Why don't you try fighting again?" Pinkey said.

Lee laughed and patted his bay window. At this point he looked as though he were smuggling observation balloons into St. Paul.

Pinkey said, "I'll handle you if you'll take orders. You could take that weight off, Lee. Here's how we'd . . ."

He talked on, and Pinkey is a persuasive talker. Suddenly Lee threw off his apron and said, "Let's go." Pinkey was a hard taskmaster. He made Lee work as he had never worked before. For two months he didn't even let him put a glove on. For two months Lee ran, did calisthenics and lived pretty much on lemons. Whenever he was hungry Pinkey would tell him, "Eat a lemon." When he was thirsty Pinkey would snarl. "No water. Suck on a lemon."

*Then one day Lee wasn't 252 pounds* at all. He was 224. Now Pinkey put him into the gymnasium. He boxed with masters like Mike Gibbons and Jock Malone. He developed some of their beautiful knack of timing and he learned their tricks of infighting. Then he'd box big men and slug it out with them and one day Pinkey said, "Now we'll see."

Well, Pinkey saw all right. Lee flattened a whole string of canvas-kissers according to schedule. Pinkey nursed him carefully. He didn't overmatch him even when lucrative offers came along that most fight managers would have grabbed. He nursed him along and now he was a trim 199. That was when he fought O'Sullivan in Detroit. He was 190 when he fought Strickland and when he appeared at the Garden he was 181. He's right physically now and he's going to become the best of them all.

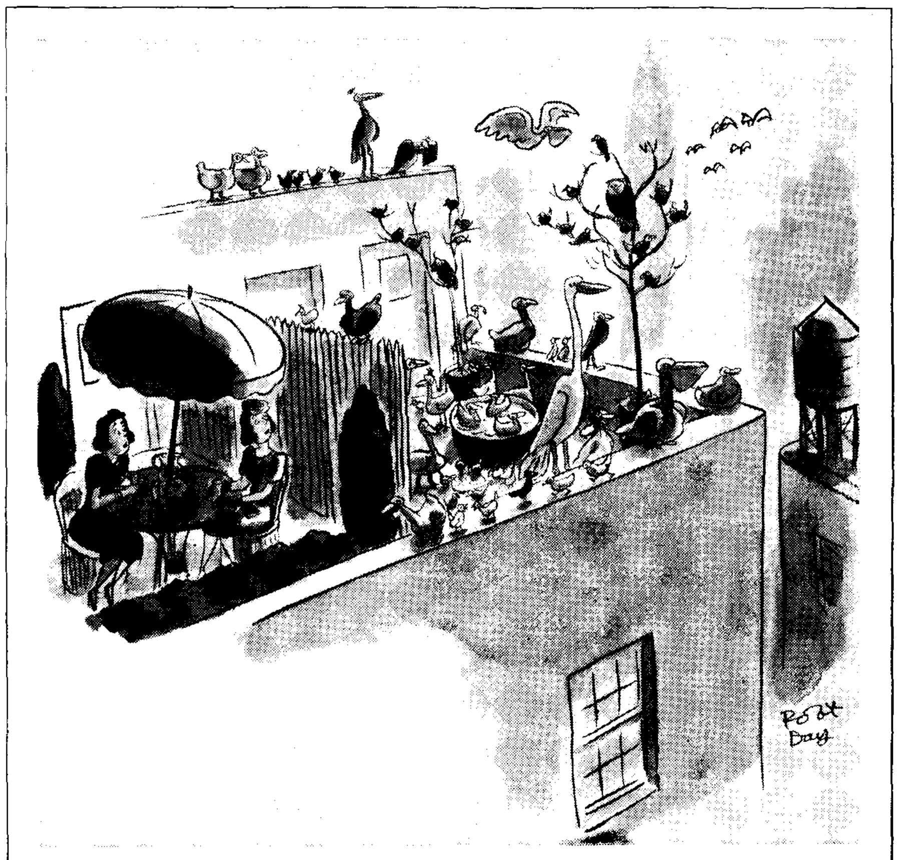
Oh, he'll lose a few fights. Matter of fact, somebody named Johnny Whiters, of Pontiac, Michigan, got a decision over him only a couple of weeks ago. But he's a nice kid, he's only twenty-two, and he has a smart manager. Keep his name in mind—Lee Savold.

### The Coming Flash

Now, emerging from the crystal, we see a dark-haired, handsome lad and he's a-coming fast. Well, one day he'll be hailed as the greatest runner of all time; the only man ever to accomplish that Miracle Mile, running the distance in four minutes flat. That's been the goal of all the great milers but no one will do it until our boy Leslie Mac Mitchell reaches his peak.

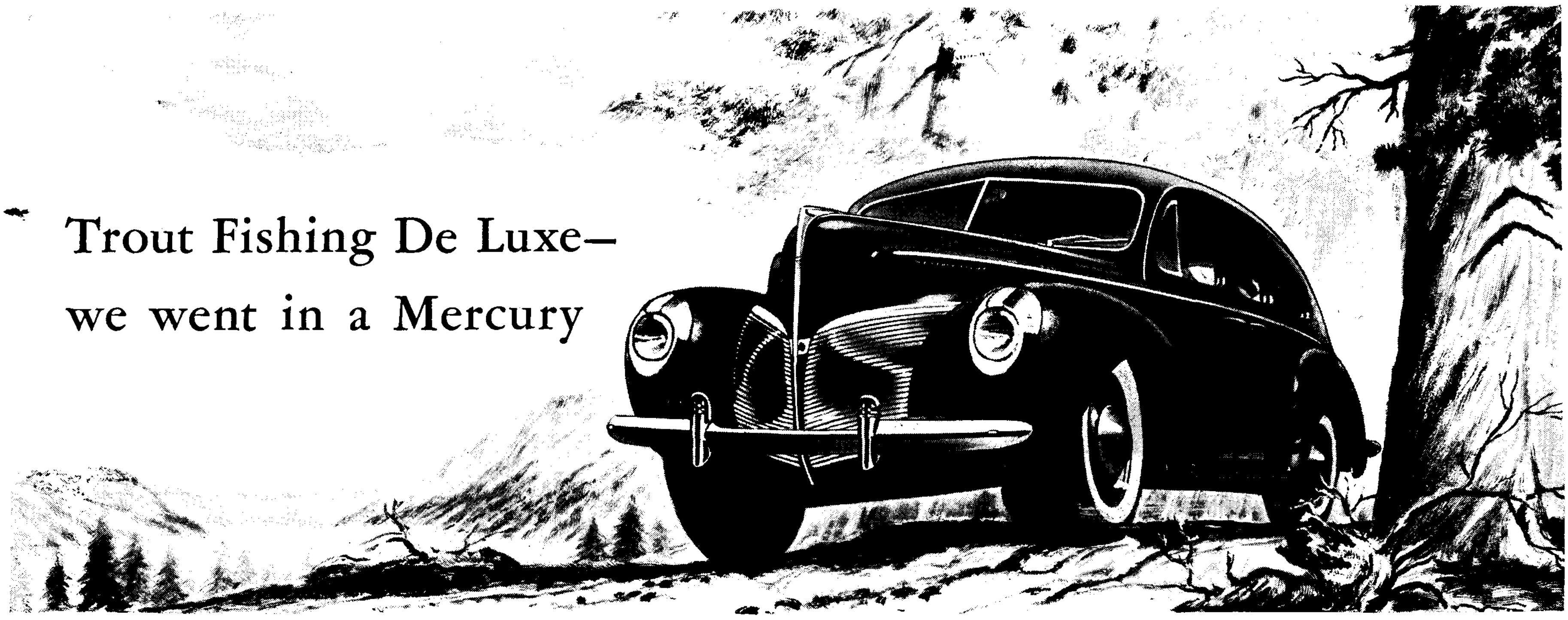
Today Mac Mitchell is a nineteen-year-old sophomore at New York University, which is fortunate. It's fortunate because N.Y.U. has a patient, painstaking track coach, Emil von Elling, and von Elling is handling Mac Mitchell with kid gloves. You don't read much about Mac Mitchell these days. Only *occasionally is he allowed to mingle with* the Cunninghams and the Venzkes. Von Elling has mapped out a systematic campaign which he thinks will bring Les to his peak in 1942.

To date Mac Mitchell's career has closely paralleled that of Glenn Cunningham's. In 1932 Glenn was virtually unknown except at the University of Kansas. They sent him out to Palo Alto

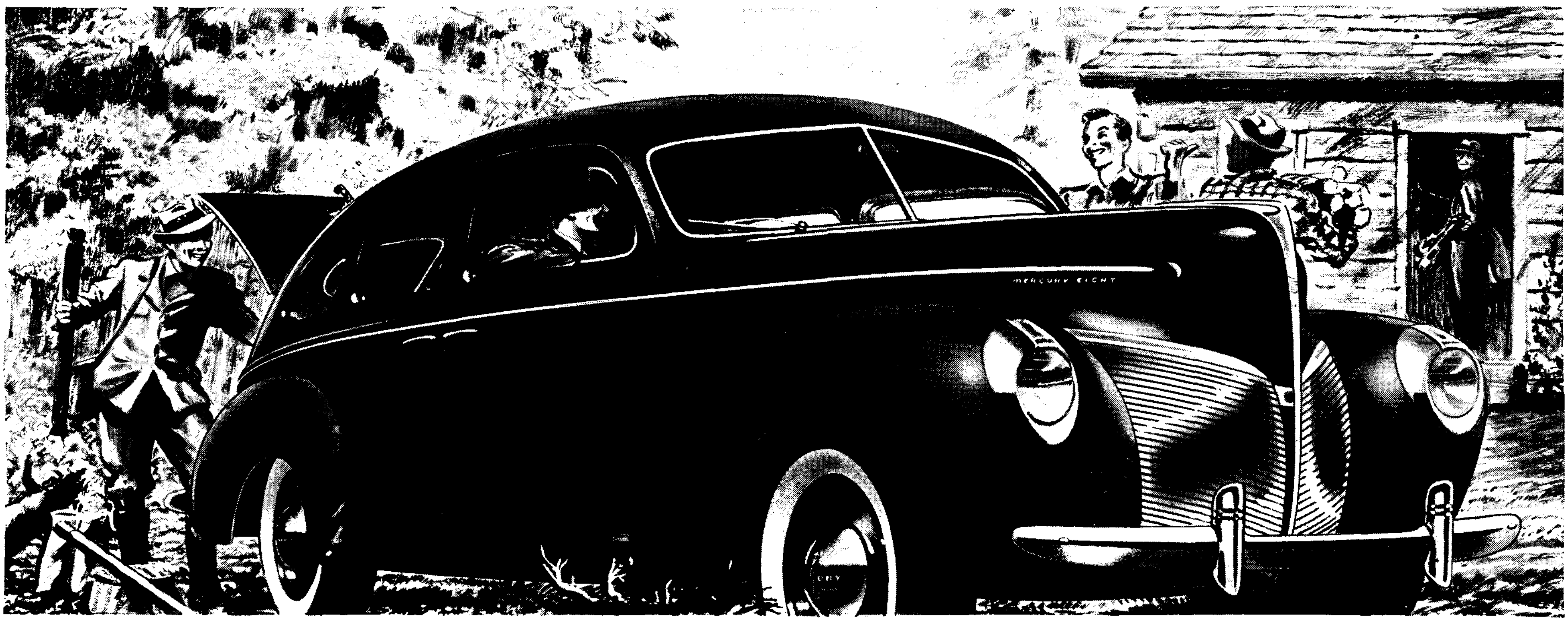


"It's a regular stop-over on their migrations" ROBERT DAY

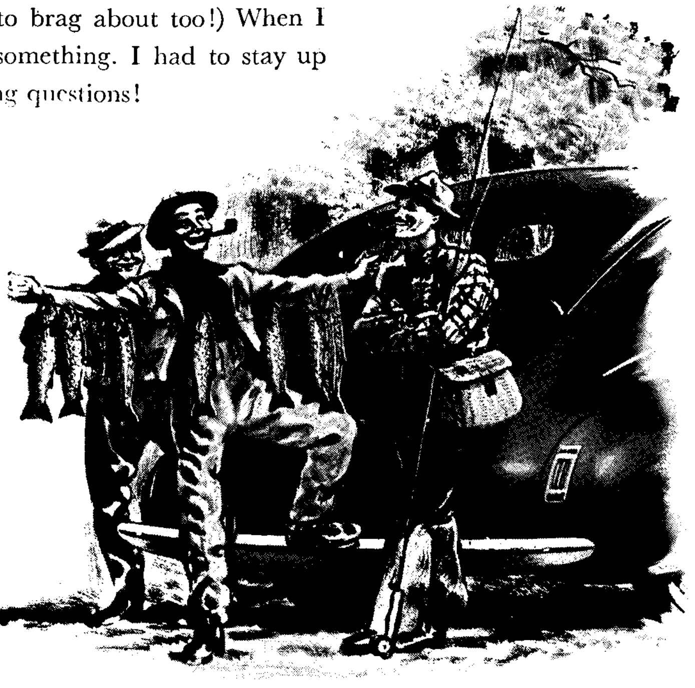
# Trout Fishing De Luxe—we went in a Mercury



**Bill Telephoned from Camp** that the big ones were rising. Six wanted to go—so we took my new Mercury 8. That smooth-cruising car makes every mile a pleasure! Even on the old logging trail into the woods, the stabilized-ride construction smoothed out a lot of the roughness. The Mercury stepped right over the mud-holes and thank-you-ma'ams!



**That Night, for Once,** the talk turned from fishing to automobiles. (We had plenty of fishing to brag about too!) When I casually mentioned my Mercury's price and the gas mileage I'd been getting, I started something. I had to stay up half the night showing them the car's fine points with a flashlight, before they stopped asking questions!



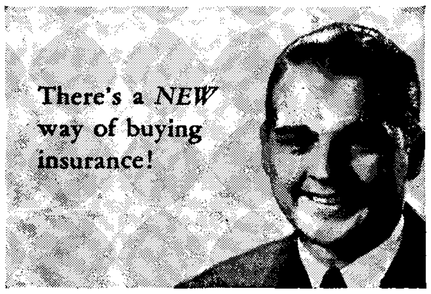
Look for surprises when you get your hands on the wheel of a big, light-footed Mercury 8. It's the car that won success on *new ideas!* Wide-flaring streamlines that make seats inches wider . . . a special stabilized-ride construction that cancels "sway" and makes all roads better roads . . . a new 95-hp V-type, 8-cylinder engine, satin-smooth and powerful . . . and honest *economy* in a *big car!* Owners report up to 20 miles per gallon of gas—one result of an unusually efficient, high power-to-weight ratio. Slip behind the wheel and drive this great car—see what it means to be a Mercury owner!

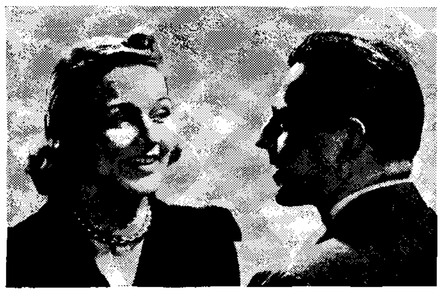
# Mercury 8

*Built by the Ford Motor Company—distributed by Mercury, Lincoln-Zephyr and Ford dealers*

"How a pickpocket may have saved me thousands of dollars"

**1.** *"I've always believed* in insurance and thought that with all the policies I'd taken out, I was fully covered. Then my camera was stolen. It *wasn't* insured—and I wondered if there were other things I hadn't thought of. So I called in a Hartford Insurance representative who'd been trying to tell me about what he called the NEW way of buying insurance."


There's a *NEW* way of buying insurance!



**2.** *"He explained* that the NEW way starts with an expert analysis of all your risks—and protects you first against possible *large* losses, no matter how unlikely they may seem. He pointed out several loopholes in my insurance that might have cost me plenty!"

**3.** *"The NEW way* of buying insurance protects me all around. I'm not carrying a lot *more* insurance—but my insurance program now is so carefully planned that it gives me far greater protection than I ever had before. You ought to look into this NEW way, too!"

Hartford Fire Insurance Company

Hartford Accident and Indemnity Company

*To learn more* about the NEW way of buying insurance, just call Western Union (in Canada, call Canadian National Telegraphs) and ask for the name of the Hartford representative nearest you. Or get in touch with your own insurance broker.

THE TWO HARTFORDS WRITE PRACTICALLY EVERY FORM OF INSURANCE EXCEPT LIFE . . . . *Hartford, Connecticut*

where they were holding the Olympic tryouts. Glenn was entered in the 1,500-meter event but nobody cared much. That is, no one cared until the final stretch. Then Glenn whirled from nowhere with a last-furlong kick that shot him ahead of the favorite, Gene Venzke, to clinch a place on the Olympic team.

From then on—until Chuck Fenske came zooming along—Cunningham has been our greatest and most consistent miler. The two best mile marks today are Glenn's 4:04.4 made on Dartmouth's special indoor track and Sydney Wooderson's 4:06.4 mile made outdoors. But give Mac Mitchell another two years and he'll make those marks look silly.

### On the Cunningham Pattern

Mac Mitchell was just another high-school kid who liked to run. The keen eye of Tom Greenwald, a free-lance coach who makes a hobby of helping young runners, fell on him. From that point on Mac Mitchell's destiny was settled. He became a great boy high-school star, eventually establishing a world's schoolboy mile record of 4:21.7. That same mile record was once held by Cunningham, the time being 4:24.7. At George Washington High School in New York, Mac Mitchell ran everything from the quarter mile to the cross-country events. Then he went to N.Y.U. and was taken under the wing of Emil von Elling.

"He's a lot like Cunningham," von Elling says. "Even takes the same physical-education courses that Cunningham took. He's like Glenn too in his judgment of pace. Glenn can run a mile within a fraction of a second of what he intended. Les isn't that sure yet but he'll get it with experience. How far will he go? Nobody knows."

Leslie Mac Mitchell—remember the name and if you don't hear it a lot in the years to come we'll get together and bust that crystal into a thousand pieces.

They've been looking for another Honus Wagner for lo these many years now and let's see if we can't snatch one out of our crystal. It's a tough job all right, because Honus Wagners don't grow even in crystals, but what's this? Here comes a kid out of there but he doesn't look a bit like the old master. He isn't stocky and he hasn't big shoulders or bowlegs but he does have big hands like Honus. His name—Harold "Peewee" Reese—and he will have his chance with Leo Durocher's Dodgers this season.

He's a nice-looking kid with a broad smile and he looks as if he had just come from Sunday school. Well, he just did come from Sunday school. Only a couple of years back he was playing for the New Covenant Presbyterian Church team in Louisville. Billy Herman, the great Cubs infielder, once played for the same team and maybe that's a good omen for Peewee. Reese was a nice young infielder, but he was even better at playing marbles. In fact once he was runner-up in the annual marble tournament held by the Courier-Journal.

All kids in Kentucky want to play for the Louisville Colonels. That's the biggest big-league team there is in the bluegrass section. But Reese was an exception. Even at seventeen he knew that some day he'd be a big-leaguer. Louisville had a working agreement with Brooklyn, and in those days the Dodgers were not the alert, smart laddies they became under Leo Durocher. The name of Daffiness Boys had stuck to them, and young Reese didn't want to play with a bunch of fugitives from padded cells. So when he was offered a Louisville contract he balked.

"I don't want to get sold to the Dodgers," he protested.

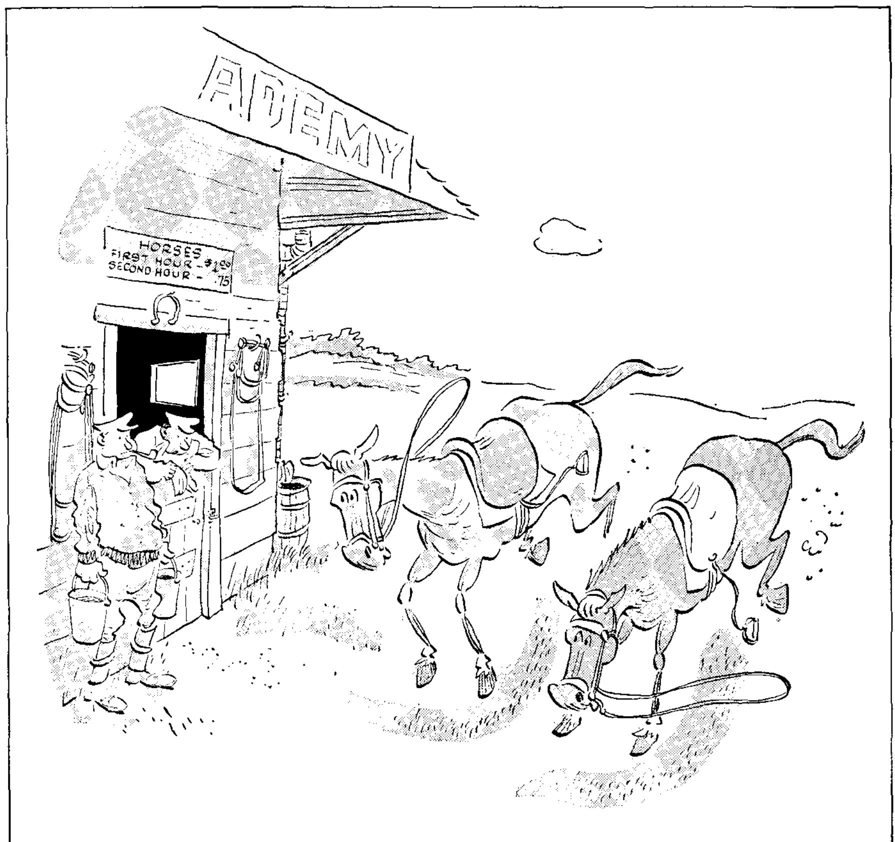
Cap Neal of the Colonels said gently: "Listen, son, you won't even be ready for Louisville for another two years so don't start worrying about the big leagues."

"Are you going to have the same team next year you had last?" Reese asked. Cap Neal said that they would have about the same team.

"Oh, well," the kid said easily, "I can make that team. I think I can play the infield better than anyone you've got."

P. S. He was right.

Larry McPhail, the Brooklyn majordomo, watched him play. He liked the way the kid ran bases. He liked the way he got to his left to get in front of hard-hit balls that other shortstops couldn't have caught with a butterfly net. He told sports writers that Reese



**"I guess we're going to have to do something about that low limb on the bridle path"**

DAVE GERARD

was the best fielding shortstop he'd ever seen—bar Durocher. And he bought him. He paid $35,000 in cash and threw in $45,000 worth of ballplayers for this youngster with only two years of experience.

Well, we'll have to tab Peewee Reese as the coming great in baseball. We're taking a risk and we realize it, but when those warm spring breezes hit you and the earth starts to turn green it does strange things to you.

Now here's a well-built lad in white flannels coming out of our crystal. He has a tennis racket on his shoulder and a grin on his face. Well, if it isn't Welby Van Horn of Los Angeles, nineteen years old! We need another great tennis player badly. First there was Tilden, then Vines, then Budge, and since Budge, no one. Oh, Bobby Riggs is a nice player and he's good enough to win our national title but, honestly now, can you visualize him in there with any of the leading professionals? Of course not. But give our kid Van Horn another two years and maybe we'll have someone able to rank with the old masters.

### Nobody Gave Him a Chance

Right now our kid has a great service, an extraordinary forehand and all the fighting heart in the world. Critics sometimes say unkind things about his backhand and about his court strategy but critics are like that. There are no critics in our crystal so we'll have no rapping, please.

When Van Horn stepped on the courts of the West Side Tennis Club to meet Jack Bromwich in a semifinal match for the national championship last September he was unranked, unseeded and given no chance at all to do anything but go out quietly before the play of one of the favored few. A year before in the national he had gone out as per schedule, being murdered by Don Budge in the opening round. Welby had won only a single game. And now by some freak he was 'way up in the rarefied air of the semifinal round, having beaten Wayne Sabin in the first upset of the tourney.

Welby had no more chance against Bromwich than a cow would have against a greyhound. That's what they said, anyway. When Bromwich raced through the first two sets as though he had an early date with someone tasty, it looked as though the soothsayers were right. Two sets behind, Welby shook his head and battled on. He won the third set 6-2, but they thought that Bromwich was coasting. Then he won the fourth and fifth sets to cop the match and enter the finals. Oh, sure, Bobby Riggs beat him the next day, but eighteen-year-old kids aren't supposed to win national tournaments.

Welby has everything, including color. To begin with, he was a poor kid who didn't play much tennis because he couldn't afford to buy tennis balls. He didn't belong to any tennis club and he never got any real coaching. Now and then he'd pick up a hint from an older player but Welby was strictly a natural.

Last summer when he played in the East he was lucky enough to meet Eleanor Tennant, probably the country's greatest tennis coach. "Teach," as everyone calls the woman who made Alice Marble, is a real nut on the game. All she has to do is to set eye upon someone who looks promising and she is happy. She may be a professional who makes her living out of teaching tennis, but like all great pedagogues, she is an amateur at heart. She liked Van Horn's game and liked his single-mindedness about the game. He loved to play. So she spent some time giving him pointers.

"Miss Tennant told me a lot of things I'd been doing wrong," Welby says now. "I certainly owe her plenty."

Well, youngster, you owe us plenty now. To make us look good you'll have to go on and be the best there ever was. Sure, you've got to be better than Tilden, or Vines, or Budge, or any of them.

Now let's look into the crystal again. Well, now, here's a tall, lanky lad with a golf club in his hand. What's his name? Arthur Doering. Never heard of him? You will, my pet, you will or the crystal is a liar. Doering got to the semifinal round of the national amateur last summer. Then he was beaten in a 36-hole match by Bud Ward, who eventually won the championship. He was beaten 2 to 1, which isn't what you call a panic.

Doering hits a long, straight ball, but what the experts like about his game is his temperament. He never knows when he's licked, and hot competition doesn't make him jittery. Arthur Doering of the Medinah Club of Chicago. Now give him another two years . . .

## Desert Warrior

Continued from page 17

when he sees it. Stories have been killed for many reasons in the past in Madrid, Rome, London, Berlin and Moscow. Here these poor efforts of ours may die in Weygand's office in the Etat Major because a *line doesn't scan*.

The word "secrecy" is more meaningful here than we found it even at the Western Front, where the precautions to prevent the leakage of military information are unprecedented even for Franco-Britishers. There's ample reason for this. The French well know that they are accepted or tolerated by the Arabs as the least of the foreign political evils. The Arabs don't exactly love the French or British, but these unstable, fanatic peoples, fortunately for the Allies, like the Germans, Italians and Russians far less.

Moreover, during the past five years the totalitarians have honeycombed the unholy lands with spies and agents. These have been largely cleaned out. There are still some spies in camp. They're known and watched, and their days before they look into rifle muzzles are counted.

The other day a French officer bought a pull-over sweater in an Arab *sook* for the bargain price of fifteen piasters, and it's notorious that a Frenchman never passed up a bargain. The officer told his comrades about it, and about thirty other officers bought sweaters at the same place and same price. Next day Goebbels' Berlin radio announced that the French army was being equipped with woolen sweaters to fight the Russians in the Caucasus Mountains.

There have been a sufficient number of other incidents that indicate that the enemy is able to communicate with their agents here to make understandable the French reticence about granting visas even to trustworthy American correspondents. French officers, who are not allowed to speak even to one another about military matters, keep quiet in the presence of civilians of any nationality. They're losing the art of conversation. You ask a French officer the most casual and innocuous question about a gun or a regiment and he says, "Have you a match, please?"

A sign on the walls of the offices at

CUT YOUR HAULING COSTS THIS TRIED-AND-PROVED WAY!

• Here's what professional haulers—whose income depends solely on their hauling costs—do to get the most out of every dollar they spend for hauling . . .

DRINK
Coca-Cola
Coca-Cola

THEY USE THE FRUEHAUF TRUCK-TRAILER METHOD

*Just as a horse can pull far more than it can carry on its back, so too, can a motor truck, when used as a mechanical horse and coupled to a Trailer, PULL far more than it can CARRY.*

★ ★ ★ ★

By adopting this Fruehauf Truck-Trailer method of hauling—as truck users in more than 100 lines of business have already done—you will be certain to save in more ways than one.

YOU SAVE ON FIRST COST

You're sure to save on first cost. A small truck will *pull* as much as a larger, more expensive one will *carry*. So you can safely select the smaller one, add a Fruehauf Trailer and by so doing reduce your first cost by at least one-third.

GAS AND UPKEEP SAVINGS

You'll save on gas—as much as 30%—and you'll save on upkeep because the smaller truck will, of course, cost you less to service.

Since the smaller truck will cost only one-half as much, you'll have a smaller investment to write off and you'll spend less when you replace the truck. Ten years is the average life of a Fruehauf Trailer, so depreciation write-off each year will be extremely small. Many Fruehauf owners have reduced their total depreciation costs as much as 50%.

ADDITIONAL ADVANTAGES

Like so many others, you may find a "shuttle" operation just the thing to save you still more. By this method, one truck can handle several Fruehauf Trailers. You simply *leave* one or more Trailers to be loaded or unloaded and use the truck to do a full-time job of pulling first one and then another of the Trailers ready to be moved.

GET ALL THE FACTS

"Executive Thinking" is the title of a booklet which contains all the facts about the savings made possible by the Fruehauf Truck-Trailer method of hauling. It is yours upon request.

★ ★ ★ ★

Oldest and Largest Manufacturers of Truck-Trailers
FRUEHAUF TRAILER COMPANY • DETROIT
Sales and Service in Principal Cities

*More than 48,000 communities—40% of all those in the United States—depend solely upon motor transportation for hauling service. Without such service, people in these communities would be seriously handicapped.*

FRUEHAUF TRAILERS
"Engineered Transportation"
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

MORE FRUEHAUF TRAILERS ON THE ROAD THAN ANY OTHER MAKE

military headquarters says: "Silence. You know nothing. Therefore say nothing." Truer words were never printed in big black letters.

In secrecy and with the efficiency for which he is famous, Weygand has prepared in Lebanon and Syria an efficient army composed of crack French colonial troops. Ebony Senegalese—who make Americans feel like going up to them and asking, "How's tricks down in Bummingham?"—wild Circassians who ride, shout, shoot and look like Cossacks; hard-riding Spahis, tough legionnaires, Bedouins, Meharist Algerians, Moroccans, Malagasy from Madagascar, Bluedevils in khaki and regulars compose this army whose numbers may be a secret but whose purpose is as definite as the personality of the man who commands it.

To this army must be added the units of Anzacs and others in Egypt and the armies of Palestine, Iraq and Transjordania. To the whole may be added the armies of Turkey, for they'll count in the total that the Allies can throw against the enemy and eventually, too, the armies of Greece. Altogether these compose a greater striking or defensive force than was ever collected by the Allies in this area during the last war.

Geography and the evolution of this war, wherein the elements of time, chance and Allied intelligence constitute undeterminable variables, will determine how, when and where this vast "Army of Democracy" is to be used. It can be an army of offense. It is equally an army for defense.

Geographically, attacks can come from Russia across the oil-rich Caucasus Mountains or by sea along the Lebanese Littoral or across the Caspian through Iran.

The Russians, to reach Syria, would have to run the gantlet of Turkish forts at Ardahan and Kars and there meet first the Turks, who are potential Finns in fighting qualities and are well armed. However, it will be late April or early May before the ten or twelve feet of snow filling the passes will melt sufficiently to permit a Soviet invasion. The Russians likely have had enough of fighting in the snow.

### It's Different from 1914 Now

An enemy landing on the Lebanese Littoral would be disastrous for the attackers. And if an enemy tried to attack across the Persian desert he would be at the mercy of Weygand's adequate air forces.

Offensively, on the other hand, Weygand is in a position to strike at Russia to the north through Turkey. Or he can move across the Mediterranean to Salonika and push through Bulgaria to meet a Russo-German thrust into Rumania.

Even with the secrecy that prevails here, it is obvious to the most inexpert layman after a tour of the military centers and after having seen what he's permitted to see that the position of the Allies in this classic war theater is infinitely stronger than it was in the first World War. In the years between 1914 and 1917—before Colonel T. E. Lawrence gathered together the flames of Arab revolt against the Turks to hurl them finally in one bolt at Damascus and destroy the Ottoman Empire—Britain almost lost the war.

Fifty-six per cent of the British shipping lost in the great war was sunk in the Mediterranean. German and Austro-Hungarian submarines operating from bases at Trieste and in the Dardanelles had the Allies at their mercy and the Turks then were unwilling partners of the Germans. Not until the Turks were defeated on October 31st was the armistice of November 11th possible. Who dominates the Dardanelles and Bosporus dominates the Eastern Mediterranean, and this time it's the Allies and this time the Adriatic, at least for the present, is neutral.

Weygand's task is a colossal one; it's no exaggeration to say he holds the most difficult position of all and that if the war ever does get started he'll be about the only fighting general in the whole show.

Weygand is Lawrence and Allenby rolled into one. For this assignment the Allied commands have chosen this lean, hard man, seventy-three years old, who imparts to soldiering enough choregraphy and glamor to make a small boy's heart swell with patriotism for democracy's cause. He makes soldiering convincing, too, to taxpayers and women's clubs. This Weygand is something out of a Ouida novel; a sort of five-foot-seven Beau Geste, brown as the saddle on his Arabian horse, with the widest brown eyes, a pate rimmed by neat gray-blond hair and a carefully trimmed mustache that looks as though it were tobacco-stained, only Weygand doesn't smoke.

He moves with the lithe, smooth, flowing movements and robust health of an athlete and with the grace of the able and passionate tennis player and horseman that he is. His voice is pleasant though metallic. His back is as straight as a riding crop and his uniform gloves him.

"As a last resort I turn in at the mayor's driveway" JOE EASLEY

Weygand's insistence on being his own censor is understandable when you consider that it's part of his character to attend personally to the minutiae of his army's life. He's more than French—he's a French officer. He's such a good soldier that the French government passed a law suspending the retirement age in his case so as to keep him in active service.

It was Weygand who saved Poland and Warsaw from the Bolsheviks in 1920. He's one Allied general who doesn't hold to the thesis that it's important to win the last battle. He believes in winning them all.

It is no secret that Weygand, although as self-contained as a bank vault, was furious when the Finns were obliged to submit to the Soviets because of lack of support from the outside. "It would be strange indeed if at my age I didn't have ideas of my own about things," was all he'd say on the subject. Persons close to him, however, know what Finland's collapse meant to him; not only as a soldier but as a human being. His own words cover his personal position: "I am a soldier at the command of my superiors in Paris." But if he's got anything to do with it, this war will get under way pretty quick. You can't bottle up Weygand any more than you can tie lightning.

### A Threefold Job

In addition to his obvious military task in connection with the Allied campaign in this quarter of the world where the Moslem crescent lies flatly across Egypt, Palestine, Arabia, Iraq, Iran, Lebanon, Syria and Transjordania, Weygand has a delicate diplomatic and political job. Where Lawrence led the Arab hordes in revolt against the Turks, holding before them the mirage of Pan-Islamism as a reward for their help in smashing the Ottoman Empire, Weygand must keep the Arab Empire of 40,000,000 people quiet and friendly and must combat the effects of persistent totalitarian propaganda. Here again the Allies couldn't have chosen a better man. Weygand knows his Arabia and knows his Arabs as he knows the higher aspects of military tactics and horsemanship or the finer points of an overhead smash.

The assumption of his new command at the outbreak of the war brought Weygand to Lebanon and Syria for the second time in his career. He served as high commissioner here from April, 1923, until November, 1924. As a result he hasn't any enemies among the Arabs. How many Arabs met justice on the desert or in the mountain wilderness during the early period of Weygand's regime, during which he imposed the French mandate over the region, is not recorded except in the secret military files, but there were a large number. Weygand earned a reputation for the severity of his justice, but he spoke a language the Arabs understood.

The conditions he found were intolerable. The streets of the principal cities like Beyrouth, Damascus, Aleppo and Tripoli were unsafe, and the hinterland was dotted with wandering bandit tribes that lived by plundering caravans. Armed caravans had to fight their way 300 miles from Damascus to Bagdad. Thirty days after Weygand arrived, travelers could go alone by bicycle if they liked and women could walk the streets of the cities and towns safely. Now you can go from Damascus to Bagdad in the largest busses in the world, and the only enemies are springtime mud and summertime heat and the fallibility of rubber tires on hard-packed sand and knife-sharp rocks.

One way in which Weygand's predecessors, like General Gouraud, kept peace was to pay baksheesh to the chiefs. One day an odorous individual named Kassel Bey El Assad came to see Weygand and demanded a raise in pay. "At the mere drop of my eyelids my tribes will do my bidding," said Assad, which meant he was going to raise plenty of trouble unless the French government poured additional gold into his hands. Weygand looked at him coldly and told him to get out before he was tossed down the steps like the bag of dirty linen he so closely resembled.

Assad, mortified, retired to his tent. He died three months later from blood poisoning from biting his nails. Baksheesh to the tribes forthwith ceased.

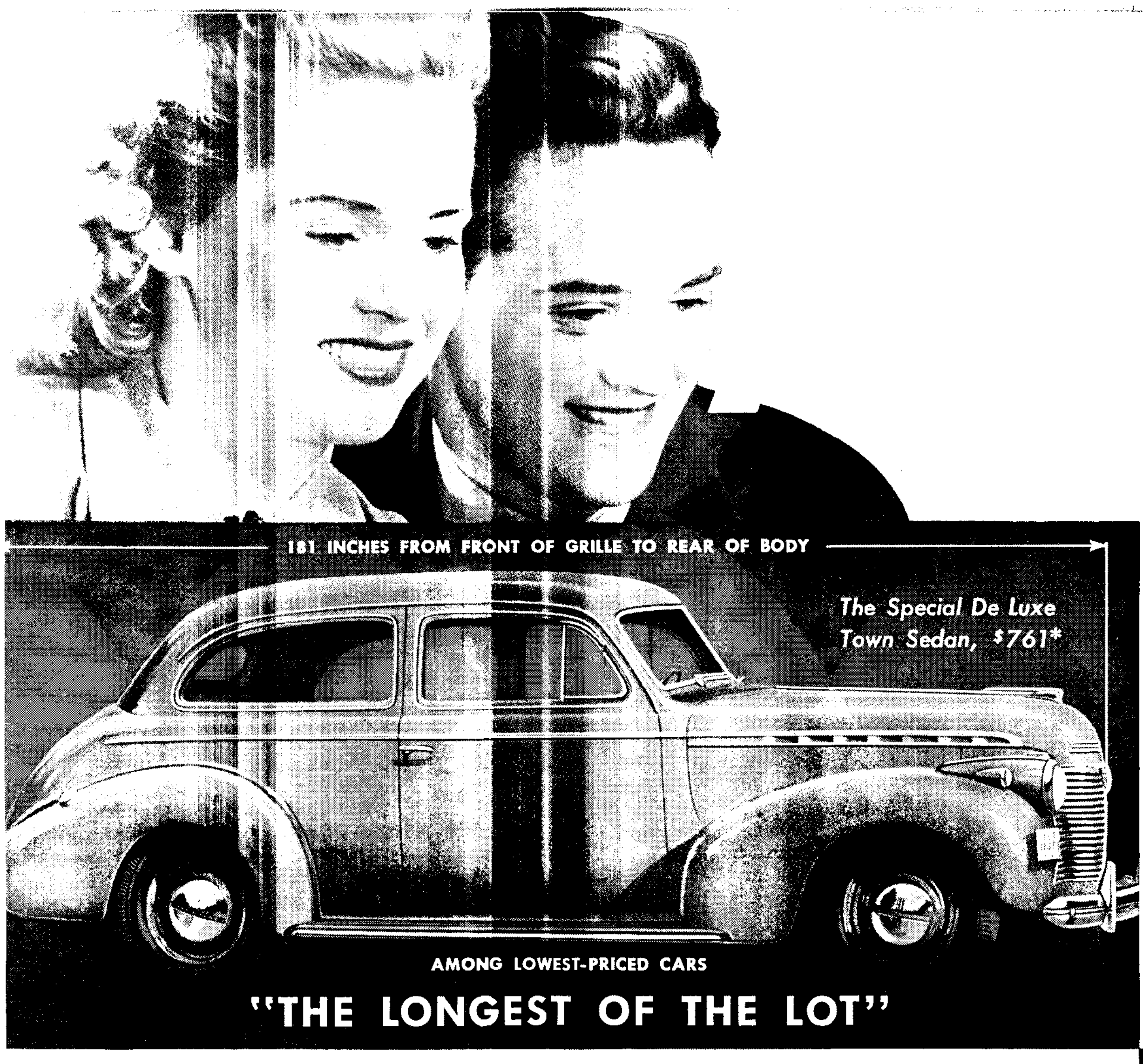
Most of the trouble among Moslem tribes like the wild Druses of the Syrian mountains resulted from the fact that Lawrence had kindled in their individualistic hearts the idea of Pan-Arabism. One of Weygand's most difficult jobs was to substitute some thing or things for the fact that the Arabs were never paid off in the coin they'd been promised. Lawrence, even after he died unromantically five years ago astride a motorcycle in England, was a magic name beside Bedouin bivouacs. "El Auruns," they called him on the desert. They continued to follow the chimera, and in this part of the world, where every man's a politician, Pan-Arabism, Pan-Islamism and Arab nationalism flourished until Weygand cleverly found a substitute. His substitute also counteracted the effects of totalitarian anti-Semitic and anti-Christian propaganda.

### By Order of Mohammed

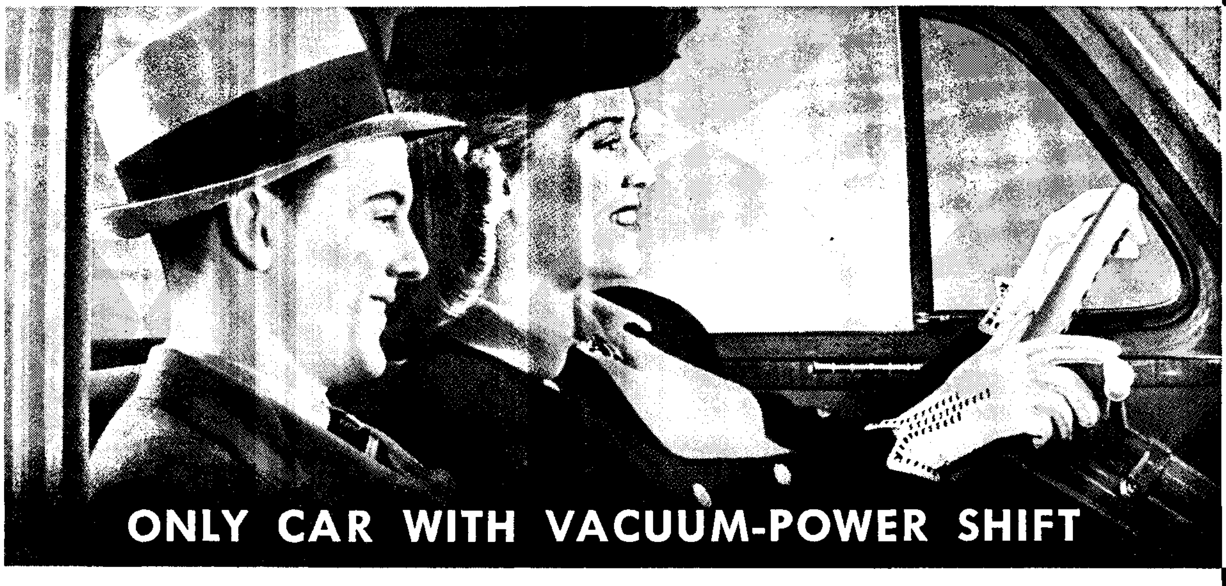
Somewhere in the Koran itself shrewd Weygand found the democratic philosophy. We haven't a copy of the Koran to check up, but we are informed that it is written therein that the Prophet Mohammed's successors must be elected. Thus Islamism is fundamentally democratic and therefore the Arab world is nearer, spiritually and politically, to the great democracies than to Fascism, Nazism and Communism. Through Lebanon and Syria go lecturers, talking in coffeehouses, by the wayside, wherever Arabs gather, furthering this thesis, and it has worked.

One hears flowery examples quoted everywhere of this spiritual relationship between the Arab world and the democratic. The desert itself imposes a democratic outlook, we were told by college-trained Arabs, some of them graduates of the American university in Beyrouth. In the desert an oasis can be found equally by a tribal chief or a humble Bedouin, which is pretty slim but, properly embroidered with the adjectives and musical cluck cluck of Arabic, makes a good argument.

We were told the story of a time, away back, when an Arab tribesman brought suit against the Caliph Ali Abu Hassan or Ali the son of Hassan. Ali went to court and there the president of the tribunal remonstrated when Ali sat himself in a chair while the commoner who had brought suit was obliged to stand before the dock. "O Abu Hassan, be equal to your adversary," said the president, meaning the caliph had to stand too on a democratic basis of equality before the law. The caliph complied and when

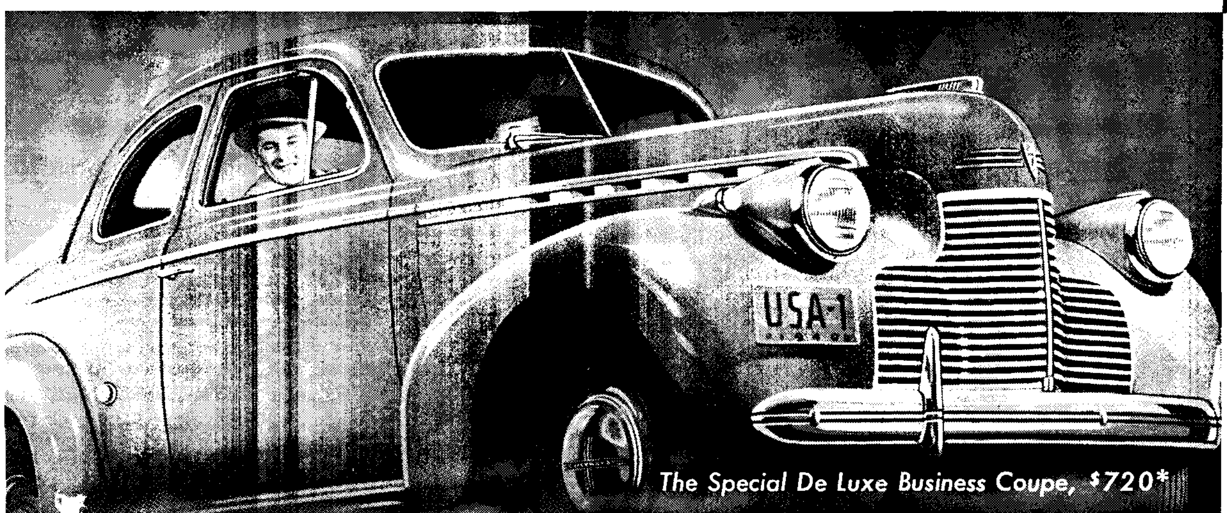

181 INCHES FROM FRONT OF GRILLE TO REAR OF BODY
The Special De Luxe Town Sedan, $761*
AMONG LOWEST-PRICED CARS
"THE LONGEST OF THE LOT"

You have only to *eye* this new Chevrolet with its smoothly modeled Body by Fisher and smartly streamlined "Royal Clipper" Styling to know that it's the most *beautiful* car of the year . . . that it's the *longest* of all lowest-priced cars . . . and that it's also the most *luxurious* car in the low-price field, with item after item of de luxe equipment at no extra cost!


ONLY CAR WITH VACUUM-POWER SHIFT

## Try It!

You have only to *try* the new Chevrolet to know that it *out-accelerates, out-climbs* and *out-performs* all other low-priced cars . . . that it's the *easiest* car to drive, because it alone has the Vacuum-Power Shift, which supplies 80% of the gearshifting effort—*automatically* . . . and that it's also the *easiest-riding* car in its price range—the *only* car with "The Ride Royal"★—the smoothest, safest, steadiest ride known!


The Special De Luxe Business Coupe, $720*

**OUT-ACCELERATES and OUT-CLIMBS THE FIELD**

## Buy It!

You have only to *buy* a new Chevrolet to know that it gives the greatest all-round satisfaction at the greatest all-round saving . . . and that this is why it's *out-selling* all other makes of cars for the ninth time in the last ten years!

★*On Special De Luxe and Master De Luxe Series.*

**$659**

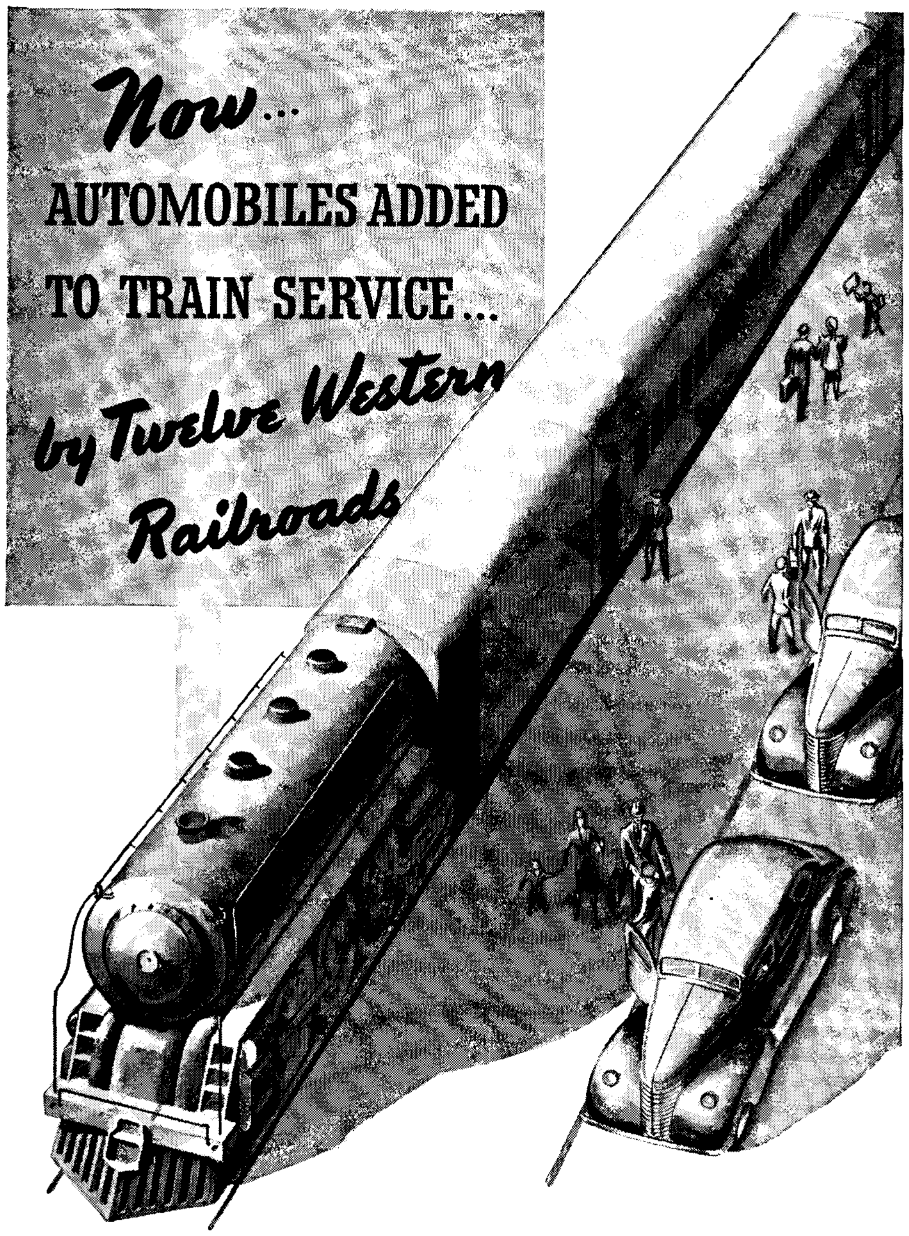
**MASTER 85 BUSINESS COUPE**

**Other models slightly higher**

*All models priced at Flint, Michigan. Transportation based on rail rates, state and local taxes (if any), optional equipment and accessories—extra. Prices subject to change without notice.

# "CHEVROLET'S FIRST AGAIN!"

CHEVROLET MOTOR DIVISION, *General Motors Sales Corporation,* DETROIT, MICHIGAN



TO YOUR DESTINATION—BY TRAIN
AT YOUR DESTINATION—AN AUTO

If you're tired of long distance driving—but want a car at your destination—here's the answer:—*TRAIN-AUTO Service.*

Arrangements can be made when you buy your railroad ticket. A current model, five-passenger sedan will be ready at the station when you arrive.

It is the new convenience and economy in business and pleasure travel. Learn why thousands are already planning to use swift, restful train service to destination—autos for local calls or trips into surrounding territory.

*TRAIN-AUTO Service* will be available May 1 at more than 150 important cities on 12 leading railroads of the west and south. It's simple, convenient, dependable and economical. Save time, conserve energy, reduce travel expense.

Consult the nearest railroad ticket agent or any traffic representative of the railroads shown below for complete details about *TRAIN-AUTO Service.*

TRAIN Service AUTO

***TRAIN-AUTO Service* is offered by these railroads in cooperation with Railway Extension, Inc.**

BURLINGTON LINES • CHICAGO AND EASTERN ILLINOIS • CHICAGO, MILWAUKEE, ST. PAUL & PACIFIC • CHICAGO, NORTH SHORE & MILWAUKEE • CHICAGO AND NORTH WESTERN • CHICAGO, ST. PAUL, MINNEAPOLIS & OMAHA • GREAT NORTHERN • ILLINOIS CENTRAL • NORTHERN PACIFIC • ROCK ISLAND LINES • SANTA FE SYSTEM LINES • UNION PACIFIC RAILROAD

Copyright 1940, Trans-Continental Passenger Association

the trial terminated he bawled out the president or judge, not for having made him stand but for addressing him formally as "Son of Hassan." The judge, to be thoroughly democratic and in accordance with the Koran, should have addressed the caliph as "Aki" which would be like calling the king of England George.

They point out here that, in Transjordania, Abdullah Abu Al Hassan, king of Transjordania, is addressed merely as Abdullah and that's like saying, "Howdy, Frank," if you met President Roosevelt on Fifth Avenue.

Prosperity came with security and justice under Weygand. He irrigated desert areas. His legionnaires built roads, barracks and houses. Those immeasurable miles of sand that Lawrence poetized about were burdened with vegetables. That desert stillness broken only by the shrill chirp of the green lizard's love call re-echoed, under Weygand's aegis, to the screech of pneumatics whirring on asphalt roads.

Business here is largely in the hands of Christian Arabs or Jews. These grew to respect and even like Weygand because with political stability came profits and there's nothing like the music of the till to soothe the Arab soul. To those non-Christians belonging to the multiple sects of Islam, Weygand became renowned as an exemplary character. Like "good" Moslems he doesn't smoke, drink or dance. Though they worship different gods, the Arabs knew Weygand went daily to church and that his character was impeccable. That couldn't be said of some others the French government sent to Syria and Lebanon.

This is the kind of country where the smallest detail of a man's private life becomes common property as soon as he registers at a hotel or rents a house. The Arabs knew immediately that Weygand was an honest man when once he refused the use of his government car to fetch his air-officer son André from a place in the hills two hours' drive from Beyrouth on the boy's day off. Weygand told his son on the telephone that he'd have to take the train even though the round-trip rail journey would take eight out of his twenty-four hours of leave. Weygand loves his boy but that just goes to show what kind of hard-headed Puritan he is. He has another son. He's in the army too.

If there are any figurative warts on Weygand's character they're invisible. His only crime appears to have been that he belongs to the conservative element in French politics and his resignation as high commissioner in 1924 coincided roughly with the fall of Millerand and the advent of Herriot. But when war cemented factional quarrels within the French body politic, they immediately harnessed Weygand—the man to whom Marshal Joffre said in 1913 upon the brilliant completion of his course in the school of higher military studies, "My friend, you've done well. They tell me you've passed successfully in all branches. If you'll continue you'll go very far."

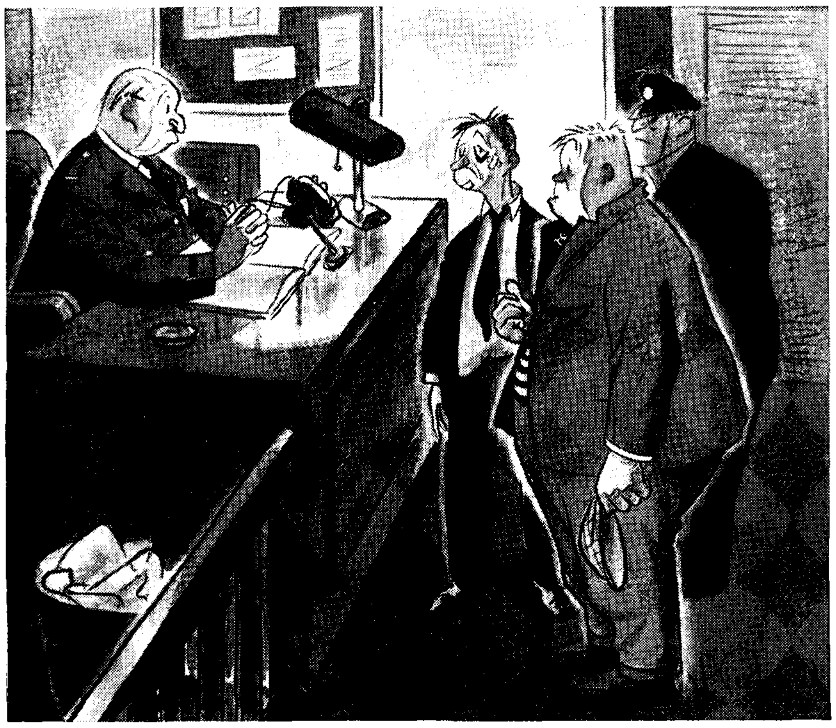
Joffre was never one to laud anybody. That was when Weygand was a lieutenant colonel in the Fifth Hussars. He was later to read the eulogy at Joffre's grave after serving as master militarist on Foch's staff in the World War. In 1918 he was secretary-general of the Inter-Allied Military Committee and later helped draft the peace of Versailles.

### Has Regular Habits

Born on January 21, 1867, at Brussels, he looks younger, tougher and healthier than most American businessmen of fifty. He rises every morning at seven, rides hard before breakfast, reads the papers and reports and by nine in the morning strides smartly past the red, blue and white-caped Spahi Hussars who flank the doorway at general staff headquarters. He salutes crisply as the buglers greet him with a fanfare, takes the steps to his soundproofed office on the third floor two at a time evenly and without exerting himself, his back inclined but as straight as when he's in the saddle. He seldom stays up late unless there's work or a politically exigent social occasion or a rare theater performance.

French officers are not allowed to have their wives with them as they normally would in a colonial post. The general is deeply attached to his wife, who is the only really intimate friend he is known to have. He could have her with him if he wanted, of course, for after all he's boss of the whole business here. "I must be an example to my officers," he says without the slightest hint of affectation.

You've read this far and that means the story has gone through or over that certain hurdle we mentioned earlier. So you can add to Weygand's character another attribute—tolerance.



"Well, him an' me started arguing—but I ain't no good at smart retorts"

LAURENCE REYNOLDS

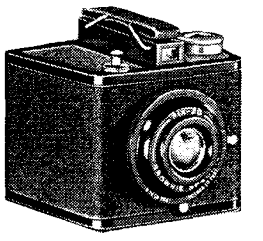
# MORE STYLE ON THE SURFACE— MORE VALUE BENEATH— *when you buy a*

### Smartest vacation companion you'll meet . . .

Kodak Anastigmat lens, 1/100 shutter, precision construction . . . Kodak 35 (*f*/5.6) is the buy in low-cost 35 mm. cameras. Modern finishing methods lead to black-and-white pictures 2¾ x 4 inches. Also takes Kodachrome (full-color) Film.

## KODAK 35 (*f*/5.6)

### *Finest of the Brownies*

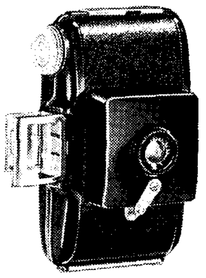


Six-20 Brownie Special, with new tapered design, is the world's most famous box camera modernized. Brilliant optical eye-level finder of "spyglass" type. Plunger shutter release minimizes camera movement. Near-and-far focus. Rotary shutter for snaps and time exposures. All-metal construction, pin-grain covering. Pictures, 2¼ x 3¼ inches.

**SIX-20 BROWNIE SPECIAL**

• • •

### *Small camera—Big pictures*

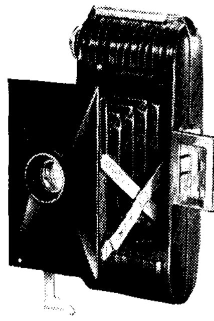


One of the most convenient cameras ever designed. Kodak Bantam (*f*/8) carries like a pack of cigarettes, yet through modern photofinishing methods it leads to pictures 2¾ x 4 inches. Kodalinear *f*/8 lens, automatic film-centering device, eye-level finder. Loads with low-price 8-exposure Kodak Films.

**KODAK BANTAM (*f*/8)**

• • •

### *Ready in a "Jiffy"*



Jiffy Kodak V.P.—with modern molded construction and famous "Jiffy" action. Press a button and it opens; press another and you get the picture. No focusing and no adjustment. Kodak Doublet lens, built-in shutter, eye-level finder. Pictures, 1⅝ x 2½ inches.

**JIFFY KODAK V. P.**

IN ANY COMPANY, the new Kodaks win on looks—and that's not the half of it . . .

Behind that superb styling are unseen factors that can't be copied: more than 50 years of camera-making experience . . . plus an investment of tens of millions in precision manufacturing equipment . . . plus the inventiveness and skill of the largest group of camera craftsmen ever brought together.

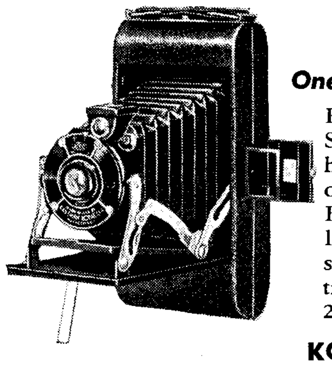
It's these under-the-surface values that give you better pictures with a Kodak . . . assure brilliant, trouble-free performance through the years—every time you "press the button."

New models are smaller, easier to handle, quicker to shoot. It's a delight to get your hands on one of them, to find the latest picture-taking aids at your fingertips. Try it at your Kodak dealer's—he has Kodaks from $3.95 . . . Brownies from $1 . . . Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y.

• • •

**KODAK TO PRESENT ENTIRELY NEW COLOR SHOW AT THE NEW YORK WORLD'S FAIR**

Last year, nearly 4,000,000 people marveled at the beauty and drama of Kodachrome full-color pictures projected on 187-foot screen, longest in the world. This year they'll be flocking back—the new show is greater than ever . . . Also at the Kodak Building—expert advice on picture taking at the Fair. Don't forget your Kodak.



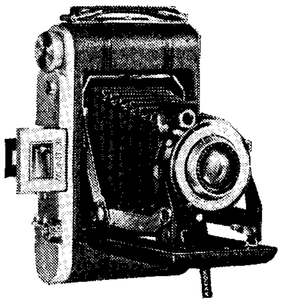
### *One of America's favorites*

Kodak Junior Six-20, Series II (single lens), has push-button bed latch, one-finger bed release. Both eye-level and waist-level finders. Reliable shutter for snapshots and time exposures. Pictures, 2¼ x 3¼ inches.

**KODAK JUNIOR SIX-20**
**Series II (single lens)**

• • •

### *New Eastman master model*

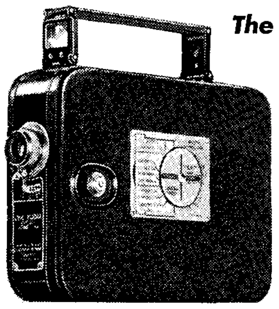


One of latest and greatest cameras for album-size (2¼ x 3¼-inch) pictures. Kodak Monitor Six-20, with highly corrected Kodak Anastigmat *f*/4.5 lens in Kodamatic shutter (5 speeds to 1/200 second). Double-exposure prevention. Body shutter release.

**KODAK MONITOR SIX-20**

• • •

### *The economy movie maker*



Brings home movies within the reach of almost everyone. Gives 20 to 30 black-and-white movie scenes—each as long as the average newsreel scene—on a roll of film costing $2, *finished, ready to show.* Also makes movies in gorgeous full color on Kodachrome Film.

**CINÉ-KODAK EIGHT**
**Model 20**

*Only EASTMAN makes the* [illegible]

## WHAT ARE *Your* CHANCES

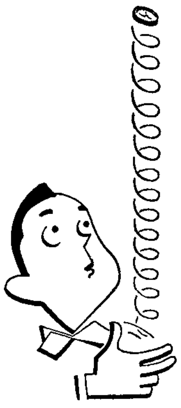
. . . of inheriting a fortune?
. . . of finding a pearl in an oyster?
. . . of making a hole in one?
. . . of having triplets?

# ANY MINUTE NOW...*It may happen to you!*

*By* HERBERT M. ALEXANDER

(*Contributor to The Saturday Evening Post, Medical Review of Reviews, The Literary World and other magazines.*)

ILLUSTRATION BY WALTER RICHARDS



Regardless of who you are, where you live, or how humdrum your life may seem—Dame Fortune may be all set right now to spring a surprise on you.

If you want to know the odds in your favor—or against you—all you need to do is consult the Law—the Law of Probabilities.

Let's say you're an average American—25, single, employed. Want to know when you'll marry?

Before you are 36. The chances are 95 out of 100. Your mate will be blonde—the odds are 640 to 360. If you've been engaged for 3 years, it's a 9 to 1 bet that your marriage will be a happy one.

Yes, you'll have children—one or two. It's a 51-to-50 chance that you'll have a boy rather than a girl. Interested in twins? You've got one chance in 87 of getting them. Triplets come once in 7,569 times. Quints are rather scarce—it's 57,289,761 to 1 against them.

As your children grow older, you'll have a pretty decent time. You'll have most of your teeth at 40 (chances 13 to 1) and you'll still have a luxuriant head of hair — it's 2 to 1.

And any minute you may become the "luckiest man in the world"! Don't say, "It can't happen to me." The Law says it *can:*

Take next Saturday's golf, for example. You reach that tricky short hole . . . take a slow, easy swing . . . and—lo! You've made a hole in one—if yours is the one chosen stroke in 7,267.

Or it may happen tonight, at bridge. You'll pick up your hand and it'll be 13 spades . . . or 13 hearts, or diamonds, or clubs. This happens to people regularly—just once in 635,013,559,600 times!

Do you bowl? Even if you're a dub, you may go out tonight and roll a perfect game. The chances are one in 336,000!

Don't be too sure that you won't inherit a fortune. That nice little old lady you helped across the street—she may have you down in her will right now. After all — sudden money *does* happen to people... each year to about 1 person in every 1,782.

Of course, you don't believe all those old superstitions about black cats and ladders. But if you *really* want to play safe, you'll build a house without a porch . . . you'll never take a bath . . . never set foot on a stepladder . . . and *never* be caught sleeping.

That will reduce your chances of being in an accident by a healthy one-third.

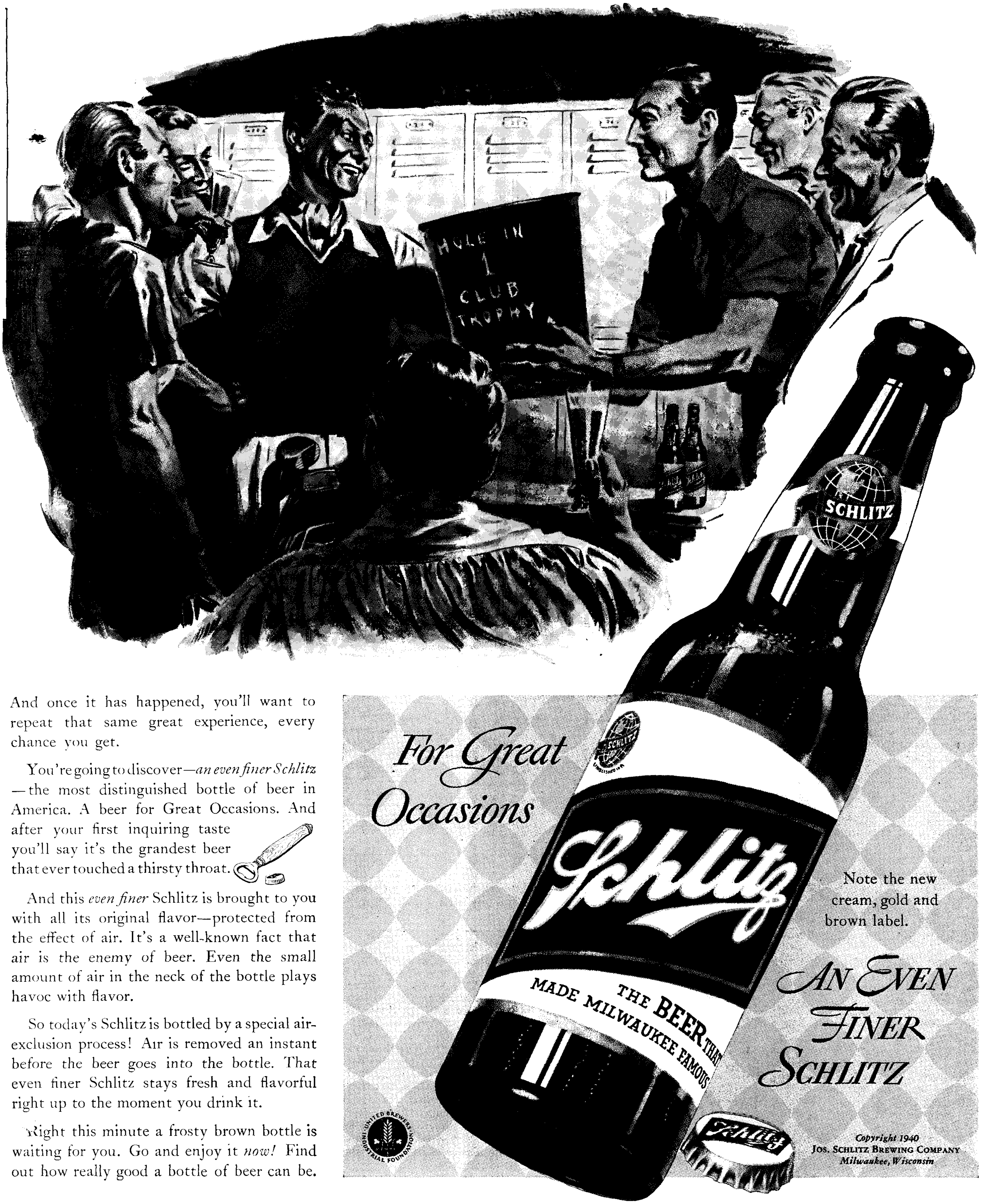
And if you want to improve your "luck" still further, go on an oyster diet. Pearl divers say that when you get to that 1,000th oyster — you'll bite into a pearl, maybe.

Does all this sound pretty fanciful to you? It's not—any more so than the multiplication table.

For the Law of Probabilities is basically very simple. There's just one thing wrong about it. Nobody—no scientist, or mathematician, or fortune teller—can tell us where or when the probable events will *actually* occur.

And so, while there is a mathematical chance that several hundred of the 40,000,000 people who read this advertisement will be wealthy before the year is over . . . nobody is ever sure who all the lucky ones will be.

However, the odds are not always against you. Here's one case when they are a million to one in your favor. Something is going to happen to *you, any minute now.*


HOLE IN 1 CLUB TROPHY
SCHLITZ
For Great Occasions
Schlitz
THE BEER THAT MADE MILWAUKEE FAMOUS
Note the new cream, gold and brown label.
AN EVEN FINER SCHLITZ
UNITED BREWERS INDUSTRIAL FOUNDATION
Schlitz

And once it has happened, you'll want to repeat that same great experience, every chance you get.

You're going to discover—*an even finer Schlitz*—the most distinguished bottle of beer in America. A beer for Great Occasions. And after your first inquiring taste you'll say it's the grandest beer that ever touched a thirsty throat.

And this *even finer* Schlitz is brought to you with all its original flavor—protected from the effect of air. It's a well-known fact that air is the enemy of beer. Even the small amount of air in the neck of the bottle plays havoc with flavor.

So today's Schlitz is bottled by a special air-exclusion process! Air is removed an instant before the beer goes into the bottle. That even finer Schlitz stays fresh and flavorful right up to the moment you drink it.

Right this minute a frosty brown bottle is waiting for you. Go and enjoy it *now!* Find out how really good a bottle of beer can be.

*Copyright 1940*
JOS. SCHLITZ BREWING COMPANY
*Milwaukee, Wisconsin*

THE BEER THAT MADE MILWAUKEE FAMOUS

# Appointment in India

Continued from page 20

introduced her to my father—who said 'No,' quickly and loudly. He said Marjory was a tramp.

"I knew my father was stubborn, but I was just as stubborn. In this case, nothing would have made any difference. I quit college. Marjory and I jumped into my car and drove over the Sierras to Reno, to get around the three-day marriage law in California. I thought the old man would soften up, when he was faced with a *fait accompli*. I told Marjory I was sure he would.

"He didn't though. He chartered a plane and had one of his attorneys fly to Reno with a copy of his new will—in which I was definitely and efficiently disinherited. The lawyer was waiting for the newlyweds outside the office of the justice of the peace. As soon as the ceremony was over, he read us the clause in the new will that he thought might interest the bride and groom. It interested the bride, all right—and how! She promptly had hysterics, called me every name I'd ever heard and a few that were new to me, for deceiving her and marrying her under false pretenses. Then she ran off. The marriage was never consummated. I've never seen her since.

"THE old man expected that I'd come crawling back, after this humiliation, admit I was wrong, ask forgiveness and beg to be taken back into the family fold—and fortune. The lawyer intimated as much. He also told me that my father had had private detectives investigating Marjory, and could very easily have shown me documentary proof of her worthlessness. Instead of that, he chose to make it a question of blind obedience to parental authority—knowing that the marriage wouldn't be valid inasmuch as Marjory had an undivorced husband serving time in the Oregon State Penitentiary, so that her marriage to me was bigamous and would be declared null and void by any court whenever the old man chose. But the old man overlooked the fact that I was his son, after all, and had inherited all his pride and stubbornness. I didn't go back.

"I got into my car and headed east . . . but the old man wasn't through yet. He'd given me the car for a birthday present, but he'd kept the registration in his own name. So he had me picked up and held under the federal law prohibiting the transportation of stolen cars across a state line. It was a dirty trick, even though I knew that all I had to do was telegraph abjectly and he'd have dropped all charges and sent me a ticket home. I was too mad to do that. I was going to be just as stubborn as he was. I kept my mouth shut, and pleaded guilty.

"The court suspected that there was something wrong, and suspended all but ten days of my sentence. But they had to take the car away.

"After that I hitchhiked and rode freights pretty much all over the country. I worked at odd jobs . . . farms . . . restaurants . . . garages. I drove a taxi in Kansas City for a while. I worked for a bootlegger in St. Louis. The connections I made there took me to Mobile and then to New Orleans, working for rumrunners mostly, until prohibition was repealed.

"In New Orleans, I met Lucy Steel. She seemed to be crazy about me. At any rate, she didn't think I was a millionaire's son—or if she did, I didn't know it. There didn't seem to be any ulterior motive in her making a play for me. I couldn't think of anything I had that she wanted—except my love. But there was. She wanted my name—any name—for a passport. She was mixed up with some Central American gunrunners, and the finger was on her. As Mrs. Fred Oaks, she thought she'd be safe for a while.

"It wasn't until we were deep in the Caribbean, and she disappeared on her own business, that I realized what she was after. I got a divorce in Yucatan. I don't know whether she was ever informed of it. Maybe she thought she was still my wife—Yucatan divorces have been challenged, I know—and came here to put the bee on me. . . . Well, all that's ancient history. Or I thought it was, until yesterday. . . . Say, this is funny."

"What's funny?"

"My boring you with the story of the prodigal who didn't return. A minute ago, I told you I was a good listener—but I've made you listen to me. Why?"

"Because I asked questions."

"Yes, I guess maybe you did. I wonder—"

FRED stopped speaking. The fingers that had been caressing her hair suddenly tensed, drew her head toward him. Beneath the tenuous silkiness of her hair, the back of her head felt very small, fitting snugly into the palm of his hand. He could see tiny points of light in her eyes.

Abruptly he snatched away his hand, swept his arm brusquely upward to lift the netting. He swung his feet off the bed, stood up.

"You better get out of here!" he declared gruffly.

Virginia did not move.

"You better get out of here, right now," Fred repeated. "That shot in the arm seems to have affected my judgment. I'm getting silly and sentimental. In another minute I'll be getting maudlin. I might even say, 'Virginia, let's chuck all this and get the devil out of here. Let's run away from the world and ourselves—our old selves. . . .' "

Again Fred paused. The girl remained sitting on the edge of the bed. The mosquito netting had fallen back and was draped over her head and shoulders like a wimple—or a bridal veil. Her voice was hardly more than a whisper as she said:

"Well . . . why not?"

"Because it's impossible—even if I wanted it," Fred declared curtly. "I can't stop this thing I'm in now. It's gone too far and I'm in too deep."

Virginia stood up. She went up to Fred and put a hand on his shoulder.

**"I'll expect the engines in a few minutes, then—and let's see, what else? We might as well talk till my nickel is up"**

GEORGE PRICE

"I told you I was a changed person," she said. "You've changed, too, Fred, although you haven't said so."

"No," he said. "No, you're wrong."

Then he caught the girl in his arms, buried her slim shoulders in his hard, impulsive, crushing embrace. Her quick gasp was smothered by his lips. Long and hungrily he kissed her. He felt her heart beating violently against him, while her finger tips touched his face, crept up his cheeks like the searching fingers of the blind. He kissed her eyes, the smoothness of her forehead, the fragrance of her hair. Then he breathed deeply, and shook his head as though to clear his brain of the insidious, heady bouquet of desire.

"It's no use," he said in a voice he did not recognize. "We're too late."

The girl still clung to him. He kissed her again.

Then he heard voices outside in the corridor. Footsteps passed the door. He recognized the voice of the district officer, arguing coldly. The footsteps receded.

"Goodby," Fred breathed.

He kissed the girl once more. An instant later he had straddled the window sill and was gone.

Bill Gabriel sat on the floor of Gwendolyn Small's apartment, surrounded by torn bits of paper and fragments of photographs. He was so engrossed in trying to fit pieces together that he did not notice the district officer come in. Hatton watched the detective for a moment with faintly contemptuous interest, before he said:

"Working puzzles, I see, Gabriel."

"Yes," the detective said.

"I'd like to speak to you a moment, if you could leave your juvenile amusements long enough to get up off the floor."

"We can't all be mental giants like you, Mr. Hatton," said the detective, without looking up. "You were in the attic for quite a while. What's your conclusion?"

"Quite obvious," the district officer said. "Miss Small hanged herself."

"It's obvious, all right," Gabriel agreed, "but she didn't kill herself. She couldn't have. That overturned chair carefully placed beside her so we'd think she kicked it over after she stuck her head in the noose couldn't have supported her weight long enough for her to make the rope fast to the rafter. It was rotten with termites."

"I noticed one of the legs was broken," said the district officer. "But I assumed the leg broke under Miss Small's weight."

"It couldn't have supported the lady; it turned to sawdust when I touched it. No, Hatton, I'm afraid Miss Small was strangled right here in this room by someone who carried her to the attic afterward and hung her up for artistic effect."

"Nonsense, Gabriel. Why should anyone go to all that trouble and subterfuge, only to leave these rooms in such disorder?"

"YOU can blame me for the condition of the room," Gabriel said. "I'm positive it would have been neat and clean if I hadn't blundered into finding the body ahead of schedule. The murderer was here when I went upstairs tonight, and decided he'd better clear out, leaving things as they were, rather than risk getting caught with his alibis down. And I'm afraid he found what he was looking for."

"What, for example?" The district officer was not impressed.

"I wish I knew," Gabriel said, frowning at the puzzle of torn paper on the floor.

"Gwendolyn Small was insane, I tell you."

"Oh, sure, she was a little on the screwball side," Gabriel agreed. "But she wasn't suffering from any gnawing melancholia or shrinking-violet complex. She wouldn't have sneaked off quietly to hang herself secretly in the attic. She'd have made a large and noisy exit in full view of her public, leaving a long and full explanation of her final act, penned in her own hand, stuck in the mirror for all to read."

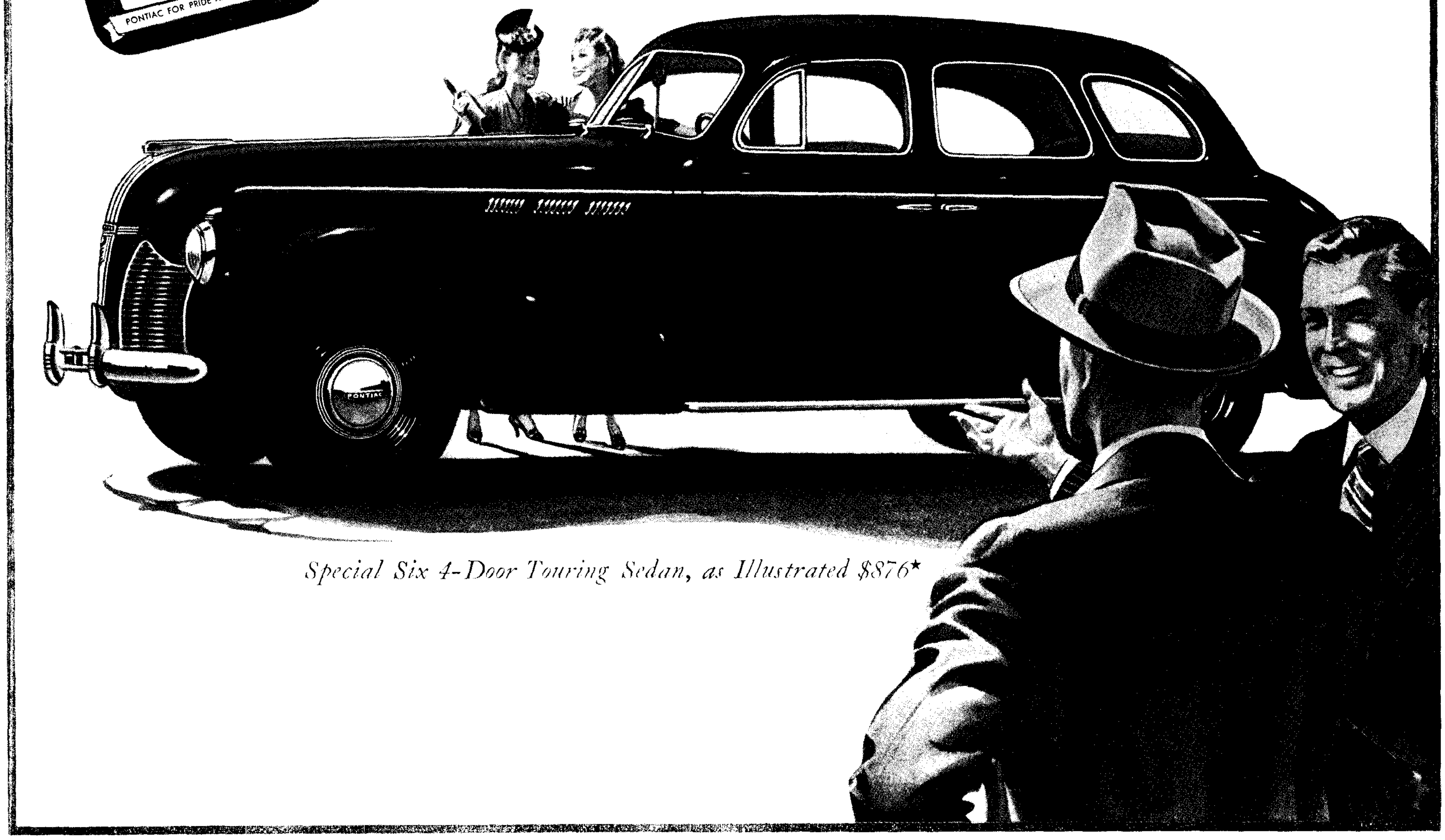
"She did leave a note," said Hatton.

"She did?" At last Gabriel seemed more interested in the district officer than in his puzzle. He got slowly to his feet. "Where?" he asked.

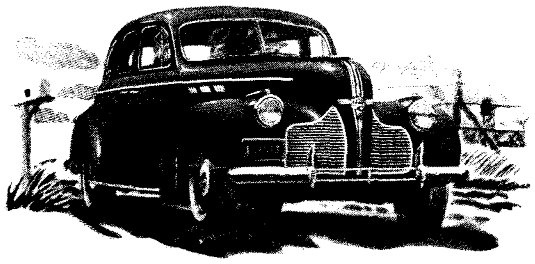
"With me," Hatton replied. He took an envelope from his pocket. "She must have been contemplating suicide for

ONLY
$783*
FOR THE
SPECIAL SIX
BUSINESS
COUPE
OTHER MODELS
SLIGHTLY HIGHER
PONTIAC FOR PRIDE AND PERFORMANCE

# ..and You can afford it!



*Special Six 4-Door Touring Sedan, as Illustrated $876**

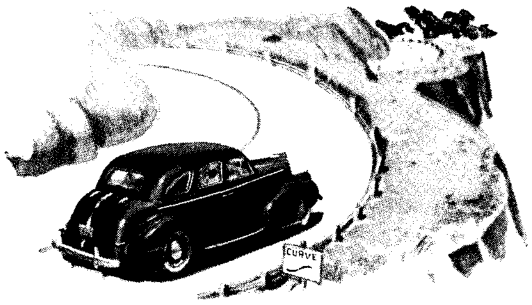


*Pontiac's "Triple-Cushioned" ride brings relaxed ease on the longest trips.*

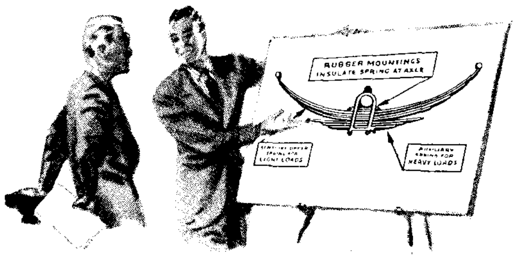
ONE LOOK at a 1940 Pontiac and you'll know that here's the kind of car you've always wanted to own. And the best part of it is—*you can have it!* For Pontiac prices are extremely modest. In fact, they start *right down with the lowest!*

Pontiac economy goes right on saving for you *after you buy the car,* too! Pontiac engines are very easy on gasoline and oil—and the whole car is so dependable and long-lived that up-keep is an extremely small item. Many say Pontiac is the most trouble-free car in existence.

Yes, you can now have a big, beautiful, comfortable Pontiac—without sacrificing anything whatever in economy. Better see your Pontiac dealer today.



*Pontiac's power is delivered smoothly, quietly and easily.*


RUBBER MOUNTINGS INSULATE SPRING AT AXLE

*Pontiac's Duflex Rear Springs give identical comfort—no matter how many ride.*

*Pontiac's million owners say—"You'll be happier in a Pontiac."*

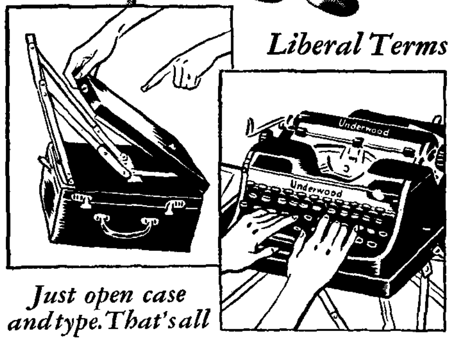
---

**Delivered at Pontiac, Michigan. Transportation based on rail rates, state and local taxes (if any), optional equipment and accessories—extra. Prices subject to change without notice. General Motors terms to suit your purse.*

Pontiac

AMERICA'S FINEST LOW-PRICED CAR

ONLY UNDERWOOD OFFERS THIS COMPLETE TYPING UNIT
UNDERWOOD Universal Portable with Built-In Typing Stand


Liberal Terms
Just open case and type. That's all
Underwood

No typewriter but the Underwood offers this *complete* typing unit. You not only get the exclusive Underwood Built-in Typing Stand . . . you get the famous Champion Keyboard plus Dual Touch Tuning plus the Sealed Action Frame and many other time-tried Underwood features.

Now you can set up your Underwood anywhere indoors or out and with three adjustments for height you can always type in comfort.

See the Underwood Universal Portable with Built-in Typing Stand at your Dealer's . . . ask him about liberal terms . . . or mail the coupon for a free trial.

Copyright 1940, Underwood Elliott Fisher Company

MAIL COUPON FOR FREE TRIAL

*Portable Typewriter Division*
UNDERWOOD ELLIOTT
FISHER COMPANY
One Park Ave., New York

*Please let me know how I can get—an Underwood Universal Portable with Built-in Typing Stand for Free Trial and with no obligation to buy. Also tell me about Liberal Terms.*

Name............................................
Address............................................ C-4-27-1940
City.......................... State..........................

some time, because she brought this to me day before yesterday, and asked me to keep it in my safe. She's written on it, 'To be opened only in the event of the death of Miss Gwendolyn Small.' As soon as you came to me tonight, I realized it was undoubtedly a suicide note, so I got it out to bring along."

"Let's open it," Gabriel said.

Hatton held the paper close to his face as he read it.

"It's not a suicide note exactly," he said when he'd finished. "But it amounts to the same thing—shows she anticipated death. It's her last will and testament. She leaves everything to—"

"I can read," said Gabriel, looking over the district officer's shoulder. " 'I, Gwendolyn Small, being of sound mind and disposing temperament, do hereby leave and bequeath my entire estate, consisting of Seaside House and its contents and contingent revenues, in fee simple and clear title, to Dr. Zachary Forsythe of Shakkarpur, India. Any other moneys are also to go to Dr. Forsythe to aid in converting Seaside House to a hospital and laboratories for continuation of his research into the cause and cure of Black Fever. . . .' Pretty fancy language for an ex-soubrette," Gabriel concluded.

"The town is overrun with Babu pleaders and solicitors," Hatton said.

"Or maybe Doc Forsythe himself helped out with the lyrics," Gabriel suggested. "By the way, where is the doc? Didn't he come down from the attic with you, Hatton?"

"He's in the corridor," said the district officer. "I asked him to wait outside."

Gabriel opened the door, poked his head out. "Hey, Doc!" he called. When he closed the door, there was a peculiar gleam in his small eyes. He said, "The doc isn't there."

"Gone on to wait on the veranda, no doubt," said Hatton.

"Or farther," said Gabriel.

He pursed his full lips, no longer humorous for the moment, and fixed the district officer with a pensive stare. He was thinking of the shattered glass and tiny metallic globules he had found on the floor of the room upstairs when he discovered Lucy Steel's bloodstained clothing, and he realized that he might very well have been looking at the remnants of a broken clinical thermometer.

DR. FORSYTHE was not on the veranda. Gabriel didn't really expect he would be, but he was determined to find out why not. He walked with the district officer as far as the official government bungalow, largely to get him away from Seaside House, then continued along the riverbank to the fringes of the town, where Dr. Forsythe lived.

None of the buildings in the missionary doctor's compound were *pucka*-built. The hospital had been a sugar godown, in the heyday of Shakkarpur and the sugar market, and the doctor made his residence in the old offices at one end. One of the outbuildings had been converted into a chapel, where a native Christian pastor officiated most of the time. Dr. Forsythe didn't care too much if his patients could recite the Lord's prayer in Urdu or Tamil or Kanarese. He didn't insist on a hymn before giving a man quinine.

A light shone through the mango tree outside the doctor's window, but the detective did not go immediately to investigate. He wanted to have a look around, first. He walked along the old godown, clambering into a tree to peer through the high windows that had been cut into the warehouse walls. The bare, barnlike interior was lighted only by flickering oil lights, and it was difficult to make out the patients on their long row of cots. From his second tree, however, Gabriel thought he recognized a face he knew—a dark, goat-bearded, Hindu face, and the twisted outlines of a deformed body under the *chuddar*.

He tried to remember the name of Lucy Steel's hunchbacked bearer, decided he had never heard it. He whistled softly through the window screening, called out all the Hindu names he could think of. The goat-bearded hunchback turned over so that Gabriel could not see his face. A gaunt, black nurse came to chase the detective away from the window, refused to open the door for him.

There was no other entrance to the ward except through Dr. Forsythe's quarters, so Gabriel went back to tackle the doctor. The door opened instantly.

"Come in," said Dr. Forsythe. "I was about to go to bed, but come in."

Gabriel took a quick glance about him. One wall was lined with medical books, gray with tropical mold. A ragged pair of black crocheted slippers stood on the floor by an iron cot. The room had more the air of an alchemist's den than it did the room of a twentieth-century doctor.

"You left Seaside House in a hurry," Gabriel said.

"There was nothing I could do for her, poor soul," sighed the doctor. "And I was badly in need of rest."

"I won't keep you long, Doc," Gabriel said, leaning against the edge of the desk. "There's just one question I want to ask: What happened, before you came to India, that somebody might want to blackmail you about, Doc?"

The doctor's blue eyes flared savagely beneath their shaggy black brows. Then a look of infinite sadness came into them. He sat down on the bed, and his stooped shoulders seemed to sag a few inches more.

"So you've come to bring that up again?" he whispered.

"Not surprised, are you, Doc?"

"It was so long ago." The doctor shook his head. "I've tried to make amends, in my own way. . . ."

"You killed a man!" the detective guessed at random.

"Not a man," Dr. Forsythe protested. "He would not have been a man, even if he had lived. It was a new-born infant. A monster. It would have been a crime to let it live—a crime against the monstrous child, against the parents, against society. It was a crime, too, to let it die—but it was a lesser crime, I thought. They didn't think so, the others."

"You ran away?"

"No, I didn't. I left England, after they struck my name from the register, but I didn't run away. I tried to make amends by patching bodies and saving lives for people who didn't care whether my name was on the register or not. It's amazing how hard I had to work and how far I had to travel before I found people who didn't care."

"HOW much did Lucy Steel ask to keep her mouth shut?" Gabriel demanded.

"Lucy Steel? But I—I never spoke to the woman!"

"Come on, now, Doc. No use keeping up the masquerade any longer. I know that you're hiding Lucy Steel's little hunchbacked bearer in your hospital."

"I . . . it's possible there's some such patient in the ward. But I assure you, young man, that I never addressed a word to Lucy Steel in my life." The doctor avoided Gabriel's eyes.

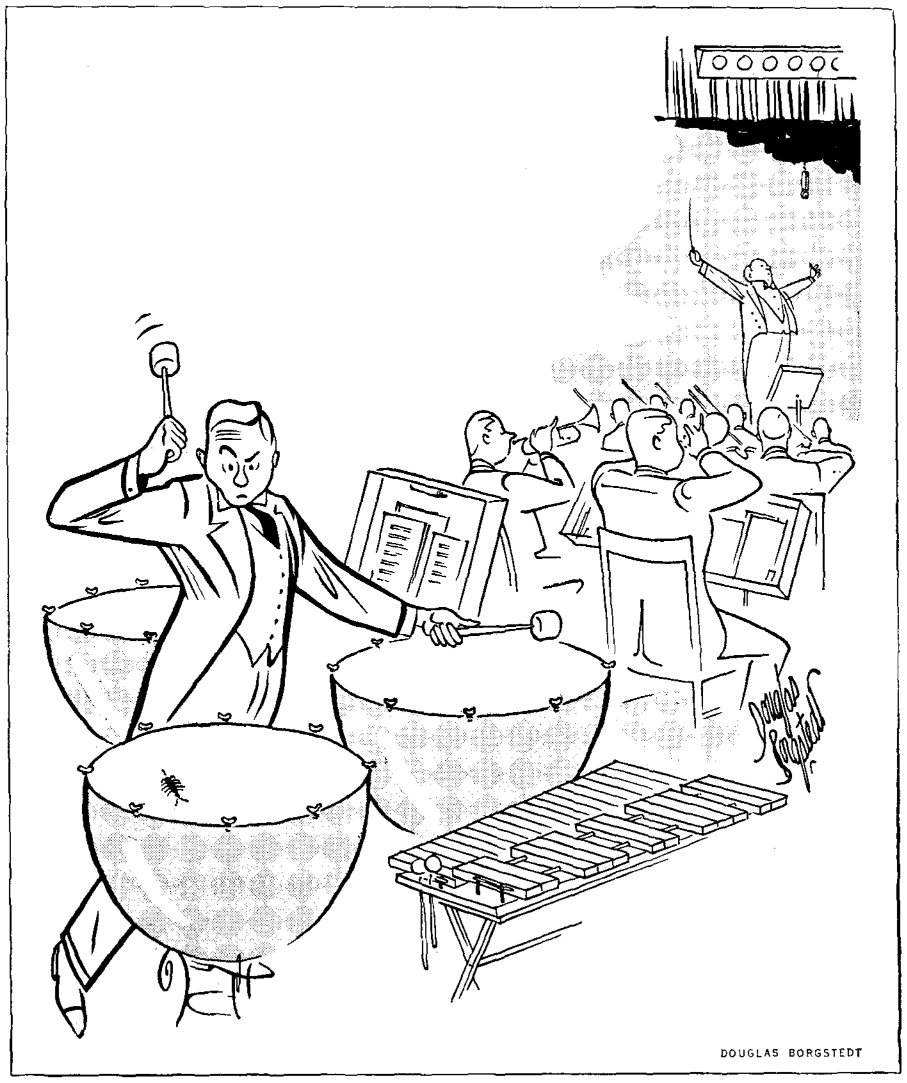
"But you killed her," Bill Gabriel said.

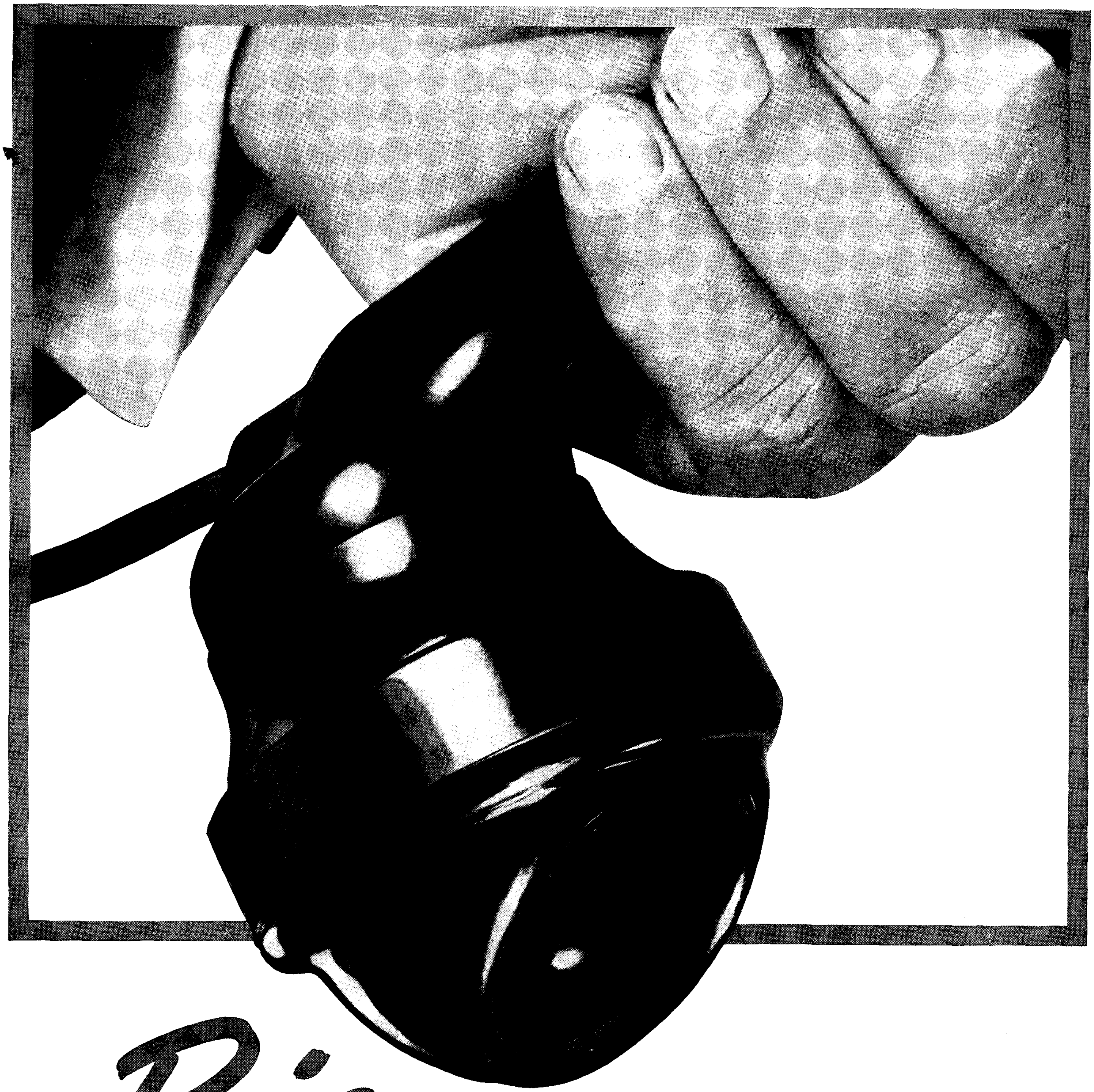
"That's utter nonsense, young man."

"Is it? You hid Lucy's clothes in an upstairs room at Seaside House. And you hid them in a terrible hurry, because you didn't even stop to sweep up the pieces of the thermometer that slipped out of your pocket and broke on the floor. You better not try to deny that, Doc."

Dr. Forsythe stared at the detective for a long moment. Then he shook his head gently.

"You're quite right," he said at last. "It's useless to deny it—because it's true, and because Gwendolyn Small is





# Big enough for the job

We live in a big country and it takes a big telephone company to give good service to millions of people. The Bell System is doing its part in providing for the nation's telephone needs, whatever they may be.

But the Bell System aims to be big in more ways than mere size. It aims to be big in the conduct of its business, in its relations with employees and its plans for the future. All of this helps to give the nation quick, dependable, courteous telephone service at low cost.

**BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM**

**PLUTO Got Me on Deck Within AN HOUR!**

**MRS:** Today of all days! A thrilling regatta and instead of sailing with you, I'll spend the day in bed.

**MR:** This time I'm going to be firm. You're going to drink a Pluto Highball. It'll knock that dull, foggy feeling within an hour and then—nothing to worry about!

**MRS:** I don't see how any laxative can be as swift as you say and not upset me completely.

**MR:** Pluto'll show you! It's swift but gentle as a lamb, too!

**AFTER THE RACE**

**MR:** WE WON, skipper! I could never have done it without your snappy work!

**MRS:** And I wouldn't have had barrels of fun if you hadn't insisted on Pluto. It's just amazing the way it relieves constipation so swiftly and so completely.

★

Get Pluto Water at your druggist's today for real one-hour relief whenever you need a laxative. Two sizes, 25c and 50c; also Pluto Highball 10c at all soda fountains and bars.

**PLUTO Water**
*From Famous French Lick Springs*

WHEN NATURE WON'T — PLUTO WILL

HOME OF PLUTO WATER

**TAKE A HEALTH HOLIDAY**
*At Famous French Lick Springs*

No need to go abroad for the waters of a famous spa. For generations, the health benefits of Pluto Water have attracted visitors from all over the world. Now you can enjoy these same benefits with every luxury of a world-renowned resort hotel at surprisingly low cost. Write for details.

**FRENCH LICK SPRINGS HOTEL**
FRENCH LICK, IND. • T. D. TAGGART, Pres.
Served by
the Monon and Baltimore & Ohio Railroads

dead. I lied, yes—to protect Miss Small."

"You had a funny way of protecting her," Gabriel laughed.

"I loved Miss Small," the old man said. "Not the way you think. I loved her because she believed in my work. When no one else would help me, Miss Small did. She supported my research. It was only a few rupees now and then, but it was enough. She knew how important it would be if I should discover the cause of *kala-azar*—the black sickness—and I think I've found it. Rogers knew the parasite, of course—*Leishmania donovani*—but he thought it was transmitted by the bedbug. Even Donovan thought it was transmitted by a plant louse, the Conorhinus, that sometimes feeds on humans. But I've discovered the true host, young man: a small, stinging, nocturnal fly. See here." Dr. Forsythe reached under the bed, and drew out a gallon glass jug, in which a cloud of gnats swarmed. He held up the jug, which he regarded with rapt tenderness. "I've bred them myself," he added, "and I've found—"

"Forget your bugs for a minute," Gabriel interrupted. "Why did Gwendolyn Small support your experiments?"

"She was a very good woman."

"Where did she get the money? Her hotel hasn't made a rupee in years."

"I don't know where she got it. It wasn't much, of course."

"But you knew she had money. And you knew that if she died she was going to leave it to you."

"Young man, you show advanced symptoms of hypnogenetic dementia. As far as I know, Miss Small did not even leave a will, let alone make me her beneficiary."

"Well, she did and you are. So you better start explaining how you got mixed up in the murder of Lucy Steel."

"Gladly," said Dr. Forsythe. "I stopped in at Seaside House early this evening to present my respects to Miss Small. I found her in something approaching a state of collapse. I administered a sedative, and discovered that a woman, who had just arrived, had been somehow killed in her bathroom. This was Lucy Steel, of course. Miss Steel was lying on the floor, partially unclothed . . ."

"Just a minute, Doc. How partially was she unclothed?"

"She was in her underthings and stockings."

"Both her stockings?"

"Well, yes. One stocking was partially rolled down, as though she was in the act of taking it off when she was killed. In fact, I think it highly probable that she was bending over to take it off when she was struck from the back."

"But both stockings were still on her feet?"

"Yes, both, definitely. Apparently she had been killed by a blow from behind, which fractured the skull."

"HEY, wait a minute, now. What's all this fractured skull business, when you said before that Lucy was shot to death?"

"I was lying, young man, as I shall explain presently. There is no doubt that death was caused by skull fracture. The fracture was almost unnoticeable from exterior signs, but there are some regions of the brain in which the slightest hemorrhage will cause death. This is apparently one of those cases."

"What kind of weapon caused the fracture, would you say? A gun barrel, maybe?"

"I hardly think it was anything metallic," the doctor replied. "And it was certainly nothing with sharp or protruding edges. Either would have caused noticeable superficial scalp wounds, as well as fracturing the skull. I suspect that the murderer must have used some kind of club. I looked for the instrument that might have served, but found nothing."

Some kind of club, Gabriel mused . . . and something clicked in his brain! What was it Gwendolyn Small had said when she told Hatton that the cards would clear up the mystery? "*The cards will show us the black knave . . .*" Black knave — black jack — jack of clubs! Maybe Gwendolyn had something there. He made a mental note.

"Could it have been a blackjack?"

"A blackjack, I believe, is usually covered with leather?"

"Yes, usually."

"Yes, it could have been something of the sort . . . or merely a wooden club."

"Go on," said Gabriel. "Where was Gwendolyn Small when you arrived?"

"She and the Hindu bearer were standing in the doorway."

"What doorway?"

"Not the room in which you found the body. In Miss Lucy Steel's room, across the hall and several doors down. She was gasping for breath and was very much upset, as I said. I questioned the bearer, who said he had been gossiping with the cook in the kitchen, after carrying bath water, and returned to find Miss Small in his mistress' room, and his mistress dead. Miss Small could tell no coherent story. . . ."

"DID you ask her what had happened?"

"Naturally. She replied she didn't know. She said she hadn't seen anything or anyone. She was very positive about having seen nothing, so positive that I suspected immediately that she herself had killed the woman."

"Why?"

"Well, Gwendolyn Small had been suffering from a mild case of paranoia, and it occurred to me that possibly her trouble had reached the stage of homicidal mania, which it sometimes does in its normal progress. In any event, I was greatly indebted to Miss Small as I already told you, and was determined to protect her at all costs. I told her to go to her room and stay there for ten minutes, after which she was to discover the body and send for me. In the meantime I intended to conceal all evidence of violence. . . ."

"You gave Miss Small her instructions in an ordinary tone of voice?" Gabriel asked.

"Yes. There seemed no reason to lower my voice, as there was no one in the vicinity."

"The door was open?"

"Yes, I believe it was still open."

"So that anyone in an adjoining room might have heard you?"

"There was no one that I know of."

"But the murder had been committed only recently?"

"Within a few minutes, I should say. That's one reason I was convinced that Miss Small had done it."

"Then the murderer did not have time to go far. He—or she—could have been hiding in a room near by?"

"Possibly."

"All right. Tell me more."

"Well, I cleaned up the blood and hid the clothing where you found it. I lifted the body into a chair, and then took the Hindu bearer to my hospital, where I intended keeping him until the matter had quieted down. When Miss Small sent for me, I was to diagnose the case as heart failure."

"And while you were gone," Gabriel said, "the dead woman got up, walked across the hall, and went to bed in Oaks' room."

"I . . . I can't explain that," Dr. Forsythe said. "Miss Small sent me a chit saying that soon after I left she had heard a shot fired, and, upon investigation, found that the body had been removed to Room 9. She could offer no reasonable explanation and insisted that she saw no one enter or leave the hotel, but that she would not have, since she was following my instructions and remained locked in her rooms."

"I guess that's about where I came in," Gabriel suggested. The old doctor's story was fantastic, yet there was a ring of truth about it.

"Exactly," Dr. Forsythe agreed. "Miss Small's report of hearing a shot made me change the story. The traumatism I pointed out to you as a bullet wound was a superficial abrasion caused by her falling upon a sharp corner of her high-heeled shoe when she was struck. And that's all there is to tell, young man, except that during a brief period between the precipitous flight of Mr. Oaks and the arrival of Mr. Hatton, I made a rapid, surreptitious examination of the room, in an effort to discover some clue as to how and why the corpse had been moved there. I regret to say I found nothing."

"And what about Gwendolyn Small? Did you tell the district officer that she hanged herself?" the detective asked.

"N-no," Dr. Forsythe replied hesitantly. "I merely told him that death was caused by strangulation."

"Then you don't think she killed herself—in spite of her mental condition?"

"I think it highly improbable."

"Why so, Doc?"

"Because the condition of the skin and flesh indicated that the rope had been placed around Miss Small's neck *after* her death."

"Who put it there, Doc?"

"I haven't the faintest notion."

"Do you know where Gwendolyn Small's money came from?"

"I do not."

"Do you know the name of the man who gave her Seaside House?"

"I have never felt it was my place to ask her, and she did not volunteer the information. I know the legend, of course, that it was a gift from some rich American for whom she gave up the stage many years ago. But I have never heard a name mentioned except in wildest conjecture. And, as I said, it was certainly none of my affair. . . . You have no objection to my bringing Miss Small's body down here from her hotel, have you, Gabriel?"

"I guess it's all right."

"Then I'll send for her body," said Dr. Forsythe. "I'm having one of my former patients build a coffin for her. I thought I'd bury her in the little European cemetery in the old cantonment, early tomorrow morning. I'll read the services myself . . . just a few verses from the Bible . . . very simple. You'll come, won't you, Gabriel?"

"I'll come," the detective said. "But that's tomorrow. Right now I think we ought to go into the ward and have a talk with the late Lucy Steel's hunchbacked bearer."

"It's no use talking to him," said Dr. Forsythe. "I've already questioned him, and he swears he knows nothing and saw nothing. He swears it, holding to the tail of a sacred cow, which you may take as gospel from a pious Hindu."

"He doesn't look particularly pious to me," Gabriel said.

"Perhaps not. But he's superstitious—which makes the oath even more binding."

"Another thing, Doc: Have you any picrotoxin in your tool kit?"

Dr. Forsythe gave a peculiar laugh. "Strange you should ask that," he said. "I received some picrotoxin only this afternoon. It came by post."

"Who sent it?"

"I haven't the faintest notion. It was accompanied by a note that suggested I keep it on hand for a few days, in case of emergency."

"You didn't recognize the handwriting?"

"No. But it was obviously written by some *munshi*."

"What's a *munshi*, Doc?"

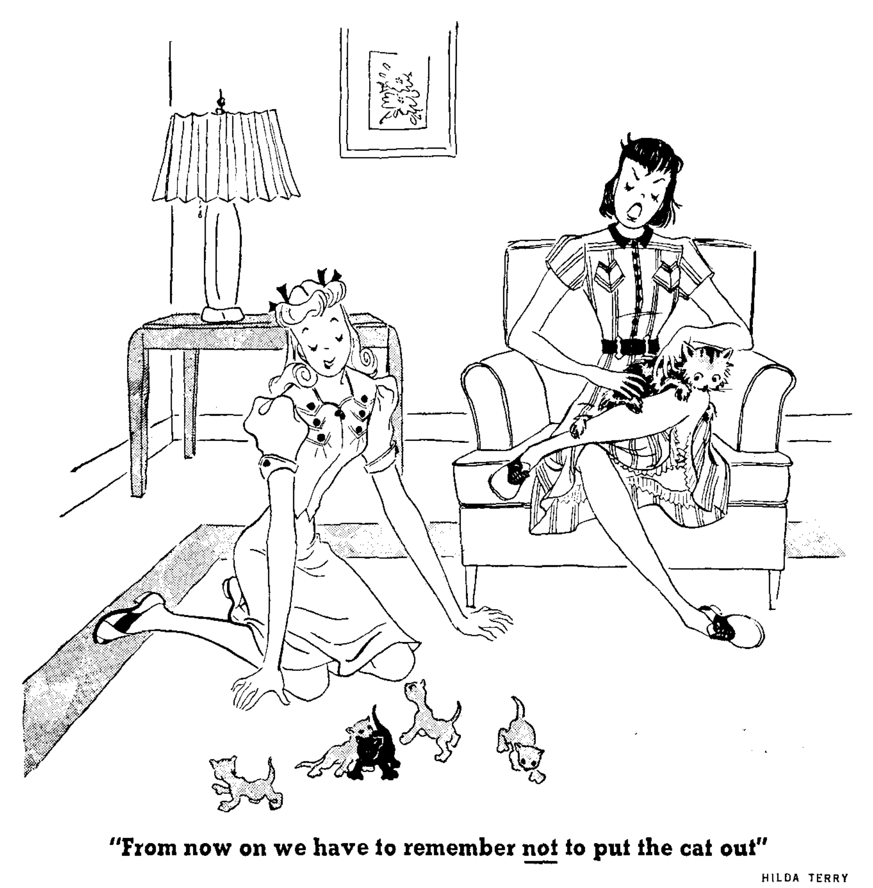
"A public letter writer. There are a good many of them in the bazaar. Only about one Indian in ten can write."

Gabriel yawned. "Okay, then, Doc," he said. "I guess I'll go home and get some sleep."

He got it, too—but not immediately. He first returned to Gwendolyn Small's room at Seaside House and carefully picked up the playing cards that had been scattered on the floor.

He was snoring loudly almost before he had his clothes off.

(*To be continued next week*)



"From now on we have to remember not to put the cat out"

HILDA TERRY

# AC OIL FILTERS

# BUILT TO Do A Better Job

### and Here's Why—

No other oil filter uses a rigid, one-piece, molded filtering element which will not channel, erode, or break down through contact with the water and acid in engine oil. AC's "Igneonite" filtering element is fully patented.

Because of these exclusive advantages, the AC Kleer-Kleen Filter keeps all *sediment discoloration* out of your oil, and will clean old oil. It also traps all *dust, dirt, carbon, metal particles and sludge*,—with absolute dependability,—throughout the life of the filtering element.

Starting its Job
IGNEONITE filtering element

### To Keep Oil Clean

The only attention which your AC Kleer-Kleen ever needs is occasional replacement of the "Igneonite" element. And even this need be done only when the oil darkens to the point where the marks on the gauge stick cannot be seen easily.

The Job Well Done
Dirt collected in 5,000 miles

### Why You Need an AC Oil Filter

Dirt and sludge in engine oil clog oil passages and piston rings. This prevents adequate engine lubrication, and causes a loss of engine compression. When compression goes *down*, gas and oil consumption go *up*.

## Have an AC Oil Filter Installed Today
## SAVE OIL—SAVE GAS—SAVE MONEY

*Standard Equipment on Buick and Cadillac V-16.*
*Optional factory equipment on Pontiac and Olds.*

## AC OIL FILTERS
### Made in 2 Models

**KLEER-KLEEN MODELS**—Three sizes. Fit all cars, trucks, buses, tractors, and stationary engines. Element can be replaced without disturbing filter connections.

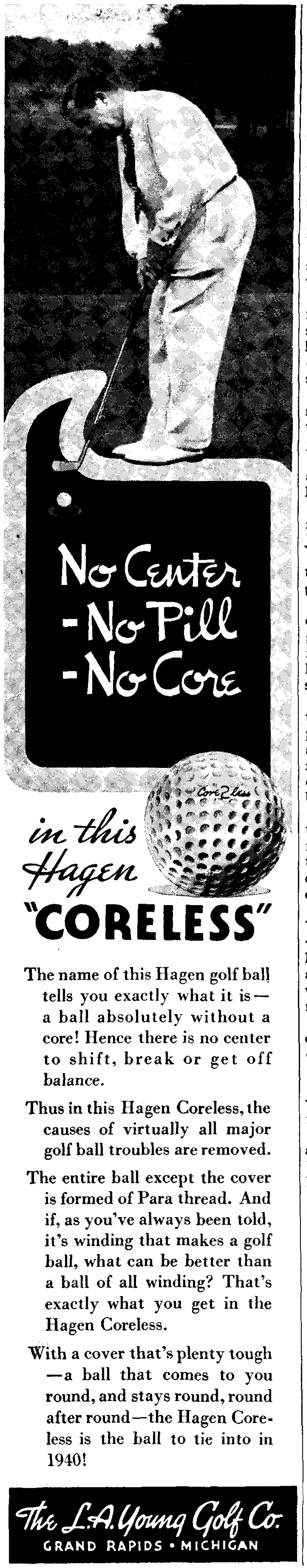
**CARTRIDGE MODELS**—Sizes to fit all vehicles. Available in both 8,000-mile and 10,000-mile capacities. Easily installed and replaced.

### Filters and Renewal Elements for Every Engine

**NOTE:** Many kinds and grades of oil are in use today. You will be sure of the best results if you have your oil checked periodically, and follow the recommendation of your service man as to when oil should be changed.

## Dirty Oil Costs You Money!

Manufactured by
AC SPARK PLUG DIVISION • General Motors Corporation • FLINT, MICH.


No Center
-No Pill
-No Core

in this Hagen "CORELESS"

The name of this Hagen golf ball tells you exactly what it is—a ball absolutely without a core! Hence there is no center to shift, break or get off balance.

Thus in this Hagen Coreless, the causes of virtually all major golf ball troubles are removed.

The entire ball except the cover is formed of Para thread. And if, as you've always been told, it's winding that makes a golf ball, what can be better than a ball of all winding? That's exactly what you get in the Hagen Coreless.

With a cover that's plenty tough—a ball that comes to you round, and stays round, round after round—the Hagen Coreless is the ball to tie into in 1940!

The L.A. Young Golf Co.
GRAND RAPIDS • MICHIGAN

# Blessed Events

Continued from page 15

getting into the war," the elderly third said, with a glance back at the radio shack.

"Neither would I—with me on her," the mate condescended to agree.

Dead ahead, the hull of the Grenville grew larger and stood out more strongly in spite of the deepening gray of the horizon.

Mr. Jimpson went aft to the radio shack as soon as Captain Brackett had trundled his bulk away.

Sparks, with a new cigarette dangling from his lip, had finished sending. He scowled at Mr. Jimpson. "No, I ain't had any radio about you bein' the father of sextets," he said. "Nor even a one-spot. Lay off me!"

"I'm just interested in that craft to nor'ard," said the second mate. "I know that just the instant you got a radio you'd pass it on to me."

Sparks ignored this. "She's a limey all right," he said. "Not a peep out o' her but she's makin' knots."

"If he pulls up on her before dark she might have a gun to stand him off," Mr. Jimpson said. "The Grenville didn't."

Without need of instruction the quartermaster at the wheel favored south to get close to the abandoned British ship.

The Grenville, with her bridge house damaged by a shell, her davit falls dangling in the sea and a shell hole gaping in her black side a couple of feet above her Plimsoll mark, was a melancholy sight to Mr. Jimpson and he said so.

"Down to her marks, prob'ly with cotton that a good many men sweated to pick, clean an' bale," he said to the mate and the third. "An' soon's that submarine gets back here she'll be nothin' but one more hunk o' junk bound for the bottom."

He paused to shake his head again, then opened his mouth to pronounce a final word or two of obituary. But though his mouth remained open—wide open—no sound came from it. Both deck officers turned their heads to stare.

MR. JIMPSON was going red in the face and giving other signs of similarity to a boiler that is making steam in a hurry. His head swiveled to northward where the U-boat was racing toward the rim of the sea.

"S-say!" he said. "The Grenville is a derelict. She's abandoned! An' night's comin' fast!"

"Oh, my good gosh!" cried Mr. Knight.

"Salvage!" said Mr. Jimpson. "Salvage! Money! Here's where I pay for my baby!"

"Listen, you!" said the mate savagely. "That ship's a U-boat's prize. She'll be back here in no time with gun set to kick the bottom off that—stop him!"

Mr. Knight tried hard. But he was not so agile these days. Mr. Jimpson slipped through his clutching hands. He made the Old Man's sitting room, hit the door a perfunctory whack and plunged in.

"Salvage!" he panted. "Salvage!"

Before Mr. Jimpson's voice had become more than a series of hardly coherent gasps there was a gleam in the blue eyes deep-set in Captain Brackett's fat face. Though the skipper had no baby coming up he had other uses for money. All hands knew that.

The mate and Mr. Knight, jammed in the doorway together, raked Mr. Jimpson with volley after volley of objection. But they couldn't put out the gleam in the Old Man's eyes. He could do with a bit of salvage, could the Old Man, and he kept looking out the port at the Grenville and the gathering darkness. "It's this way," he said at last. "I've no idea of being overhauled by that U-boat while towing his prize toward the American coast. If he didn't fix me my owners would."

"Now you're talking, sir," said the mate. "For a while I thought you were listening to that gibbering giraffe."

"But, of course, Mr. Jimpson," the Old Man went on, "if you wish to be placed aboard that ship with a few men to see if she could be worked to port—"

"That's what I want, sir!" said Mr. Jimpson. He placed his hand affectionately on Mr. Knight's shoulder. "Why, Sam Knight and I, with a skeleton crew, could kick her into harbor in no time. We're only four hundred miles from Norfolk. You wouldn't let me down, would you, Sam?"

Mr. Knight removed Mr. Jimpson's hand from his shoulder with a petulant wrench. He cast his watch cap to the floor and planted his foot on it with angry might.

"It's this way, sir," he said to Captain Brackett. "I'm fifty-seven years old. I been followin' the sea for thirty-nine years an' never had no luck yet. But in all them years I never backed water to no man nor to nothing. It's all I got left to hang onto. That ain't sayin' I'm goin' to like backin' up this"—he looked at Mr. Jimpson descriptively—"but I got to go. I don't back water."

"I knew he was itchin' to go, sir," said Mr. Jimpson. "Now, sir, if I could get to make a little talk to all hands I'm sure I could get me some volunteers. An' there's one quartermaster—Hart, sir—that did a hitch in the navy as radio operator—"

"Call all hands to the well deck," said Captain Brackett to the mate.

Mr. Jimpson accompanied the sour-faced mate out of the Old Man's quarters. He made a try at improving relations:

"The last time I saw my wife she says to me that she hates to have our baby born in debt and here's a chance—"

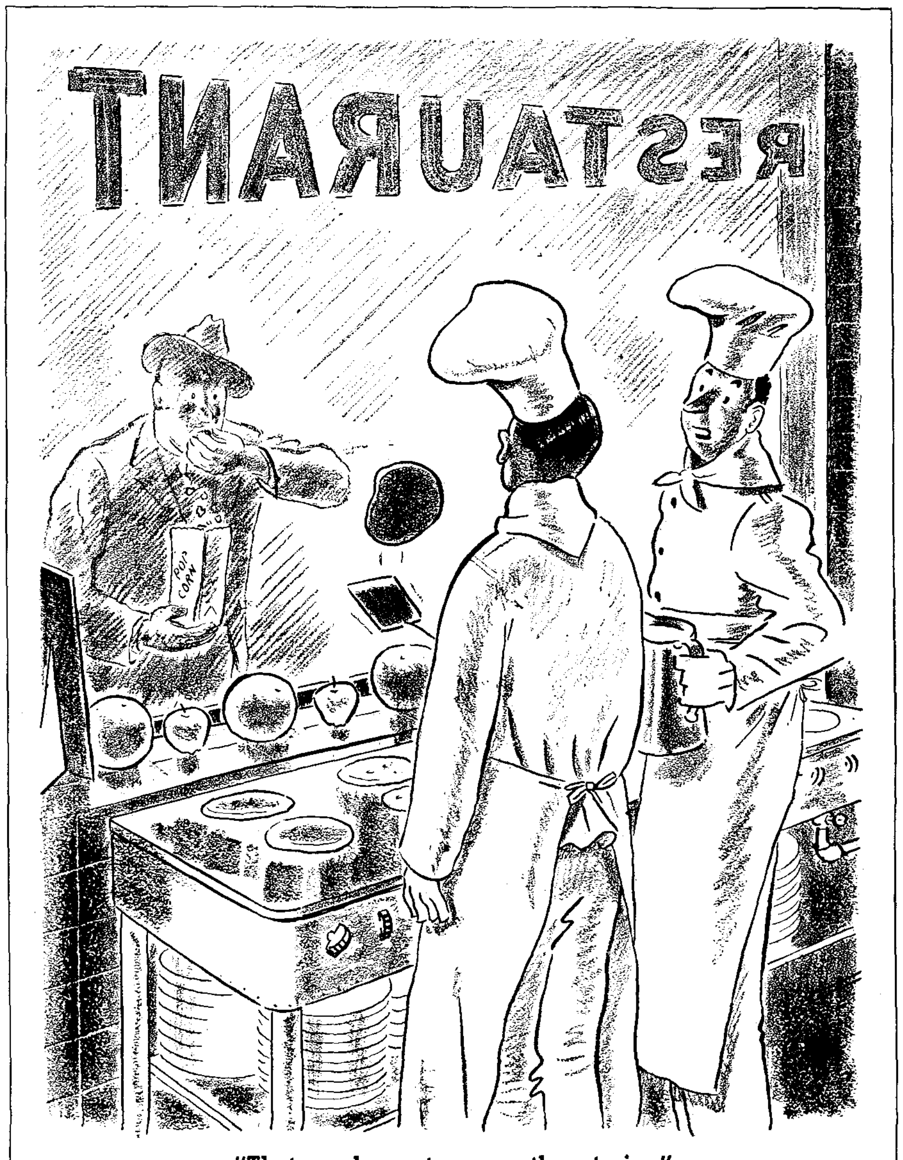
"Any kid o' yours," said the mate, "will be talking inside of three months an' talking himself out o' debt in four. Go on; save your chatter for the crew."

MR. JIMPSON'S talk was a success. The Old Man found it necessary to instruct the mate to mediate, so great was the rush of volunteers. Wisely Mr. Jimpson left the selection of a black gang to the third engineer, one O'Reilly, the engineer, who picked men who had swung a shovel in the days of coal.

Captain Brackett had three lookouts gazing into the gloom to northward before the boat was launched. There wasn't a light on the sea. Into the boat went eight passengers: Mr. Jimpson; Mr. Knight; Mr. O'Reilly; Hart, the radio-operating ex-navy man; Bill Case, seaman, and three men from the black gang.

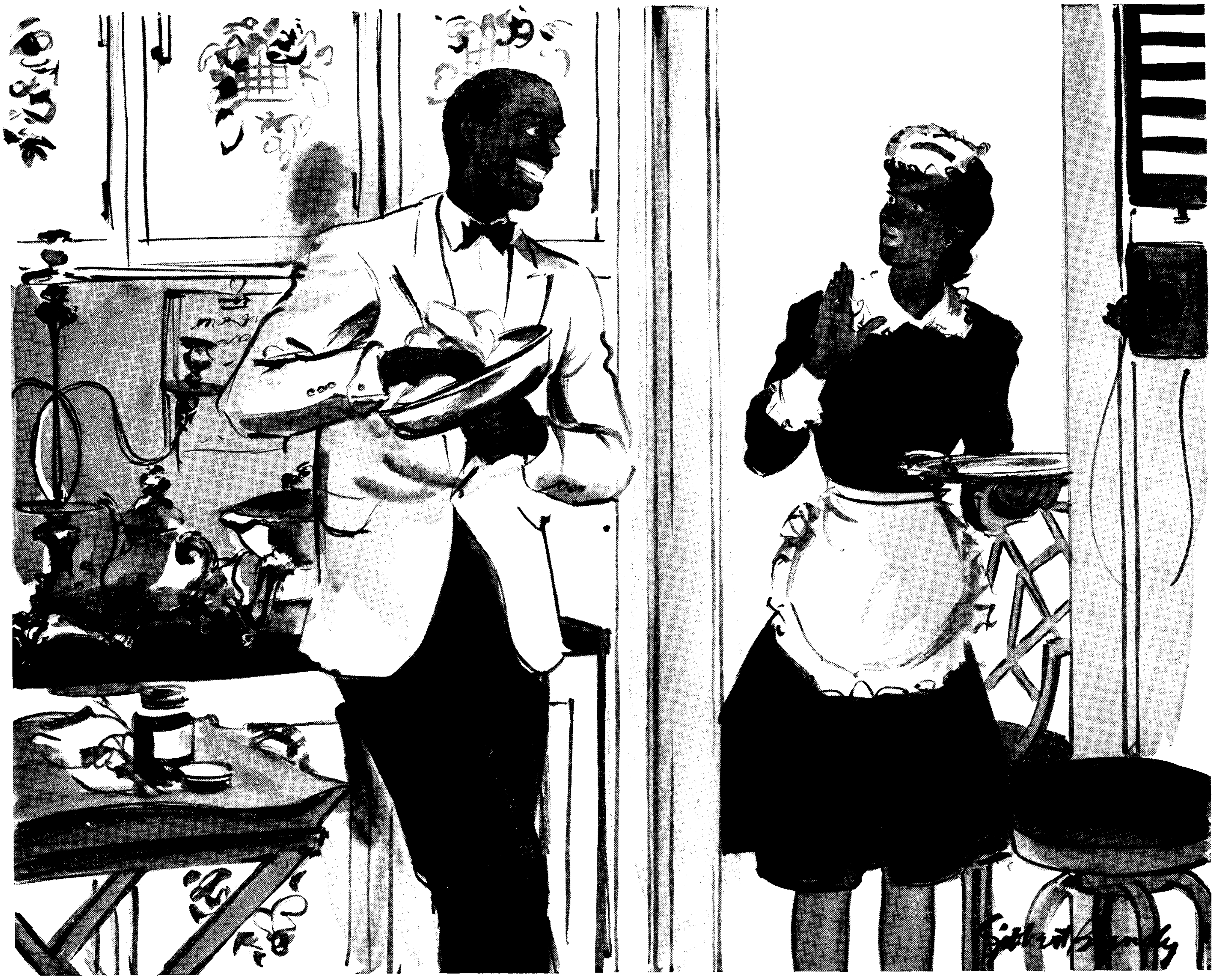
The lifeboat was rowed over the breath-taking crests and hollows of the blackening sea to the dark bulk of the Grenville. Mr. Jimpson carried a large American ensign over his arm.

The eight men swarmed up the hanging boat falls to the Grenville deck. The lifeboat stood by. Instantly Mr. O'Reilly led his three men below decks. Mr. Jimpson licked his lips. He paused



"That guy has got my mouth watering"

GARRETT PRICE



# "MAN—YOU SURE ARE CRAZY!"

**SELENA:** *Here the boss has been givin' you practically new shirts all these years—and you go and spoil it!*

**SAM:** All I said was, "Boss, how come you don't buy the kind that won't shrink outa size after they're washed?"

**SELENA:** *Shootin' off your big mouth!*

**SAM:** And he says, "What kind of shirts? If you mean that pre-shrunk kind, it's no dice!" he says. "Most of them shrink, too."

**SELENA:** *And plenty!*

**SAM:** So I says, "No suh, boss. I ain't talkin' about no pre-shrunk shirts. It's *Sanforized-Shrunk* I mean."

*"What's the difference?" he says.*

"A lot of difference," I tells him. "Don't you ever read the magazines? Seems this Sanforizing process takes all the shrinkin' out of a fabric, down to a measly little ole 1%. And boss," I says, "when a shirt's got the Sanforized-Shrunk label on it, I know it *cain't* shrink out of size."

**SELENA:** *You know too much—that's your trouble!*

**SAM:** Right off, the boss wants to know where he can get 'em. "Anywheres," I says. "All the stores sell Sanforized-Shrunk shirts now—most any style or make you want. Don't cost any extra."

**SELENA:** *Humph! I s'pose you told him where he could get Sanforized shorts and pajamas, too—so you won't get no more of them, either.*

**SAM:** We-ell, fact is, I did. But listen, Selena! With that, he peels off a wad of bills and tells me to get him a half dozen of everything, and keep the change.

**SELENA:** *What change? I ain't seen none of it yet.*

**SAM:** The change is gwine to be on me! Boy, I got me some of the swellest, fanciest Sanforized-Shrunk shirts you ever seen on anybody!

---

## HERE'S YOUR CHANCE, SELENA—

Tell the missus that Sanforizing will end shrinking troubles in everything made of cotton, linen, or spun rayon.

*Women's Dresses*

*Slip Covers & Draperies*

*Nurses' Uniforms*

*Children's Clothes*

*Slacks, Work Clothes*

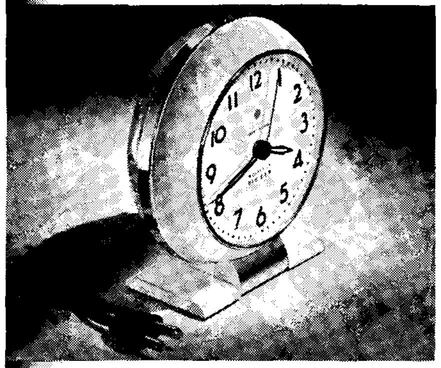
---

FOR PERMANENT FIT—LOOK FOR THE WORDS—**SANFORIZED-SHRUNK**

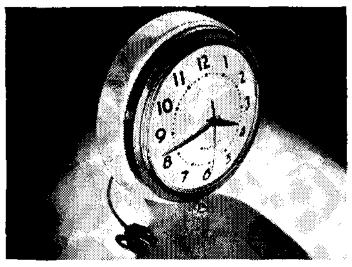
*Leads the Parade!*

**BIG BEN**
**ELECTRIC**

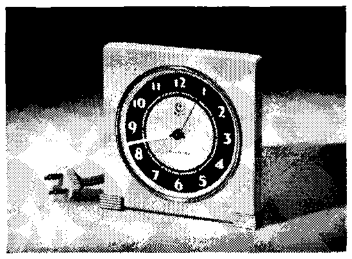
**HEADS FAMILY OF BEAUTIFUL WESTCLOX ELECTRICS**



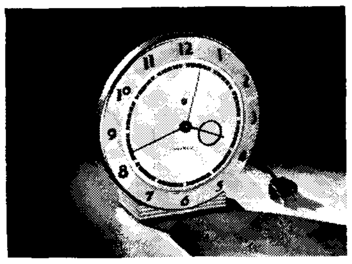
**BIG BEN ELECTRIC** is self-starting. Handsomely streamlined. Has current interruption signal. Pleasing 2-Voice chime alarm for light and heavy sleepers —first he whispers, then he shouts. And you get the dependable quality which the Big Ben name assures! In ivory finish with gold color trim, or black with nickel trim . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . $4.95.
*Luminous dial a dollar more*



**MANOR** electric wall clock is a good friend in the kitchen. Self-starting, and comes in choice of four beautiful color combinations . . . . . . . . . . . $3.95.



**COUNTRY CLUB** electric alarm. Ideal for any room. Luminous dial. Ivory finish . . . $3.45. Maroon, gold color trim, plain dial . . . . . . . . . . . . . $2.50.



**PITTSFIELD** electric is a clock you'll love if you like extra-nice things. Self-starting. Has alarm attachment. $5.95.

These are only a few of the many smart Westclox electrics—time clocks, wall clocks, alarm models, priced from $2.50 to $6.95. Some have plain dials, some luminous. See them all today. Westclox, La Salle-Peru, Ill. Division of General Time Instruments Corporation.

**WESTCLOX**
**ELECTRIC CLOCKS**

to survey what little he could make out of his first command. He shifted his feet experimentally. Her steel plates felt queer. She had a forlorn and eerie atmosphere about her. He glanced across at the Marjorie Tolliver. The Marjorie, motionless in the sea, was blacked out.

"I wonder what the union will say about this, huh?" said Bill Case, seaman, thoughtfully.

"I hope ya last long enough to find out," said Hart.

"Sound the wells and bilges," Mr. Jimpson ordered.

Most of the port-side wall and part of the roof of chartroom and wheelhouse were gone, leaving a mess of crumpled steel and splintered wood. Engine-room telegraphs, the steering wheel, steering compass and standard compass, chart table and other pieces of equipment and gear seemed to be intact.

Hart stuck his head in to make a noncommittal report about the radio set. The shack had also been in the way of a shell from astern during the Grenville's flight from the U-boat.

"It depends on what spares I can dig up," Hart said.

Aft by the steering-engine house O'Reilly and the two deck officers met.

"The pumps may hold what water's coming in," said O'Reilly. "She's been cut up by shell fragments somewhere below the line. I'm not saying how she'd be in a winter gale, straining her damaged plates and rolling under that big hole in her side."

Mr. Knight glowered at Mr. Jimpson. "You started this," he said. "I ain't backing water, whether it's water in a ship or under her. We c'n try a collision mat."

"Swell!" said Mr. Jimpson. "It'll be like a reg'lar picnic kickin' her into port, collectin' a bagful of money for nothin' an' seein' our pictures in the papers. 'Unarmed Americans Take Prey from U-boat,' the papers'll say. An'—"

"Keep your pep talk for the crew," said the engineer. "I've got engine repairs to make. A piece of shell—"

"How long?" asked Mr. Jimpson.

"Four hours."

THERE was a pause. The three officers looked at the blackness to northward, into which the submarine had gone. "Four hours," said Mr. Jimpson. "Well, it'll take that tin fish a long, long time—"

"I still ain't backing no water," said old Knight softly.

"We'll wait for you up here," said the second mate to the engineer. He called Hart from the radio room and handed him a flashlight.

"Blink to Cap'n Brackett that everything is right as silk," he instructed. "Ask him to get under way so's not to attract attention to us. We'll follow. Never mind sayin' when."

He walked to the side and in a subdued voice ordered the lifeboat back to the Marjorie Tolliver with the same message.

Captain Brackett had been vague about whether to escort the Grenville or not. As soon as the Marjorie blinked an answer the ship began to lose bulk. Rapidly the Marjorie Tolliver merged with the night. Mr. Jimpson and Mr. Knight watched her go. She never showed a light.

In what was left of the chartroom Mr. Jimpson laid off a course south of west, to no particular port on the coast. His idea was to keep off all tracks. He ordered Mr. Knight and Bill Case to get a collision mat over the big hole in her side and demanded enough steam to start a winch for them. He shook his head when the old mate suggested taking Hart off the radio repair work.

"D'you think WEAF is goin' to broadcast your baby's birth?" the old man snorted.

Mr. Jimpson, getting familiar with the bridge, waited until he felt that dawn must be due and then looked at his watch. Twenty minutes had elapsed.

Twenty minutes!

He went aft to the taffrail. Though it was hours past sundown he hoisted the American ensign he had brought with him. It wasn't patriotism; rather it was like filing an application for life insurance.

"If we could just get goin'!" he said. It was quite a prayer.

O'Reilly did get her going, though it was nearly five of those night-long hours before he did. She didn't move very fast but she did move, about west by south, away from that haunted position on the dark Atlantic. They were working, down below.

Mr. Jimpson had a debate out loud with himself. Finally he got it settled in his mind and went about throwing switches that gave the ship running lights and lights in all the superstructure.

Time went on and so did the Grenville, about as fast. Hart reported the radio in operating condition and was told to listen. Mr. Jimpson's uneasiness did not vanish. When they were looking for dawn, with real reason, at last, he spoke huskily to Mr. Knight:

"Y'know, mister, I always prided myself on havin' no nerves. But just now, seein' you look astern, I looked too. I swear I got a glimpse o' somethin' not as black as the sea followin' us along. Funny, huh?"

"Funny be damned!" snarled Mr. Knight. "I saw something, too! And I thought it was that sub!"

They peered at each other. Then Mr. Jimpson jumped to the engine-room speaking tube. "I got to get those fellows up!" he said.

"Don't have to," said Mr. Knight. "If he hasn't torpedoed us by now it's goin' to be the gun. He knows the Grenville has no defense."

He shook his fist at Mr. Jimpson. "Talk us out of this one!" he snapped. "You talked us into it!"

"I got to think," said Mr. Jimpson. "I got to! An' my head never felt so much like a woolly vacuum before. All I got is one idea an' that's crumby even to me."

He looked hopefully at Knight. "We could both be wrong about glimpsin' the sub," he suggested.

Mr. Knight shook his head.

"Okay, then, it's got to be the crumby idea," Mr. Jimpson said, and went back to the radio room. "Listen, you!" he said to Hart. "You jerked lightnin' in the Navy, didn't you? All right, jerk some now. Send a message in code—any garbled stuff—to any U. S. battleship you can think of. That don't matter, only make that message sound Navy. Navy, see? Navy! I want that sub to hear it an' think it's kosher code. Navy style, now!"

HART nodded and then got busy. Mr. Jimpson ran to the bridge and began pacing back and forth. A hellish three quarters of an hour dragged along. Nothing happened. Nothing was visible. The light was growing.

Mr. Knight was getting more worried about the peculiar actions of his commander than he was about the U-boat. "Sit down a while," he said.

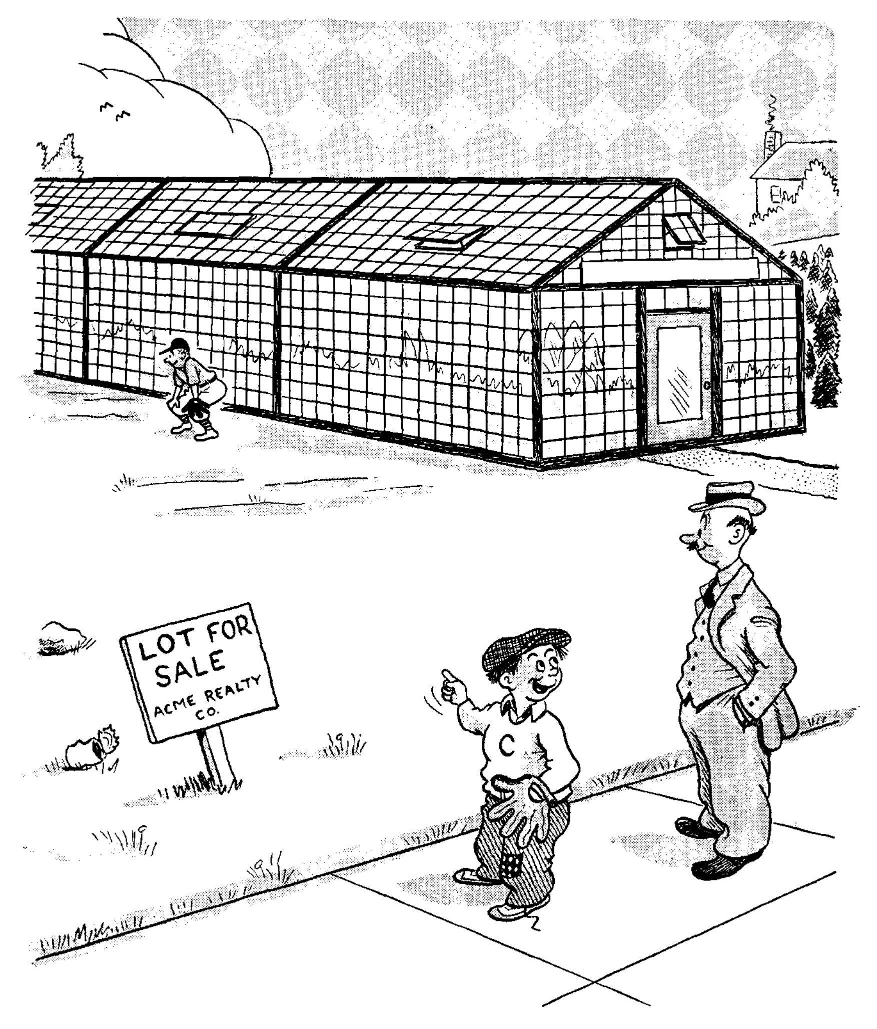
"Straighten up!" Mr. Jimpson commanded. "Act naval as hell!"

Mr. Knight did not comply. "This is a swell time to go screwy on me," he complained. He was about to continue but swallowed vigorously, like an ostrich coping with a doorknob. "Oh, my good gosh," he muttered.

Mr. Jimpson was looking at it, too. It was the sub, tearing into view in the gray light. She was rushing toward them on the surface, her big gun forward manned and in firing position.

"And us with no boat!" said Mr. Knight.

Somebody in the conning tower began to signal vigorously with code flags. Mr. Jimpson did not even try to make them



"He's our best outfielder—he's got to be!"

ERIC ERICSON

# TRUE TEMPER
# Golf Shaft of Champions
# The World Around

TRUE TEMPER

## Roll Call of Golfing Championships

### WON BY PLAYERS USING TRUE TEMPER STEP DOWN GOLF SHAFTS

**IN THE BRITISH ISLES**
- British Open Championship
- British Amateur Championship
- Irish Open Championship
- Scottish Amateur Championship
- Scottish Professional Championship
- Welsh Professional Championship

**IN EUROPE**
- Belgian Open Championship
- French Amateur Open Championship
- German Open Championship
- German Amateur Championship
- Dutch Open Championship

**IN AFRICA**
- South African Open Championship

**IN AUSTRALIA**
- Australian Open Championship
- Australian Amateur Championship

**IN CANADA**
- Canadian Open Championship
- Canadian Amateur Championship

### In the United States

- National Open Championship
- P. G. A. Championship
- Western Open Championship
- National Amateur Championship
- National Public Links Championship
- National Women's Championship
- North and South Women's Championship
- Women's Western Championship
- Women's Southern Championship
- St. Paul Open Championship
- Metropolitan Open Championship
- Pacific Northwest Open Championship
- North and South Open Championship
- Los Angeles Open Championship
- San Francisco Open Championship
- St. Petersburg Open Championship
- Mid-West Amateur Championship
- Western Amateur Championship
- Metropolitan P.G.A. Championship
- Asheville Open Championship
- Texas Open Championship
- Masters' Tourney
- Anthracite Open Championship
- International Four-Ball Open Championship
- North and South Amateur Championship
- Inverness Invitation 4-Ball Championship

## Roll Call of American Golf Club Manufacturers

### Using TRUE TEMPER Step Down Golf Shafts on their Better Clubs

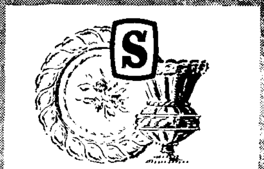
- A. G. Spalding & Bros.
- Allied Golf Corporation
- Burke Golf Company
- Crawford, MacGregor, Canby Co.
- C. S. B. Golf Products Corp.
- Dunlop Tire & Rubber Co.
- Hillerich & Bradsby Co.
- Kenneth Smith
- L. A. Young Golf Co.
- Ralph G. Tyler & Co.
- Pedersen Mfg. Co.
- Professional Golf Co.
- P. Goldsmith Sons, Inc.
- Reach, Wright and Ditson
- Wilson Sporting Goods Co.

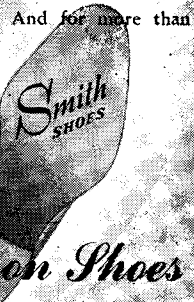
TRUE TEMPER Golf Shafts are the universal choice of champion players and famous club makers. They are the most powerful golf shafts made, the sweetest in action, tops in yardage and tops in accuracy. Each shaft is made by the exclusive TRUE TEMPER Step Down Process from a seamless tube of super-alloy steel—tempered as finely as a Damascus blade and finished like a fine jewel. Play with TRUE TEMPER Shafted Clubs and you play with the confidence of a champion. For descriptive booklet, write The American Fork & Hoe Company, Cleveland, Ohio, Makers of TRUE TEMPER Products.

**NOTE:** *We make Golf Shafts only—no other golf equipment of any kind*

# TRUE TEMPER

*The Golf Shaft of Champions*





Sterling on Silver

. . . means the best. Throughout the years this symbol has been your assurance of quality. And for more than half a century

Smith on Shoes

. . . has been your assurance that there are no better shoes to be had in their respective grades. Now, our exclusive Flex-Crafting has resulted in comfort and fit never before possible. Enjoy this *Smith* feature at the price you choose to pay. $7.50, $8.95, $10.75, and more.

Send for New Spring Style Book

Smith SHOES You Can't Wear Out Their Looks

J. P. SMITH SHOE COMPANY · CHICAGO

THERE OUGHT TO BE A LAW—AGAINST WORMS!

I had 'em as a pup — and they nearly got me. But this time the Mistress was wise. I noticed her eyeing me over the top of her Sergeant's DOG BOOK — and right away I realized I hadn't been up to par. "You've got worms again," she says. "Let's get the SURE-SHOT CAPSULES!"

She was right! I took the SURE-SHOT — and did it chase the worms! Just like the Sergeant's PUPPY CAPSULES that pulled me through as a pup. *I don't know where we'd be without the* DOG BOOK. Better get yours *free* at a drug or pet store — or with this coupon.

Sergeant's DOG MEDICINES

FREE

Polk Miller Products Corp.
Dept. 2-DA, Richmond, Va.
Please send a free Sergeant's DOG BOOK to:

Name____________________

Address____________________

City____________ State________

out. He stepped to the telegraph and rang down the engines. Then he threw back his thin shoulders and continued his travesty of a military walk.

"Come on, now, talk us out of this!" said Mr. Knight. "You talked us into this; talk us out!"

"Gee, I'm speechless," said Mr. Jimpson. "The chances of that U-boat pickin' us up in the dark ought to ha' been a hundred to one but o' course I hadn't figured on a four-hour delay. Tell Hart to quit sendin' an' come out here to answer signals, will you? Navy style—smart as a wasp waist—is the way I want it done. I know about Navy stuff."

Once the way was off the Grenville the submarine wasted no time on signals. The U-boat circled the ship with her commander in the conning tower watching them closely through his glasses. He had no fear of attack, having tested the ship's defenses a few hours before and found her helpless. In his scrutiny his glasses bore for a long time on the flag at her taffrail.

Her empty boat davits, too, came under his eyes, for when the submarine lay to broad on the Grenville's beam his crew promptly launched a boat.

"Get a ladder over an' do it like clockwork!" Mr. Jimpson commanded. "Then, Hart, stand by it, side-boy style."

The boat came alongside and the bow man caught the sea painter that Mr. Knight tossed over. The officer in the boat hailed Mr. Jimpson on the bridge:

"The master is to come aboard with papers!" His accent was slight.

"That's you!" said Mr. Knight to Mr. Jimpson. "Have a good time. And the first thing, tell 'em the Grenville's pinched all the boats."

"I'll tell 'em," said Mr. Jimpson. "I'm hoping it helps. But our chances—"

He stopped talking abruptly as he slung a leg over the rail and descended the Jacob's ladder. Room was made for him in the flimsy boat. It seemed no time at all before he was alongside the U-boat, under the sharp, slate-colored eyes of an officer who remained up on the tiny bridge atop the conning tower.

AS HE stepped aboard, Mr. Jimpson faced aft. His right hand started smartly upward toward his cap. Then, suddenly, the hand halted and dropped awkwardly to his side. His shoulders, which had been straight enough, sagged slouchily. He was brought to the foot of the conning tower, directly under the watchful gaze of the officer in dungarees and a watch cap. The U-boat commander was a good ten feet above him.

"You salute the quarter-deck on coming aboard a naval vessel?" the officer asked.

"Me? I thought my cap was fallin' off," said Mr. Jimpson.

"You are who?"

"Mr. Jimpson, second mate of the freighter—uh—Shenandoah Belle."

The commander spoke in rapid German, apparently to his feet. There was a muffled echo from within the steel hull. "How do you come to be aboard this ship?" the officer went on.

"The Shenandoah Belle sighted her an' put a salvage crew in her last night."

"And now you fly the American flag," said the U-boat commander. His voice was velvet soft. "Also, you send radio messages in code, yah?"

Mr. Jimpson licked his lips. They really needed it. "That's Sparks," he said. "He's got a girl in South Brooklyn an' her brother has a set. What he sends is private stuff."

"Very private," the officer agreed. He paused. "You cannot deceive me. You are an American naval officer!"

Mr. Jimpson, much pleased at this deduction, was silent.

The officer bent his head and listened to quick words from below. Then he looked down at Mr. Jimpson.

"The Shenandoah Belle is in the Pacific," he said. "She should be near Honolulu."

Mr. Jimpson said nothing. The officer waited. His eyes reminded Mr. Jimpson of the muzzle of that gun forward.

"Not the Shenandoah Belle I'm in," he said at last.

"And now you fly the American flag."

Mr. Jimpson had his jaws locked.

"Papers?"

"There were no papers in her that we could find," said Mr. Jimpson.

"I do not ask you about papers for the Grenville," said the German. "I know all about the Grenville." He jabbed downward with his arm. "I ask papers—about *you!*"

"I left 'em on the Shenandoah Belle," said Mr. Jimpson.

"Ah—so?"

The officer was silent. He looked across at the Grenville. Then he shook his head.

"You are not smart, Lieutenant. Do you not think I know a naval officer by his walk, his manner, his salute to the quarter-deck? And when you act, Lieutenant, you overact. Is there on the Atlantic a merchant officer who dresses and acts as slack as you would seem?"

He waited for an answer. Mr. Jimpson's ears began to burn. He could feel them. They were red now—sure.

"We have been warned, Lieutenant," said the commander. "We have been told that your country might like a convenient excuse to enter this war, as you did the last war. The destruction of a ship with a U. S. naval crew aboard would help, hein?"

He paused. "No answer?" He laughed loudly. "You do not seem to be a talkative man, Lieutenant. Perhaps dumb is the word. Not smart, Lieutenant—dumb!"

Mr. Jimpson cleared his throat.

The officer waved a hand to the Grenville. "Go back to your ship, Lieutenant. I give her to you. I do not fall into your trap. Dirty little British tramps are not scarce but your chances of fooling me are very scarce. Go, Lieutenant!"

He shouted a harsh order. Grinning men motioned Mr. Jimpson to the boat. But Mr. Jimpson balked.

"We can't all be bright, commander," he said humbly.

"Go!" said the officer.

Men led him to the boat. They rowed him back to the Grenville. The coxswain of the boat saluted punctiliously after the manner of his nation, but with a knowing smirk. Mr. Jimpson responded in his own style, gravely. He climbed the Jacob's ladder. On the Grenville's well deck he faced aft and saluted as smartly as he could make it. He meant this one.

Thoughtfully, on the way to the bridge he smartened up the knot in his tie and pulled down his cuffs. After a look at his immaculate linen he let the cuffs run up his sleeves again. "Those guys insulted me," he said.

Mr. Knight's eyes seemed to be dropping out of his head. So were Hart's and Bill Case's. Mr. Knight looked from Mr. Jimpson to the submarine. On her low deck men were busy stowing the gun for diving. Mr. Jimpson shoved over the engine-room telegraph. "What—"

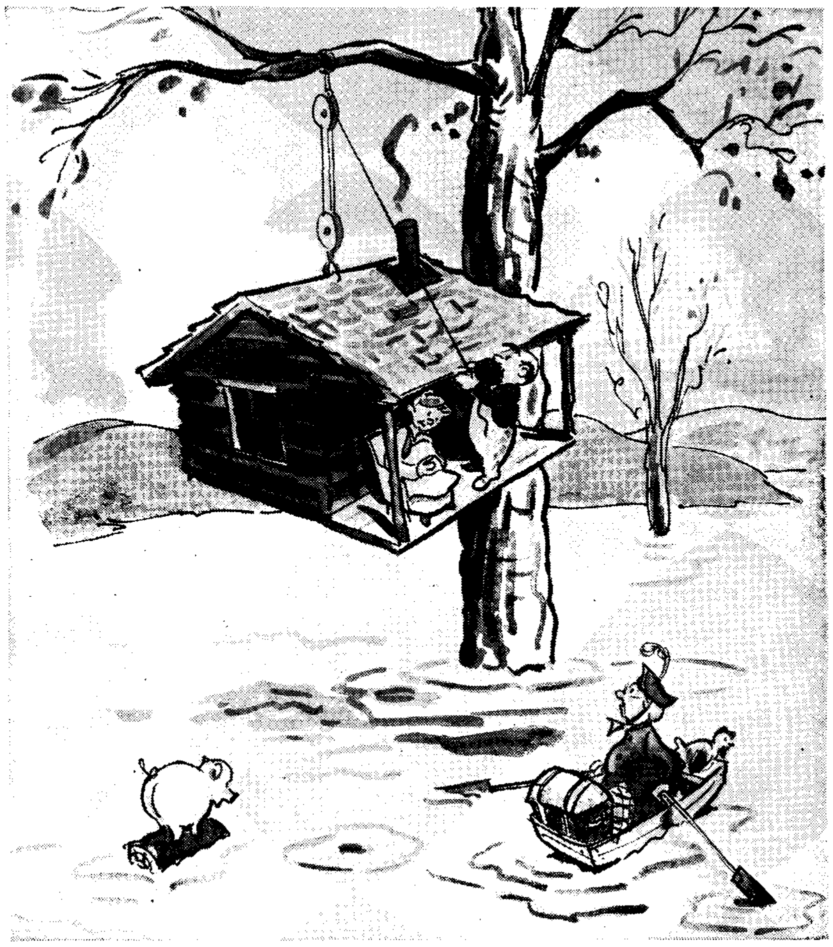
"I told him my wife was havin' a baby," Mr. Jimpson said. "A lot o' you fellows don't take havin' a baby seriously enough." Most energetically he fell to pacing the bridge.

The submarine turned away.

AT NORFOLK, after the ship was out of quarantine, but before a cheering boatload of men headed by Captain Brackett could reach her from the Marjorie Tolliver, Mr. Jimpson escaped ashore to telephone.

Mr. Knight had great difficulty in restraining Bill Case from jeopardizing his right to salvage by jumping ship in Mr. Jimpson's shore boat.

"I want to get onto the beach while the goin's good," said Bill Case. "If that goop hears his wife's had twins he'll talk us right smack into goin' out to bring in the sub."



"We don't worry none about floods any more since Kennesaw rigged this up"

REAMER KELLER

**Frank Trenery, Sioux City, Iowa, businessman, says:** *"At our card sessions lately I've been giving every guest a chance to pick his beverage—setting out a bottle of good Port wine along with other drinks and refreshments. Port is popular with our crowd—I've noticed that a lot of men nowadays choose this moderate kind of drink!"*

**Mr. and Mrs. Wendell W. Turner of Seattle, Wash., write:** *"We've found a sure-fire way to compliment dinner guests. With the main course we now serve a good wine—golden Chablis with chicken or fish, red Burgundy with roast beef or steak. You've no idea the lift it gives a meal—and we've found it a thrifty custom, too!"*

# Popular Hosts and Hostesses find more and more people prefer Wine

### *Especially during the week so many folks like to be moderate when they relax and enjoy themselves*

From almost every part of the country hosts and hostesses report it. When beverages are served they find more and more of their guests nowadays are choosing wine. To see why, just make wine your own choice next time.

You'll discover yourself sipping your wine slowly, savoring its subtle flavor as a connoisseur does. You'll find you haven't any urge to bolt wine down.

That's one reason, smart hosts and hostesses agree, why wine serving has swept into such popularity lately. So many men and women now prefer to be moderate when they relax and enjoy themselves.

People have noticed also that wine is a thrifty beverage to serve. You can entertain more often, or stage nicer dinners or luncheons with the money you save . . . because good wine these days is so inexpensive.

Why don't you make a test next time you have guests at your house. Give everyone an opportunity to choose wine. The compliments that come your way will surprise you.

**New York City hostess, Mrs. James Neilson, reports:** *"At an informal dinner party at our home last week, cheers galore came my way. I served just simple appetizers before dinner, but I also brought on small glasses of Sherry wine. Did everybody go for the nutty tang of Sherry! Folks called it the best before-dinner drink ever."*

## All you need to know to Serve Wine

There are many varieties, but only two main types of wine . . . (1) Wines made "dry" (not sweet) especially to serve with meals, called *table* wines; (2) Wines for use with the dessert course or refreshments, called *sweet* wines . . .

*With your dinner—served in portions about half the size of a water goblet, try:*

**Chablis, Hock or Rhine wine,** which are straw-colored, delicate—marvelous with fish or fowl

**Claret,** which is red, light, tangy—much enjoyed with roast beef, spaghetti, or roast lamb

*At the appetizer hour, with dessert, or in the afternoon or evening (usually served in cocktail size glasses) try:*

**Sherry,** which is mellow-amber, "nutty" in flavor—ideal before dinner, alone or with appetizers

**Port,** which is red, full-bodied, rich—a great dessert wine often served with cheese or with nuts

## THE WINES OF CALIFORNIA

In the most discriminating households the good wines of our own country are usually served today. Actually more than 9 in every 10 Americans who now serve wine choose wines grown here. The wines of California, for example, are grown to strict standards of quality. They are true to type. Well developed. Inexpensive.

*Be Considerate — Serve Wine*

*This advertisement is printed by the wine growers of California, acting through the Wine Advisory Board, 85 Second Street, San Francisco*

# No Time to Lose

Continued from page 13

yes." She spread her hands. "Phooey."

Her eyes fastened on Homer with a sudden angry brightness as he took out his watch and glanced at it. "Are you in a hurry?"

"Why, no," Homer said. "I'm not."

"Then why do you look at your watch?"

Homer gave her a wary look. "I'm a railroad man," he explained, "retired."

"Oh. Habit?"

"Yes, I guess it's habit. And I'm on my way to the coast. Thought I'd get to Flagstaff tonight and see the Grand Canyon tomorrow."

"I'm going to the coast, too, but I'm not in any hurry." She hesitated an instant, then glanced at him with an air of laying bare her soul. "I'm going there to be married."

Homer was used to receiving confidences, but not quite so abruptly. He fumbled for something to say, and came out with, "No! to a Gila monster?"

She shouted her laughter, but an instant later her face became grave. She pointed. "No. I guess to a sort of jack rabbit—like that one." She gave Homer a friendly grin. "Well, I'm off. So long."

She walked abruptly away. Homer followed her, but by the time he reached the gas pump she was driving away, swiftly, in her yellow roadster.

THERE had been long stretches of bad road, and dusk was setting in when Homer came to a detour on the edge of a town. The highway was under repair and the detour led along the main street of the town, a stone's throw from the Santa Fe tracks.

Homer drove slowly. He was tired and he sought a hotel to wash away the dust that rimmed his eyes. After a time, he found one. It was set back from the street, a frame structure with a covered porch across its front. Under three desolate sycamore trees that seemed too weary to lift up their branches a number of automobiles were parked. As Homer drove in among them he suddenly laughed when he saw the canary-yellow roadster. It stood under a tree, with the front wheels turned carelessly out of line, and even at rest it symbolized the reckless, hasty character of the girl.

Homer climbed the steps to the porch and went across into a tiny lobby. On the right was the dining room, on the left a dingy bar. Homer went into the dining room.

There were only five tables, and all were occupied. The girl was sitting alone near a window, overlooking the porch, and as soon as Homer entered she smiled at him and waved her hand.

"So you caught up," she said. "Here, sit down at my table, won't you?"

"That's very kind." Homer glanced at his grimy hands. "Want to wash up first."

He turned back into the lobby. A short man with a long black mustache gave him a flustered look. "I don't know where I'm going to set you. We're full up."

"I'll sit with the young lady," Homer said.

"If she don't care, I don't." The man's fingers stroked his mustache. "It's been quite a day, all right, quite a day. Must be sixty people rushed in and et and rushed out again. You in a rush, too?"

"I guess not," Homer said.

"Well, go in and set. I'll see if I can feed you. You like spareribs?"

"Spareribs?" Homer considered, turning over in his mind the possibility of a steak and French fries.

"I'll bring you some spareribs," the proprietor said hurriedly. "You go in and set." He fled abruptly through a swinging door at the rear of the lobby, and Homer heard his voice: "Dish out some more spareribs, Ma."

After he had washed the dust from his face and combed his thick white hair, Homer returned to the dining room. The girl greeted him gaily. "I don't know why I keep that big yellow monstrosity if it can't go any faster than the average car."

"I travel steady," Homer said, sitting down opposite her. "I guess that's it. The only way to make time is to follow a schedule, like the railroads do."

"What's your hurry?" she asked.

The proprietor slapped a plate of spareribs and sauerkraut in front of Homer. "Hurry," he said. "Everybody hurries. Rushin' in, rushin' out. People are crazy. Coffee, Mister?"

"Yes," Homer said.

"I hate schedules," the girl said. "That's the whole trouble—schedules! I hate routine. Listen, do you have any time set aside on your schedule for having fun? Is that on schedule, too?"

"My schedule is fun," Homer said. "I'm a railroad man."

"But it's not an occupational disease just with railroad men," she said musingly. "I know an advertising man—an account executive. Sometimes I see him for lunch, say from 12:22 to 1:14. He interrupted his schedule once to allow for his wedding. I think it was set down for 3:33."

Homer left off gnawing on a sparerib and glanced across at her. "Did it come off on time?"

"No." She smiled faintly. "It never will come off. It was supposed to be next Monday."

The proprietor brought Homer's coffee. He set it down and stood erect, sighing. "I don't know why people want to hurry so," he said. "Always afraid of losing time. They rush out to see the Grand Canyon and they git there and look at their watch and fidget around and then they shoot off again to see the Painted Desert or the Petrified Forest in the same day. And they don't see nothing." He shook his head and walked away.

"He is absolutely right," the girl said, stressing each word. "That's why I like to kill time. Just deliberately. Just murder it. What difference does it make?"

SUDDENLY she got to her feet, looking as if she had swallowed a sparerib whole. She opened a handbag and threw a bill on the table. "Excuse me. It's been nice. Goodby."

Homer had one look at her flushed face and then she was gone. He heard the clicking of her heels out through the lobby and back to the rear, to the swinging door leading to the kitchen. Then he heard the groan of brakes and turned to the window. Another car had stopped under one of the sycamore trees and a tall young man got out of it. He stood looking at the yellow roadster for a moment, then he turned and stalked toward the hotel with an air of grim determination.

He pushed open the door and Homer heard a deep, angry voice asking, "Where is she?"

"All we got is spareribs," the proprietor's troubled voice said. "If you want to go in and set."

"Where is she? The girl in that yellow roadster?"

"Well, that's her in it, ain't it?"

Homer glanced out the window and saw the girl getting into the car, heard

ARM
STIFF as
a Pipe—
after extra exertion?

It's FATIGUE ACIDS in your MUSCLES!

Muscles are often stiff and sore after exercise because excess fatigue acids settle in the muscles. Then the muscle swells inside its sheath and aches.

Splash Absorbine Jr. over those aching muscles 3 or 4 times a day. Laboratory tests prove it speeds the blood through the tissues to carry off those acids. Millions of people depend on Absorbine Jr. to relieve muscular aches and pains because they've found it is

1. QUICK ACTING 3. PLEASANT
2. QUICK DRYING 4. ECONOMICAL TO USE

At all druggists, $1.25 a bottle. Free sample—Write W. F. Young, Inc., 201H Lyman Street, Springfield, Mass.

FAMOUS also for relieving Athlete's Foot, Strains, Bruises

ABSORBINE JR.

BUY YOUR TIES THE HABAND WAY

By mail—save money, choose from many smart styles as millions of men have for 15 years. 7 for $3.15. Send for FREE color pictures.

Dept. 7 Haband Co., Paterson, N. J.

REWARD! For a little of your spare time as a special Subscription Representative, WRITE TODAY.

Independent Agency Division
THE CROWELL-COLLIFR PUBLISHING CO.
250 Park Ave. New York, N. Y.

SHAVE THE NEW PAINLESS WAY

BARBERS KNOW WHAT'S GOOD—A BIT OF NOXZEMA BEFORE LATHERING

Famous medicated cream softens beard—soothes sensitive skin

● If you have a tough beard and a tender skin, try the trick used by scores of barbers. Just apply a little *medicated* Noxzema *before* lathering—or use it alone as a latherless shave. See how Noxzema soothes and protects sensitive skin . . . no razor pull—no drag—*no smarting after-shave irritation!* And notice how *cool* and *comfortable* your skin feels.

Start shaving the new Noxzema way *today*. For a limited time you can get a generous 25¢ trial jar of Noxzema for only 19¢ at any drug or department store.

25¢ TRIAL JAR 19¢

STOP
LEAKS
WARNER LIQUID SOLDER

Quickly • Economically • Permanently • SAFELY

Let **Warner Liquid Solder** stop leaks—and prevent leaks! It's specially engineered to maintain—SAFELY—full efficiency of today's automobiles! It's guaranteed . . . and the *Standard for more than 20 years!* That's why you should insist on Warner Liquid Solder!

**Restore** cooling efficiency! Clean out the "heat traps" of scale, oil muck and winter sludge. Use **Warner Radiator Cleaner,** specially prepared, thorough and SAFE for automobile cooling systems!

**Protect** cooling efficiency! Let **Warner Cooling System Protector** prevent rust and corrosion—and keep the cooling system walls *clean*. Since water causes rust, your car needs this protection.

P.S. PREVENTIVE SERVICE

Give Your Car "After-Anti-Freeze" Service. Go to Service Stations, Garages, Dealers for Warner Products

WARNER-PATTERSON CO., 920 S. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

WARNER COOLING SYSTEM PROTECTOR

WARNER RADIATOR CLEANER

This year a holiday in British Columbia

THE VACATION LAND THAT HAS EVERYTHING!

North of the Border—clean sand beaches or ranches and resorts in a vast unspoiled hinterland. Good roads and accommodation and every popular recreational facility.

Rates are low and new monetary exchange now gives you 10% more. Write today to the

BRITISH COLUMBIA GOVERNMENT TRAVEL BUREAU
VICTORIA, B.C., CANADA L

the whirring sound as she stepped on the starter. An instant later the young man burst out of the hotel and ran down the steps. Homer heard his deep, irritable voice saying: "What's the idea?"

The motor of the yellow roadster had started, but the young man jumped on the running board, with his chin thrust out. It was a full, square chin, Homer saw. He heard their voices clearly as he leaned shamelessly out the window.

"Listen here," he was saying. "I've chased you half across America. What's the idea? What did you run out for?"

"It's just no go, Dick," the girl said. "You know it isn't. Please get off the running board. I'm in a hurry."

"What do you mean, you're in a hurry? We're going back to New York. Now listen here, Judy . . ."

"I'm behind schedule." The sweet voice dripped prussic acid. "I'm due in Los Angeles to be married."

"Married!" he shouted. "You mean to that polo player? That weasel!"

"He's not a weasel," she said. "Just a jack rabbit, Dick. Now get off my car, please."

"The hell I will. Listen, I've come two thousand . . ."

The gears screamed and the roadster spurted away. As it swung into the street he lost his balance and jumped clear. He stood with his hands on his hips, staring after the car, for a full minute before he walked slowly back to the hotel.

HOMER turned from the window and stirred his coffee vigorously. But he glanced up when the young man walked into the dining room, with a long, glowering look around him. The proprietor came up behind him. "Spareribs coming up," he said. He approached Homer's table. "Okay he sits here?"

"Okay," Homer said.

The young man sat down opposite Homer and stared fixedly out of the window, his fingers drumming steadily on the table. Homer cleared his throat, and was rewarded with a glance of devastating annoyance.

"My name is Homer Bradshaw," Homer said, unperturbed.

The young man grunted, and for an instant it appeared he would not make the effort to be polite. Then he said, "I'm Dick Belmore."

"The advertising man?" Homer asked.

Dick Belmore stared across at him. "I'm in advertising, yes. How'd you know that?"

"Why, I . . ." Homer fumbled, and let it go. But he had found out what he wanted to know. He made a great business of tasting his coffee, and in the meantime the proprietor brought the young man's food. Homer watched him eat. The square jaw was thrust out and he ate with the concentration of a man who was thinking of anything but food.

But suddenly he pushed the plate away and called to the proprietor: "Bring me a Scotch and soda."

The man pulled at his long black mustache. "Don't know as we got any soda water. Got some good Bourbon."

"Bring it with plain water, then."

"Bourbon?"

"No, dammit. Scotch."

"Most people around here drink Bourbon," the proprietor said, shifting his eyes aside.

Dick Belmore brought his fist down on the table. "Listen, do I have to . . ."

"All right, all right." The proprietor walked away.

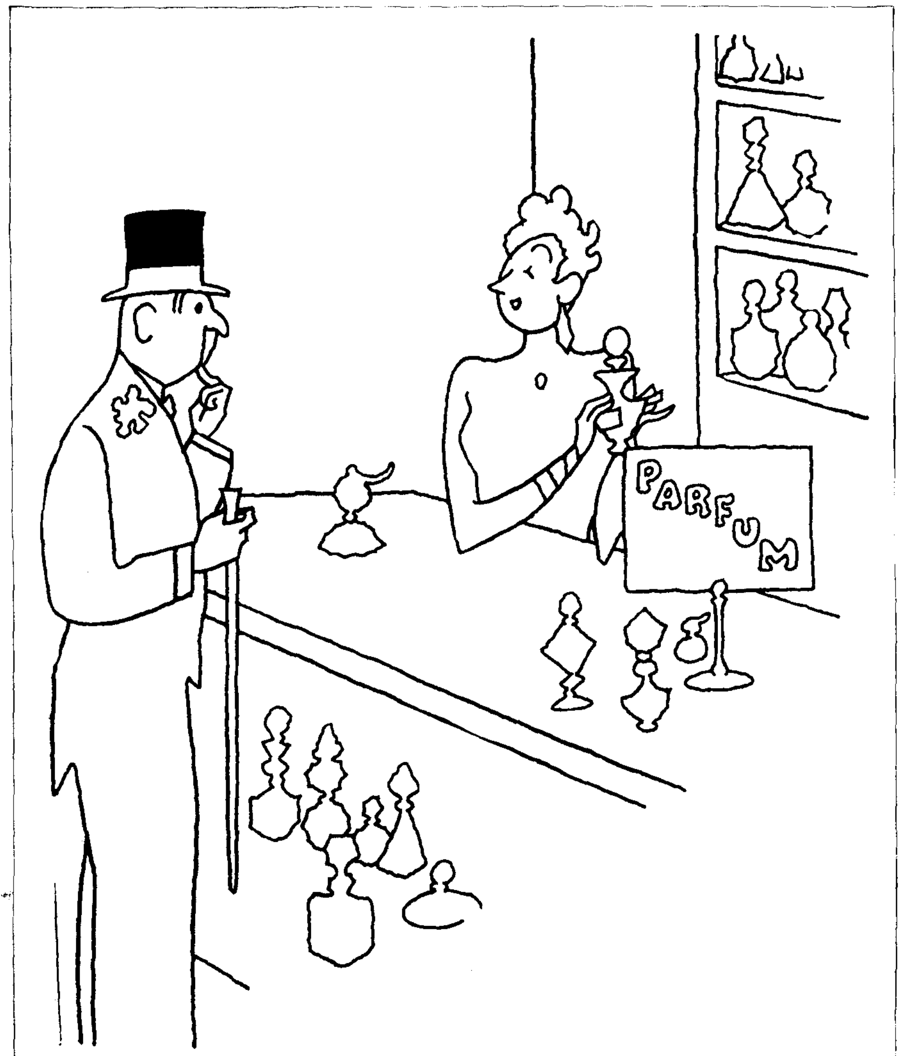
Homer chuckled, and the young man glared at him.

"I believe he's got no Scotch," Homer said. "You'll drink Bourbon and like it, the same as you ate spareribs. Did you *order* spareribs?"

Dick looked at his plate. "Of course I didn't."

"You ate 'em, though," Homer said. "I guess you were too mad to know what you were eating."

"Mad?" he said. "Mad! Did you see



**"Well, she's out-doorsy in a terracey sort of way"**

WOMEN MEN WANT

*Know the secret of a*

"Come-Closer" Smile

THEY STEP UP SMILE-APPEAL . . . KEEP TEETH BRIGHTER-LOOKING . . . BY A TWICE-DAILY BRUSHING WITH PEPSODENT

Want a "come-closer" smile? Join the landslide to Pepsodent *with* IRIUM. IRIUM (Purified Alkyl Sulfate) puts a *plus* in Pepsodent—gives new zip and zeal to its cleansing action. Dingy surface-stains brush away, teeth sparkle with their full *natural* brilliance. Choose either Pepsodent Tooth Paste or Pepsodent Tooth Powder. Both give you the brilliant results of IRIUM—both have been awarded the Seal of Acceptance of the Council on Dental Therapeutics of the American Dental Association, an organization of 43,000 dentists.

PERENNIAL HONEYMOONERS:

- Her lovely "come-closer" smile makes his heart skip a beat. She knows the secret of Pepsodent with IRIUM for dazzling *naturally* brilliant teeth.

MISTAKEN FOR HER OWN DAUGHTER:

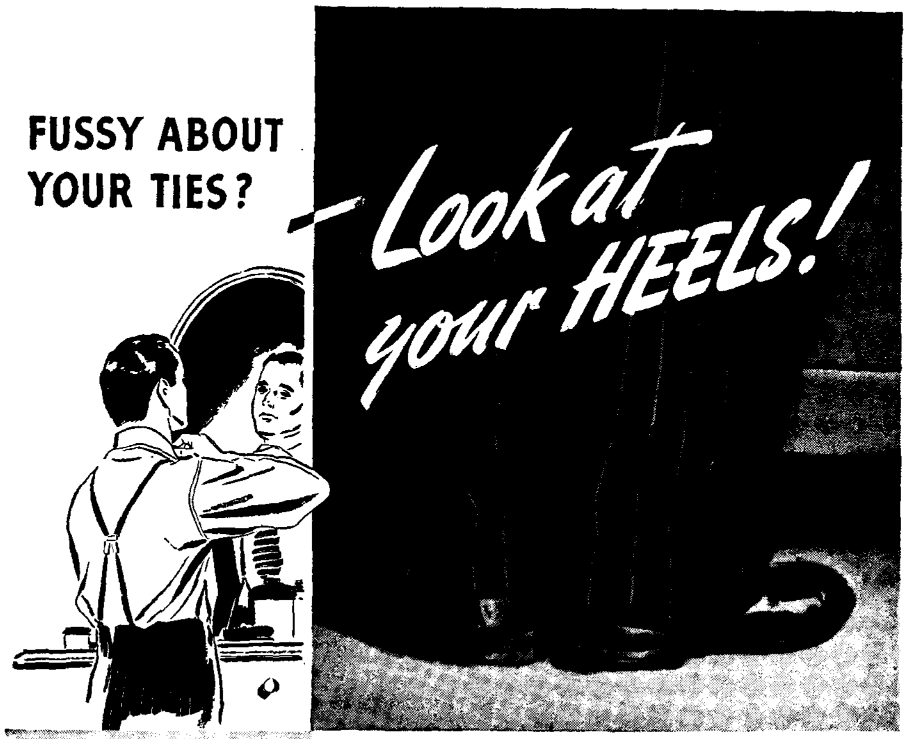
- Because her flashing smile brings back the gay, laughing girl of 20 years before. Pepsodent with IRIUM helps remove dingy surface-stains, puts sunshine in your smile.

*Insist on*

Pepsodent with IRIUM

PEPSODENT
Tooth Powder
IRIUM
Pepsodent
TOOTH PASTE
IRIUM

43,000 DENTISTS stand back of this Seal . . . your assurance that Pepsodent is *Safe . . . Effective . . . Truthfully Advertised.*



G-50
AMERICA'S HANDSOMEST RUBBER HEEL

NO matter how smartly you're dressed, you can't look "up on your toes" if your shoes are run down at the heels. In 10 minutes, at any good shoe repair shop you can have Goodyear's new G-50 Heels attached for only 50¢. They're the handsomest heels you can buy; look like part of the shoe; "invisible" nail holes. And they're made of live, springy rubber — so *tough* they wear down evenly — keep your shoes straight. Do it today!

*When you buy rubber heels, always say,* "GOODYEAR"

*Made by* GOODYEAR

THE GREATEST NAME IN RUBBER

**WANTED:**

*As Community Representatives*

100 Men—Women!

NO MATTER how busy you are with your regular duties, you may increase your income as a Community Representative for COLLIER'S and the other popular Crowell-Collier Publications. For full details, *address a penny postal to—*

*Independent Agency Division, Desk C-15*
*The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company*
*250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.*

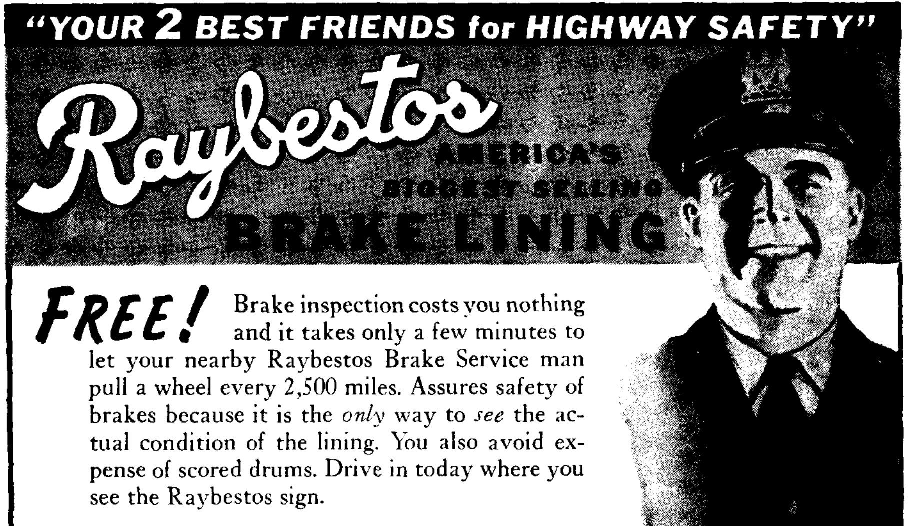
**Mows and Trims Lawns**
**in One Simple, Easy Operation**

**Save Time and Labor with a MONTAMOWER**

Tired backs and aching arms just don't happen to users of MontaMower. All the drudgery and noise of lawn mowing is done away with. No dead weight to push and pull. Instead, just 7 pounds of live mechanism that first gathers then cuts the grass closely, smoothly, and to the correct height; no matting; no streaking; no clatter; no rattles. Cuts a 16″ swath through long grass, dandelions, spike grass and weeds. Cuts right up to walls, fences, trees or posts; leaves no fringes to be trimmed by hand. Cutters are self-sharpening. Built to last many years. Many thousands in use. Sold direct from factory. Costs little. Write at once for guarantee information and literature.

**MONTAMOWER DISTRIBUTING CO.**
**323 HOUSEMAN BLDG. GRAND RAPIDS, MICHIGAN**

**"YOUR 2 BEST FRIENDS for HIGHWAY SAFETY"**


Raybestos
AMERICA'S BIGGEST SELLING BRAKE LINING

**FREE!** Brake inspection costs you nothing and it takes only a few minutes to let your nearby Raybestos Brake Service man pull a wheel every 2,500 miles. Assures safety of brakes because it is the *only* way to *see* the actual condition of the lining. You also avoid expense of scored drums. Drive in today where you see the Raybestos sign.

THE RAYBESTOS DIVISION of Raybestos-Manhattan, Inc., BRIDGEPORT, CONN.

BRAKE LINING, CLUTCH FACINGS, FAN BELTS, HOSE • FOR CARS, TRUCKS, BUSES

that? Of course you did. Do you know I've followed that girl all the way from New York? And then she tried to run me down. Deliberately!"

The proprietor sidled up with a tray, put down a jigger of whisky and a glass of water, and hurried away. Dick leaned over and sniffed the liquor. He stared at Homer. "Bourbon!"

But he picked up the glass and drank the whisky—with no water chaser.

"Did anybody ever tell you," Homer began, and hesitated, looking at the young man's bright, dark eyes. He grinned. "Did anybody ever tell you you looked like a Gila monster?"

"A heel—a what?" Homer thought Dick Belmore would explode. "Listen, just what am I in? I order Scotch and I get Bourbon and I'm fed spareribs and now . . ."

"I'm sane," Homer said. "That's what she said you looked like."

"She? You mean Judy?"

"Yes."

"A Gila monster! For heaven's sake, why?"

"It's something about the eyes," Homer said.

DICK looked swiftly about him; there was no mirror in the room. He turned fiercely to Homer: "You know Judy, then?"

"We've been traveling companions," Homer said somewhat vaguely.

"That girl! Do you know that I've followed her halfway across the continent? I left the Tin & Tin account dangling, just dangling, and the presentation not finished yet." He groaned. "For weeks I've been working, slaving. It's a tremendous thing for me—for the firm. Tin & Tin, man!" His voice caressed the words. "We have a beautiful presentation almost worked out and I was going to submit it on Monday."

"You were going to get married on Monday, too," Homer said, as casually as he could.

"That's right. Say, you seem to know a lot about my affairs."

"Well," Homer said apologetically.

"So she talked about me, is that it?" he snorted. "Yes, I can see it. I suppose she said I was a clod and a brute and . . ."

"A Gila monster," Homer supplied.

Dick gulped.

"I think the trouble is she feels she's more important than Tin & Tin," Homer suggested.

"Well, yes, of course. But man, this thing is big. Tin & Tin! We've been after that account for years."

"Marriage is a pretty big thing, too," Homer said solemnly.

"Yes, yes, you've made your point." Dick scowled. "But I never neglected her. I've given up my time—gone to night clubs three times a week—"

"I guess night clubs aren't much fun," Homer said.

"Oh, they're all right, if you've got the time to waste."

"That's it," Homer said. "Time."

Dick pulled out his watch. "Seven-twenty."

"I don't mean precise time," Homer said. "I mean . . ."

"I can catch a plane," Dick mused. "I can get back there in time to finish up that presentation. Where's the nearest airport, anyhow?"

"I don't know," Homer said. He was shocked. "Aren't you going *after her?*"

Dick's eyebrows went up. "What good would it do? She's going to the coast to marry that polo player."

"But she's hoping for you to stop her from doing it," Homer said excitedly, then he hesitated. He was beginning to have misgivings. "Please don't think I'm intruding in your personal affairs, but I just happened to be here, and . . ."

"Oh, hell," Dick said. "Who cares? What do you mean she wants me to stop her? What makes you say that?"

"Why, that girl has been killing time all the way from New York. She drives as fast as she can for a while and then she stops and kills time, waiting for you, and she leaves that yellow car out where you're sure to spot it. I caught up with her three times today, and I average only thirty miles an hour. She could have reached the coast long ago."

"I wonder," Dick said. His eyes were shining. "I guess I have been sort [illegible] a Gila monster. What do they look like, anyhow?"

"Like a big lizard," Homer said. "With beady eyes."

"I don't like that very much," he said uncomfortably.

"She'll go on killing time," Homer said. "You can depend on it. Why don't you go after her?"

"What's the use? She won't talk to me if I do."

"You can try it," Homer said eagerly. "You won't lose much time." He saw that Dick had missed the sarcasm. "But I wouldn't try to hurry her back in time to land Tin & Tin."

"No," Dick said. "To hell with Tin & Tin. I'll send a wire. I'll take a month off. But man, how am I going to tell her that if she won't even talk to me?"

"Drive along beside her." Homer waved his hands. "Get ahead of her and wait. She'll talk to you. If she won't, then run your car into a tree. Smash it up. Anything."

"I'll do it!" He jumped to his feet. "That's just what I'll do."

"Now, say," Homer began. "I don't mean literally. I don't mean . . ."

But Dick had dashed out of the dining room and was already leaping down the steps toward his car.

Homer watched him drive away. There was a sinking sensation in his stomach that he could not blame on the spareribs. He had advised so many people, as a matter of course, as a matter of service, that it was simply habit. But now it occurred to him that he was a thoughtless old meddler.

"You payin' for the gent?"

Homer turned and saw the long black mustaches curled like question marks.

"Why, yes," he said. "Yes, I guess that's the least I can do." He put one hand somewhat unsteadily on the table. "I'm not feeling very well. Do you have a room for me? I believe I'll stay the night here."

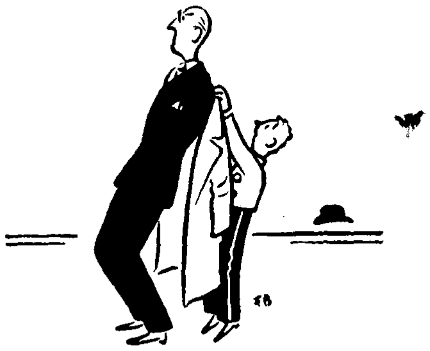
"Sure, I got a room. Standard price, one buck."

"My bag's in my car," Homer said.

THE next morning Homer got started at eight o'clock sharp. He drove faster than he ever had in his life.

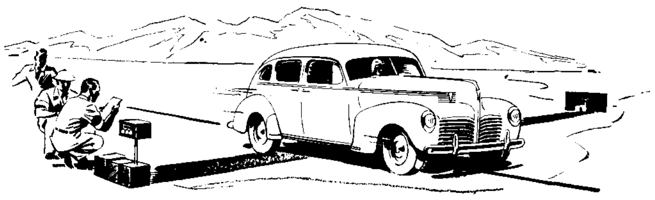
When he came upon the canary-yellow roadster he was so startled that he nearly had a collision. He had just entered a town and the car was parked, unmistakable in its bright color and long low lines, on the main street. Homer drove in behind it and looked around. He did not see the girl anywhere. He stepped out on the sidewalk and walked over to the roadster. And as he stood looking at it he heard quick footsteps behind him and whirled around.

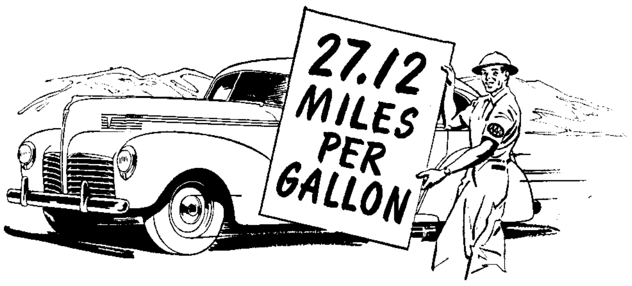
She came swiftly toward him, her head down. He waited, with a nervous smile, but she walked past without seeing him



# 128 HORSEPOWER Comes to Life!

## In HUDSON . . . Greatest Performing Eight of Them All





**IN OFFICIAL TESTS** on Bonneville Flats, Utah, a stock model Hudson Eight sedan (under A.A.A. Contest Board supervision) beat the best any other car in its class had ever done, from 1 to 1000 miles, averaging 91.34 miles per hour* . . . *electrically* timed, not *speedometer* miles.

**JOHN COBB, NOTED BRITISH SPORTSMAN,** drove the Hudson Eight to a new flying mile record of 93.88 miles per hour . . . fastest mile ever traveled by a stock car of its class*. Cobb praised its performance, easy riding and steering . . . called it "an exceptional car in every way."

**LEADER IN ECONOMY, TOO!** No other straight eight ever equalled this record . . . 27.12 miles per gallon in an *official* 1000-mile test! (Car equipped with overdrive.) Even in ordinary "stop-and-go" driving, which of course uses more gas, Hudson Eight economy will amaze you.

*Car equipped with high compression cylinder head and optional rear axle ratio.

## A New Kind of Low Priced Straight Eight

If you love the feel of a car that wants to GO, spend a half hour at the wheel of this new Hudson Eight. See what happens when 128 horsepower comes to life!

There's no performance quite like this on the road today. None so smooth, none so eager, none so satisfying . . . in traffic, on hills, or cross-country! And feature after feature proclaims Hudson the *safest* of all automobiles.

Although it's the lowest priced straight eight in America today, it is a true luxury car . . . in extra roominess and comfort, in the rich quality of Hockanum Woolen upholstery, and the buoyant restfulness of Airfoam Seat Cushions (at no extra cost).

In the new Hudson Eight De Luxe, you'll find interiors even more luxurious . . . fittings and equipment lavishly complete; a wealth of distinctive style touches, outside as well as in, that contribute to lasting pride of ownership!

Remember, if you want *performance,* there's no substitute for *power* . . . and it costs you several hundred dollars more, in any other car, to match Hudson Eight power. Before you decide on your 1940 automobile, come for a ride in the *greatest performing eight* of them all.

### DRIVE
# HUDSON 8
### AND NEW HUDSON EIGHT DE LUXE

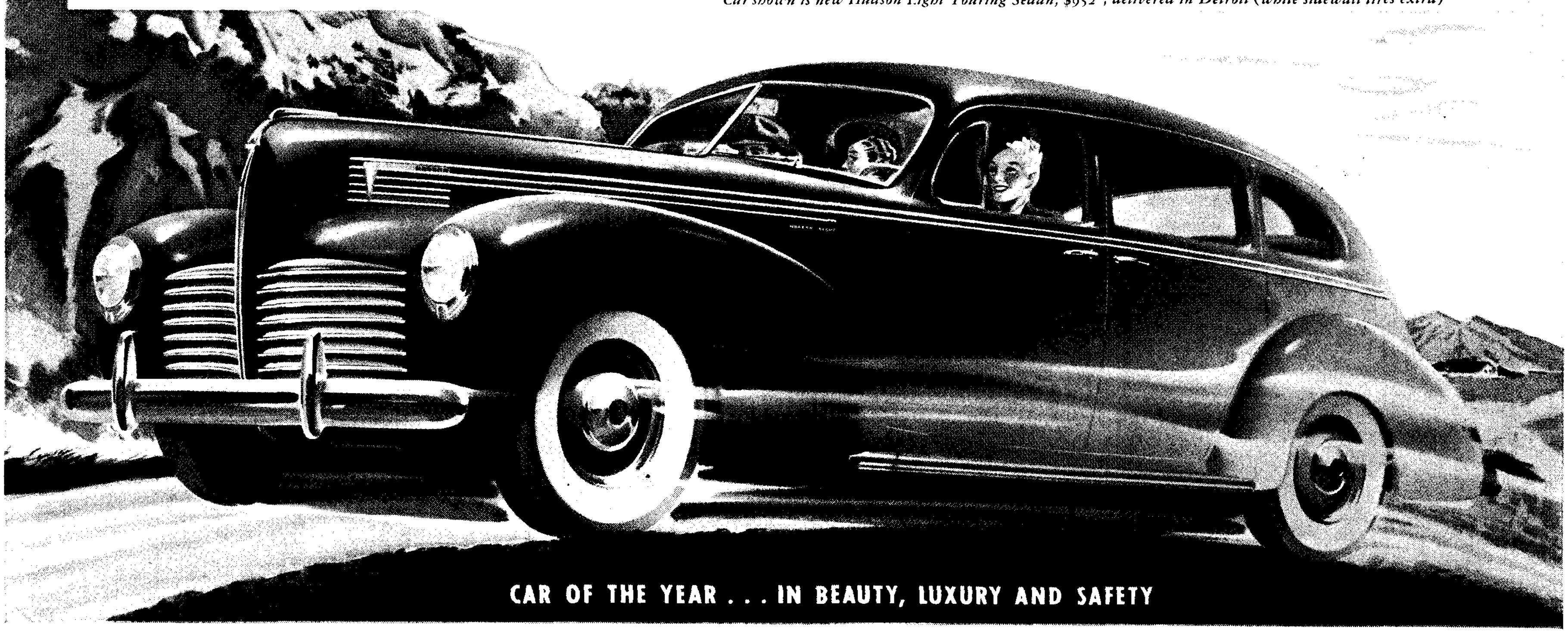
**NEW HUDSON EIGHT PRICES START AT . . .**

**$860** *delivered in Detroit, including Federal taxes, not including state and local taxes, if any. Low time payment terms. Prices subject to change without notice.

Also **new HUDSON Six,** most amazing lowest priced car ever built—starting at $670*; and **new HUDSON Super-Six,** starting at $809*

**New HUDSON Country Club Sedans,** luxury sensations of the year, starting at $1018*

*Car shown is new Hudson Eight Touring Sedan, $952*, delivered in Detroit (white sidewall tires extra)*


CAR OF THE YEAR . . . IN BEAUTY, LUXURY AND SAFETY

**AMERICA'S LOWEST PRICED STRAIGHT EIGHT**

# TWO NEW GASOLINES

# Highest Road-Performance Rating in SHELL History*

## QUICK FACTS ON NEW SUPER-SHELL

- **Is it higher in anti-knock?** Yes! Try NEW SUPER-SHELL on the steepest hill you can find. Try it on a fast getaway in high. You can *feel* the difference!
- **Is NEW SUPER-SHELL quick starting?** Got a stop watch? Step on the starter. Your engine's in action RIGHT NOW! And hold onto your hat for the getaway. That's how NEW SUPER-SHELL works on starts and pick-ups!
- **How about economy?** NEW SUPER-SHELL is made by Shell's "Balancing" process. It's *balanced* for peak performance in all gears, at all speeds—balanced to cut the cost of Stop-and-Go.
- **Does NEW SUPER-SHELL cost more to make?** Yes—but costs you no more to BUY.

## QUICK FACTS ON NEW SHELL PREMIUM

- **Is its anti-knock performance improved?** Yes! If your anti-knock requirement is far above the average, NEW SHELL PREMIUM will amaze you with its smooth, steady, knockless power!
- **Quick starting?** Like a flash! We know of no faster!
- **Better mileage?** Absolutely! Because NEW SHELL PREMIUM is made from the cream of the crudes—balanced by Shell's own process—you can count on it giving you increased savings on your costly Stop-and-Go.
- **What about price?** Costs more to make, but costs you no more than the usual extra price.

## *Road-Performance Rating (R.P.R.) is the true measure of a fuel's performance IN YOUR CAR

SHELL
SHELL

IT'S NOT what a gasoline does in the laboratory but what it does *in your car* that counts.

The fuel that is high in laboratory rating may show faulty behavior under road conditions. Shell engineers get the final answer from automobiles on the road.

***The final answer is the Road-Performance Rating.***

The NEW Super-Shell and the NEW Shell Premium have come through both laboratory and R.P.R. tests with flying colors. Week after week they have proved themselves by an amazing performance record *in stock cars of different makes*—each has shown, in its price class, the highest R.P.R. in Shell history: Starting. Warming up. Accelerating. On the straightaway at high speed. "Loafing." Hill climbing. In heaviest Stop-and-Go traffic. In mileage tests. In "anti-knock" tests.

Such a high R.P.R. is the result of Shell's "Balancing" process. No one performance quality is emphasized at the expense of another, there's no "robbing Peter to pay Paul."

Try out the R.P.R. of the NEW Super-Shell or the NEW Shell Premium in your car —you be the judge!

**To get full advantage of the high R.P.R. of these new balanced motor fuels, do not dilute them with ordinary gasoline.**

**New DAY-and-NIGHT Emblem of SHELL SHARE-THE-ROAD CLUB now ready— drive in—get yours FREE**

and turned into the building in front of which the roadster was parked. Then Homer's mouth dropped open; the building was a police station.

His first impulse was to jump in his car and make for California. But Homer was no coward. He squared his shoulders, drew in a deep breath and marched into the police station after the girl. She was talking to the desk sergeant and as Homer walked up she turned and saw him. She burst out laughing.

"You old darling," she said. "Dick spent the night in clink. Can you imagine? In clink!"

HOMER'S face paled. "What did he do?"

"Reckless driving! Can you imagine Dick being reckless? But it's true. He was a wild man. They'll probably fine him a million dollars. He nearly killed us both." She reached out and caught Homer's hand. "You're really an old dear."

All Homer could think of was the animal; he felt that he could run like one.

"I'd better go," Homer said unsteadily.

"Oh, no. Not at all. Wait and see Dick. We'll pay his fine and get him out as soon as court opens."

"But I'm behind schedule," Homer protested weakly, thinking of that big, square chin, that deep, explosive voice.

"It was really wonderful," the girl said in a breathless voice. "I was driving along last night and this car came shrieking at me out of the darkness. And he was a wild man. He told me to pull over and stop and I wouldn't." She shivered in delight. "He tried to run me into the ditch. He actually did! You know, he's going to take a month off. We're going to get married, and you know what?" She pinched his arm. "You're going to be best man."

"Well, I . . ." Homer began to beam.

"That cop didn't have an ounce of romance in his veins," the girl went on. "He just yelled, 'Break it up,' when he pulled up alongside us, after we stopped. We didn't even know we'd been followed. Dick *was* driving like a madman. I was simply terrified. I just had to stop so both of us wouldn't be killed and he stopped too and that was that." She squeezed Homer's arm. "We'll have a whole month and we're just going to kill time and see the country."

A stony-faced policeman came from the police court and said: "His case is up now, lady, if you want to go in."

"That's the one," she whispered to Homer. "You should have heard what Dick called him."

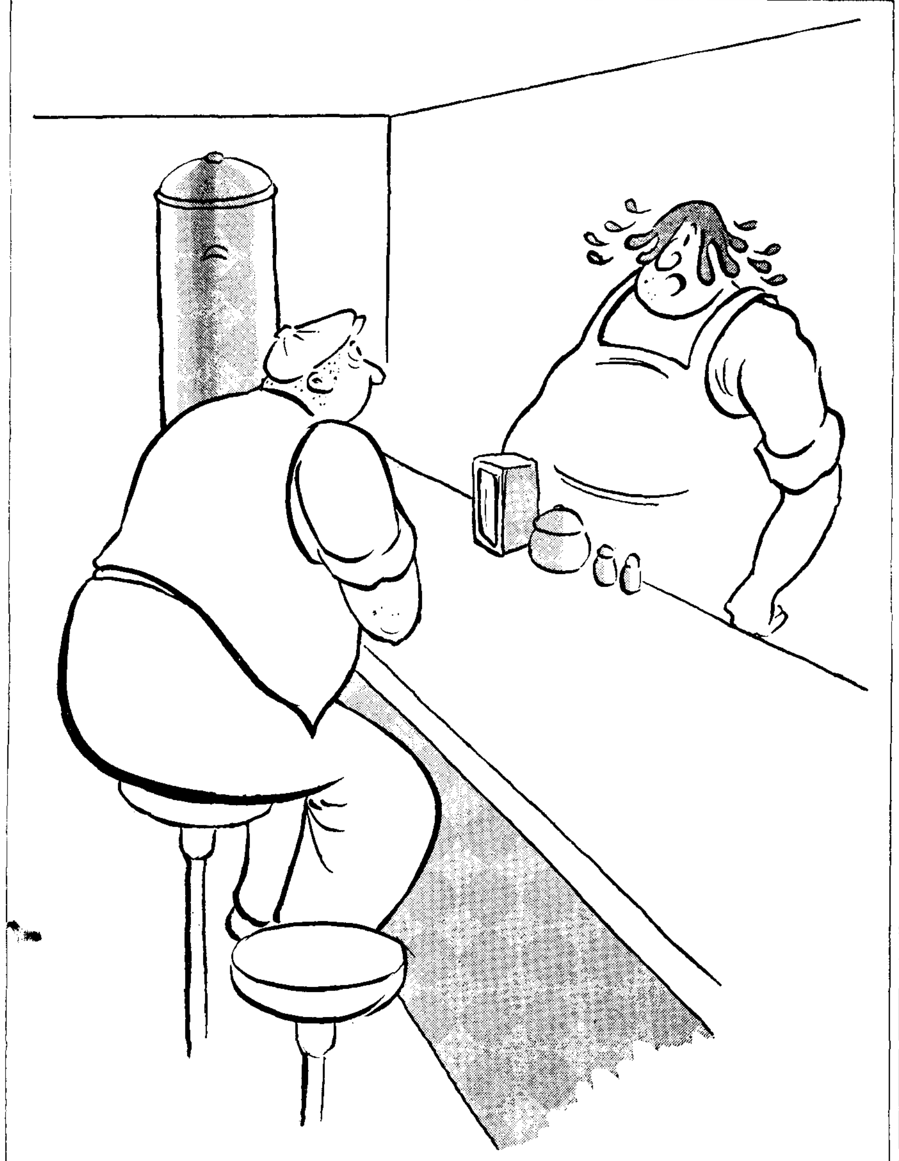
The policeman held the door open and Homer saw the bench and a fat judge; he saw Dick standing at the bar, his big chin blue with an overnight beard.

"Come on," the girl said.

But Homer hung back as she went through into the courtroom. He remained at the doorway, feeling that he had already intruded too much. He heard the droning sound as the charges were read—reckless driving, failure to keep to the right, abusive language, speeding. Then he heard Dick's clear, confident voice pleading: "Guilty, Your Honor."

THERE was silence in the courtroom. The judge adjusted his spectacles and peered down at the young man. He spoke in a low voice, but his words reached Homer in the doorway and drummed against his ears with the force of a loud-speaker.

"Thirty days," said the judge.



**"I took your beef stew back to the cook an' he's fixin' you another order"**

FRANK M. RYAN

OLD CROW
BRAND
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT
BOURBON WHISKEY

*Tonight—treat your palate to this historically famous old whiskey*

OLD CROW

*A Truly Great Name*

AMONG AMERICA'S GREAT WHISKIES

BOURBON OR RYE

Men who remember Old Crow say that the passing years have left unchanged the traditionally fine quality of this distinguished bourbon whiskey. Men who taste it today for the first time, say it more than lives up to its great reputation.

*Bottled-in-Bond*

100 PROOF • COPYRIGHT 1940 • NATIONAL DISTILLERS PRODUCTS CORPORATION • NEW YORK

PUTS ZEST INTO MODERATION
CINZANO
CINZANO

As a straight drink, Cinzano Italian has a smooth zestfulness that sings with flavor. Try it chilled, with a twist of lemon peel . . . or iced, with soda.

Because it's so delightful—Cinzano Italian smooths out a Manhattan wonderfully . . . dry cocktails call for Cinzano Dry (from France).

CINZANO
IMPORTED VERMOUTH

ITALIAN
Alcohol 15.6%
*by volume*

DRY
(from France)
Alcohol 18%
*by volume*

CANADA DRY GINGER ALE, INC., NEW YORK, N. Y., *SOLE IMPORTER*

Rainy Days are Happy Days
when you're smartly clad by
ALLIGATOR

Swagger double breasted models with a military flare.

English raglan models—extra long, extra roomy!

The style leader! Distinctive Galecloth Coacher by Alligator!

Don't Let The Rain Stop You! Step Out In Style—Save Your Clothes And Disposition With An Alligator!

ALLIGATOR
Raincoats and Galecoats
BECAUSE...It's Sure to Rain

HERE are just a few of the many new styles by Alligator. See them all—and remember, Alligator means lasting, dependable, satisfying quality—the best in rainwear! Look for the label when you buy. The Alligator Co., St. Louis, Los Angeles, New York.

$5^75 to $26^50

. . . AT BETTER DEALERS EVERYWHERE

## Little Giant

Continued from page 11

Moses again. Moses introduced him to the director who was doing a new play by Zoe Akins. Ezra wanted to get in it.

Ezra was in it and the play opened on Wednesday and closed on Saturday. Ezra went in to see Mr. Moses.

"How much do you want for the scenery?" he asked.

The price came down to the usual $35 after a spell of haggling and Ezra lugged his new possessions back to the Academy, where it set him in solid with everybody. That is to say, everybody but his father, who issued an ultimatum. If Ezra didn't get a steady job within two weeks, he'd be dragged back to Philadelphia, reclothed in decent garments and sent off to Yale. In that emergency Ezra landed a job in a Wee and Leventhal Company playing O'Neill's Ah, Wilderness! By chance the company opened in Philadelphia and this finally convinced the family that Ezra had something besides a hatred of chemistry.

His real break came soon after that. Ezra got a small part with Sam Harris, who was doing a play called Room Service. The tryout was so disastrous that Harris dropped the whole business. George Abbott came along and took it over. Ezra went along with the wreckage. He was an understudy for everybody in the cast and later had the same job in Three Men on a Horse. The only trouble was that he never had a chance to play.

### Busy Young Man

But Brother Rat established him, ran for 520 performances and got his financial affairs straightened out. When he went through his experience with What a Life and came out a full-fledged Broadway producer, the rest was easy.

During the run of that play, he had a radio shot on the Rudy Vallee hour, clicked so well that he had two other original sketches on the same program and then hit with the Aldrich Family, which is something of a radio wow.

When See My Lawyer was first submitted to George Abbott, he turned it down. However, that didn't deter Ezra. He got in touch with Richard Maibaum and Harry Clork, the authors, and started working on the script. They tore it apart and put it together again. Then they had it retyped from start to finish and Ezra saw that it got on Abbott's desk again.

"He didn't know it was the same play till he got to the third act," says Ezra. "By that time we had him."

Abbott put the whole thing in Ezra's hands and forgot about it. There were rehearsals in New York and an opening in Baltimore. The New York reviews were decidedly mixed and nobody took the horses out of the shafts of Ezra's carriage and began dragging him through the streets, but the show kept on playing. Ezra has stock in the special corporation which produces the play and also gets a percentage of the gross business.

The Stone family lives as a co-operative unit. There are Ma and a fifteen-year-old sister, who now live in Brooklyn, and Pa, who was out in Hollywood with Ezra during the filming of Siwash. All the family money goes into a common pot, which is managed by Pa. Ezra takes out $50 a week for himself.

As for the future, Ezra is sticking close to George Abbott, who suits him right down to the curb line. Abbott is a very astute Yankee who never uses a dime when a penny will do as well and besides has a feeling for the theater that is uncanny. If George ever needed any recommendation for Ezra he got it during the What a Life experience. The boy put that across like a master. When Abbott's financial manager, who was handling the books on the show, discovered that Ezra was buying advertising throwaways from a union shop for $2.10 a thousand while the Abbott company was paying $8 for the same things, the alliance was practically sealed.

When you see Ezra around Broadway, he looks like a kid of sixteen. He is a bright, alert young bozo, with a sense of humor and a capacity for work that is scandalous. When he came back from Hollywood, he went immediately into the cast of See My Lawyer. On the side he was directing a show to be called Reunion in New York, a revue done by the exiled European actors who did so well last spring with From Vienna. He was carrying on a class in acting at the Academy. He was reading new plays. He was doing his regular radio stuff, which meant several rehearsals, many headaches and one performance a week.

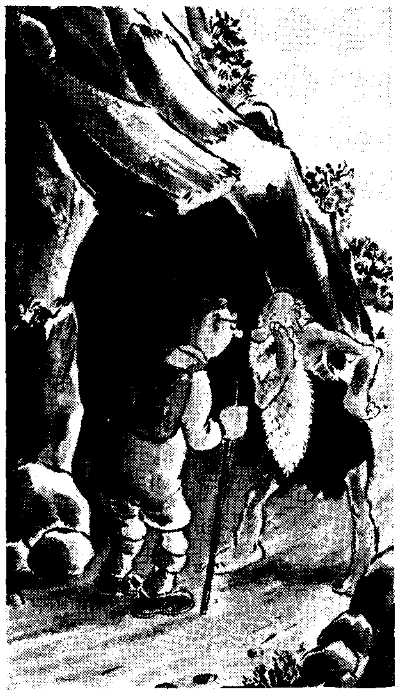
In his spare moments he rushes the young ladies about Manhattan and does a spot of bowling (best score, 165). He is also a camera nut and will show you everything taken in the last three years unless physically restrained. His educational background is not extensive and he reads very little, but he has brains and he keeps in touch with things. Also he gets a great going-over at home.

"Father is a great one for discussions," says Ezra.

They call Ezra lucky around Broadway and it is true that he always seems to land safely on the beach after the storm, but it wouldn't matter in any case. If things didn't come the way he wanted them, he'd go out and drag them in. At an age when most young men are just straggling out of college and wondering blankly about the future, he is a figure of importance in the toughest surroundings ever imagined: Broadway. It's going to take more than a few bad breaks to stop this baby.

After the What a Life experience he feels that he could put any New York show across.

"You just go out and talk your head off," he explains. "That and a few cut-rate tickets. . . ."



**"My wife thinks I'm in Reno"**

JAY IRVING

# Spring Meeting

Continued from page 16

Miss Hayden promptly poured the sample in a corner.

"All is forgiven," Old Man Haseltine announced.

"Say a pretty 'thank you, sir' to Mr. Haseltine," Daniel W. Taber urged. Miss Margie obeyed, but with fire in her eyes, and both Old Man Haseltine and Daniel W. Taber noticed that they were very lovely eyes and reminiscent of pansies. Further appraisal imbued them with the thought that Miss Margie was so beautiful a man couldn't help turning to look after her after looking at her. Indeed, Daniel W. Taber was presently aware of a silence that shrieked, and that he was staring at her. So, as a diversion, he kicked her horse lightly on the rump and asked:

"Has this hide a name?"

"He's called Valle D'or—Valley of Gold to you, Mr. Taber—and I have five hundred dollars to bet, provided the odds are right, that if he starts in the Inaugural he'll win it."

"I'm laying you three to one," said Mr. Taber promptly.

"Taken. Mr. Haseltine is a witness."

"I'd rather have it in writing, Miss Hayden," and Daniel W. Taber got out a memorandum book, made a duplicate record of the bet, signed it and handed her his fountain pen to sign it also.

"Isn't my word good enough for you?"

"It is not. Moreover, I do not know you. In fact, I have never heard of you, which is strange, considering all the talking you do."

"Mr. Taber, you are impertinent."

"Perhaps," he replied lazily, "but any time I insult a total stranger who's trying to be kind to me by saving personal property of no value, and somebody proves to me that said stranger doesn't rate the insult, I don't have to be driven into telling him I'm sorry and begging him to forgive me."

Just then Valle D'or struggled to his feet, rolled a mean eye at Daniel W. Taber, standing behind Miss Margie Hayden, dug his teeth into Old Man Haseltine's left shoulder and swung him violently against the wall. Instantly Maigie Hayden jabbed Valle D'or in the ribs with the pitchfork, while Old Man Haseltine reached up with his right hand, grasped Valle D'or's left ear and twisted it fiercely. Thereupon Valle D'or let go and reared to strike with both front feet, but with an agility surprising in one so aged Mr. Haseltine bounded out of range, for he realized now that, all unsuspecting, he had been fraternizing with sudden death.

THE upper half door was open and hinged back against the wall and a stout steel wire screen had been set up in its place to admit air and sunshine. The lower half door was also open but unscreened, and through it Old Man Haseltine dived like a ballplayer sliding for home. En route he upset Daniel W. Taber, who acted rather automatically, too, tying himself in a knot and rolling out of that stall like a tumbleweed before a tornado, leaving Miss Margie Hayden to be devoured by Valle D'or at the latter's leisure.

Once outside, both men stood up, then, to the credit of Daniel W. Taber, let it be said, he shot back in again. Old Man Haseltine, peering through the wire screen, saw Valle D'or backed into a corner, smacking his lips and nickering in friendly fashion at Miss Margie Hayden.

"How often have I told you not to nip visitors, even if you do it in a spirit of good clean fun?" she admonished the horse. "Now, cut out the practical joking, darling." She searched her coat pocket. "Here, angel. Help yourself to a dried fig."

Valle D'or walked over, took the fig daintily and received a pat on the nose before Miss Margie Hayden turned to leave the stall.

"Hello," she said, observing Mr. Taber standing beside her. "You certainly left in a hurry!"

"Pu-pu-rely a—a—re-re-reflex action, Mis-i-s-s-s—"

"Must you hiss like a goose?"

LIKE so many men who stammer under the stress of fright or excitement, Mr. Taber now whistled shrilly and instantly was normal again. "Purely a reflex action, Miss Hayden," he told her coldly. "Both ways," he added, "for I came back in as fast as I went out."

"Why?"

"To save you from this brute, of course."

"Save me with what?"

Mr. Taber showed her two big fists. "I'd have socked your Valle D'or a couple on the snoot that might have made him change his mind."

"Don't be silly, Mr. Taber." She shoved him gently out the lower half door, followed and closed it.

"How many figs have you given him today, Miss Margie?" Old Man Haseltine ventured to inquire.

"About three dozen, Mr. Haseltine. He's so difficult if he doesn't get his figs."

"Hence the colic," Daniel W. Taber decided, and Old Man Haseltine nodded acquiescence. "How long have you owned Valle D'or?"

"Two months. I claimed him at Agua Caliente. Really, he behaves himself if I give him a few figs. I have to give him a dozen while I'm putting the bandages on him and a dozen more while I'm tying up one front foot so he can't strike at the man who rubs him."

Dan Taber uttered a low moan: "He's a chestnut with black spots on his rump, Mr. Haseltine. You know what that means, of course?"

Mr. Haseltine did. Those distinguishing marks are known and have been known for a hundred years as Ben D'or spots. Ben D'or ran right back to Longfellow and Longfellow was mean, but it was Ben D'or that brought the streak of insanity into the family.

Daniel W. Taber shook his finger under the lovely nose of Miss Margie Hayden. "You get rid of this brute," he commanded. "I know him. He's a killer. He savaged a swipe two years ago at Havre de Grace and about chewed the hand off the last man that owned him. He'll kill you!"

Miss Hayden did not reply. She put her arm around Mr. Haseltine and led him around to her tack room. "Help him remove his shirt," she ordered Daniel W. Taber. "I must inspect his shoulder. I'm afraid Valle D'or got his teeth into you, neighbor." Indeed, Old Man Haseltine had turned slightly greenish.

Miss Margie inspected the shoulder carefully for broken bones but found only bloody abrasions from tooth marks. So she daubed the abrasions with iodine and dressed the shoulder expertly with medical materials taken from a large first-aid cabinet on her tack-room wall. "Your shoulder will be quite sore and lame for two weeks," she advised, "but don't waste money having a doctor look at it. I'll look after you." She turned to Daniel W. Taber. "Please make yourself useful, Mr. Taber. Run back to Valle D'or's stall and see if he has the gripes again."

The moment Mr. Taber had departed

"Poor way to solicit our business! Why don't they make their bulletins easier to read?"

IF YOUR PROSPECT can't read your sales message, you can't hope to get his order. Play safe . . . put your stencil duplicating work on Hammermill Mimeograph Paper. It gives you sharp, readable copies . . . as many as 5000 from one stencil. You can even write on it with a pen; the ink won't feather. Test Hammermill Mimeograph. Send for 100-sheet packet plus "Good Stencil Duplicating"—tips on how to get better results from stencil duplicating equipment.

LOOK FOR THE WATERMARK

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF HAMMERMILL BOND

FREE! 100 SHEETS Hammermill Paper Co., Erie, Pa.
As operators of a model________ Stencil Duplicator, we would like to test Hammermill Mimeograph. Send 100-sheet packet and "Good Stencil Duplicating." (*Students and outside U. S., 50¢*)

Name________________

Position________________

(*Please attach to your company letterhead*) C-4-27

A Ferry Story

Once upon a time, a man drove onto a ferryboat and kept on going. And when they fished him out of the river, he said that he simply couldn't stop . . . Grey-Rock Balanced Brake Linings will give you no such embarrassing moments. They bring you safely to quick, quiet, smooth, and effortless stops—even on ferryboats! That is why an always increasing number of passenger cars, trucks, and buses are turning to these long-lived linings. Drive in where you see the Grey-Rock sign—and stop happily ever after.

Give your car an even brake with

Grey-Rock BALANCED BRAKE LININGS

BRAKES BALANCED Grey-Rock BALANCED BRAKSETS

THIS IS THE SIGN OF A FIRST-CLASS SERVICE STATION

U. S. Asbestos Division of Raybestos-Manhattan, Inc., Manheim, Pa.

CARTA BLANCA SUPERIOR
RUM
Ron
Bacardi Superior
DE
BACARDI y Cía.
MEDALS AWA
IN U.S.A.
ah!

Here's the Recipe in Rhyme!

*The incomparable Bacardi,* most civilized of cocktails, is *expected of you* when you're host. Make it correctly:

**A little sour** (*juice of half a lime*)
**A little sweet** (½ *teaspoonful of sugar*)
**The tropic sun** (*a jigger of Bacardi Rum*)
**Without the heat** (*ice and shake well*)

There are four popular Bacardi types: Bacardi *Gold Label* and Bacardi *White Label,* the finest rums of Cuba . . . Bacardi *Amber Label* and Bacardi *Silver Label,* Puerto Rico's finest, at a saving.

**BACARDI**
**The world's finest RUM, 89 Proof**

THERE'S A DIFFERENCE WORTH KNOWING!

Distributed by Schenley Import Corp., N.Y.C. Copr. 1940

peaceably upon this mission, Miss Hayden turned to Old Man Haseltine. "Tell me about him," she breathed. "Isn't he gorgeous? He's the only man I have ever met with spunk enough to tell a woman where to head in. So good-looking, too, and he uses good English."

Old Man Haseltine declared he had never previously met Mr. Taber. Miss Hayden sighed. "Of course he's a terrible person," she went on as she clamped the end of the bandage down with adhesive tape, "but still I like tall men, even if their manners are atrocious. Dominating type, isn't he?"

On this subject, however, Old Man Haseltine was noncommittal.

Presently Daniel W. Taber returned to the tack room to report Valle D'or out of danger, so they waited until one o'clock to make certain his improvement was not temporary, and then Mr. Taber suggested that they go over to his barn and look at his horses. He said he had some good ones.

"I am not interested in your horses," Miss Hayden declared.

"Then suppose we go to luncheon. Mr. Haseltine, will you accompany Miss Hayden and me to luncheon at the nearest roadside tavern?"

"He will not," Miss Margie assured Mr. Taber, "because I'm not going with you. You're very rude."

"That bout went to a draw," Old Man Haseltine announced. "One more peep out of you and Mr. Taber and me'll conclude you're too short a sport for us to associate with."

"I've already concluded. Come along, Mr. Haseltine," and Daniel W. Taber turned abruptly and started for Barn D, in front of which his car was parked.

"Oh, Miss Margie," Old Man Haseltine pleaded.

"He takes too much for granted," she protested. "I might have accepted an invitation to lunch at his expense but I'll not be ordered and I'll not be expected to accept."

In the morning both Old Man Haseltine and Daniel W. Taber were horrified to see Miss Margie Hayden get out of her car at the stable at six-thirty. She was wearing a skirted riding habit and they saw a swipe waiting outside Valle D'or's stall with an English sidesaddle and a racing bridle. A few minutes later she came out on Valle D'or, and as she passed them she called: "Clock me. I'm going to break him in front of the grandstand and work him a mile in forty for a pipe-opener."

THEY clocked the mile in thirty-nine and a half, proving that Miss Margie, in the parlance of the turf, had a clock in her head. When Valle D'or was back in his stall she put the bandages on him.

"He'd kill a man on sight if he could," she explained, "but he seems absurdly fond of me. I think some man must have been very cruel to him once and he associates the memory of that cruelty with anything in trousers. I wouldn't dare come into his stall wearing jodhpurs."

"You—you—you," Dan Taber stammered.

Margie whistled and brought him back to normalcy. "You're driving Mr. Haseltine and me crazy with worry. We have enough to worry about without adding you to our list."

Old Man Haseltine never forgot the look that admission brought to Margie's lovely eyes. If Dan Taber hadn't been glaring at Valle D'or he would have seen that look, too, and thereby saved himself considerable heartbreak later on. Then Margie murmured, "Pooh-pooh for youse two," which witticism made Dan Taber angry. He said: "Convince a fool against her will, she's of the same opinion still." And stalked off in high dudgeon. Margie gazed after him and again there was that luminous look in her pansy-colored eyes. "Isn't he the lamb?" she cooed.

"No," Old Man Haseltine contradicted her, "he's the goat."

The next morning he took over to the starting gate a horse of his that was on the schooling list. When school let out he asked Jim Hartigan, the starter, what, if anything, he knew about Miss Margie Hayden.

Jim Hartigan replied that he had known her from childhood. Her father had been a veterinarian very much in demand around race tracks, and on Saturdays and during school vacations Margie used to accompany him on his visits. Love of horses was born in her. She had had a general university education and then had graduated as a registered nurse. Then her father had died, leaving her his life savings of about fifty thousand dollars and Margie, grown weary of turning cranky old men over in bed and listening to the wails of neurotic women, had decided to take a long vacation. She spent it at Arlington race track near Chicago. At first she placed two-dollar bets, based on her own handicapping, and made a living. She was out at the track every morning at six, watching the horses train, talking to trainers, clocking their horses; she studied books on English and American training methods. Finally she got bold and bet five hundred dollars on a horse that won at thirty to one and that was not a divine accident but the result of her own astute handicapping. She had won about thirty thousand dollars at Arlington, claimed half a dozen useful horses and shipped to California, where she had won far more than her share of races. The California Horse Racing Board had issued her a trainer's license. She had never been married and Jim Hartigan said she was twenty-six years old, mischievous, merry and masterful.

Regarding Daniel W. Taber, Jim Hartigan, after the fashion of starters, knew all. Mr. Taber had inherited several millions made in soap by his father, and the soap was still working. The young man, it appeared, had no aptitude for the soap business; he had, however, an aptitude for the horse business; like all of his guild he yearned to breed a colt that would win the Kentucky Derby and he had a great deal of money invested in a stock farm in Kentucky and twenty good mares he hoped would sympathize with his ambition in a very practical way. He had, as a result, very fine horses but no great horses. He was his own trainer and business agent and made the horse business pay handsomely.

HAVING imbibed this information, Old Man Haseltine went back to his tack room and waited. Presently Margie dropped in on him. "I'm hiding from that terrible Dan Taber," she confided. "Why doesn't he stick around his own barn instead of lallygagging around mine, looking owlish and inane. I wish I knew something of his background."

"I can supply it, Margie," Old Man Haseltine assured her. "I've got the lowdown on that boy. He's the cast-off son of a well-to-do stockbroker, or at least a stockbroker that was well-to-do once. This Taber fellow was kicked out of Yale for cheating at cards—"

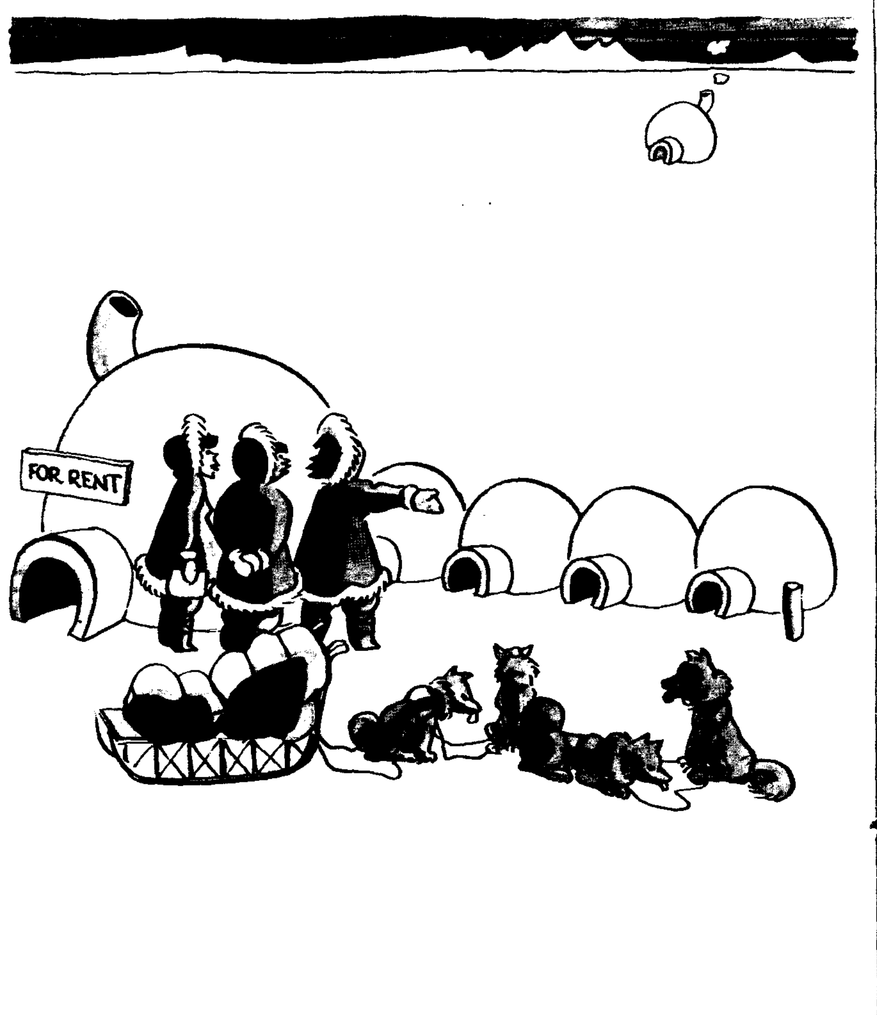
"That," said Margie Hayden, "is a lie. A child could look into that man's eyes and know that he is incapable of evil. He couldn't even simulate evil. He's a gentleman."

"Well, anyhow, he's been in the horse-racing game about five years and has accumulated some useful horses. He's a plunger, though—rich today and broke tomorrow."

"Is he married?"

Old Man Haseltine coughed in order to strangle a chuckle. "I don't know," he replied. "He strikes me as the sort that wouldn't be the least bit attractive to women."

"As a judge of women you're a grand horseman, Mr. Haseltine," said Margie on a sour note and went away. Presently Dan Taber dropped into the camp chair



". . . and this is the garage"

AL KAELIN

Here's a
Taxpaying
Neighbor
of Yours

RAILROADS last year paid 365 million dollars in taxes—a million dollars for every day in the year.

The important thing to you about these railroad taxes is that they are the same sort of taxes you pay on your home or your farm or business—by far the larger amount is paid to the states, counties and local communities. Every state and almost every county benefits by these payments, which go to support the activities of local government—and thereby help keep your taxes lower than they otherwise would be.

Railroad school-tax money, for example, pays for educating about 1,315,000 children every year. And that is only part of the story. Hundreds of counties depend primarily upon the railroads not only for the support of schools but for the maintenance of courts, law enforcement agencies and public services of all sorts.

So the ability of the railroads to make a living and pay taxes is important to every other taxpayer.

But there is also another side to the railroad tax story.

Because the larger part of railroad taxes is levied against tracks, stations and other facilities which the railroads provide and maintain at their own expense, these railroad taxes are not like those paid by most other forms of transportation. The major part of the fees and gasoline taxes paid by commercial trucks, for example, is spent for their direct benefit on the highways they use. But no part of what the railroads pay in taxes comes back to them to help keep up the tracks over which they operate.

Furthermore, railroads are actually taxed to provide and maintain the waterways and highways on which their competitors do business.

All these facts have a definite bearing upon the railroads' ability to make a living. They are something to figure into any program aimed to give the railroads a fair chance to meet other forms of transportation on equal terms.

★ ★ ★ ★

**APRIL**
***"Perfect Shipping Month"***

American shippers and consumers are saving millions of dollars a year because of better shipping and handling of goods, as a result of intelligent cooperative efforts by manufacturers, merchandisers and transportation agencies in the campaign for "Perfect Shipping and Careful Handling."

Let's all work—now—on still better shipping habits that will be profitable throughout the year.

**ASSOCIATION OF AMERICAN RAILROADS** WASHINGTON, D. C.

# HOW TO SOLVE

**one of your most important money problems**

NO MONEY problem you face is more important than the question—"Where does my money go?"!

Do you know?

Or do you try to get through from payday to payday with an income that mysteriously disappears before it should . . . because of expenditures that you *can't account for?* With the result that bills pile up—and you never seem able to get even with the world!

If you make a regular and adequate income, and still find yourself unable to make both ends meet—then you owe it to yourself to do this one thing!

Get your copy of a new book that has been especially developed to help people get their finances on the track—and keep them there! A book that enables individuals *to do for themselves* what every business *must do* to survive.

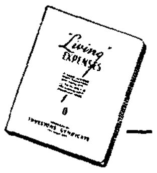
### *The Key to Money Management*

This book gives you a simple, clear, easy way to keep a daily record of all family expenditures. By showing you how you spend your money, it paves the way for better management of your income. It can show how much you should set aside for various living expenses—far better than any ready-made budget which doesn't take into account your personal problems.

The book is called "Living" Expenses and is so clear and simple in its operation that even people who have trouble with "figures" find it easy to use. It is *not* a budget book! A few minutes with this book daily may save you years of regret!

Mail the coupon immediately to Investors Syndicate. Enclose 10¢ in cash or stamps to cover handling and postage. Do it *now!*

Home Office, Minneapolis, Minn. Affiliates: Investors Syndicate Title & Guaranty Co., New York; Investors Syndicate, Limited, Canada.



**INVESTORS SYNDICATE**

Dept.CW40,Minneapolis, Minn.

Please send me your new booklet "Living" Expenses. Enclosed is 10¢ to cover cost of handling and mailing.

Name............................................

Address............................................

City...........................State...............

Margie had so recently vacated. "I wish I knew what the background of that Hayden girl is," he announced. "She interests me, even while she annoys me."

"I wouldn't fall in love with her if I were you," Old Man Haseltine warned. "She's sort of common. Her old man was a horse doctor and I got a notion the girl ain't enjoyed much social advantages. Never did see a girl as pretty as Margie that had sense enough to pound sand in a rathole."

"Mr. Haseltine," Daniel W. Taber replied, "I wouldn't care a hoot if Margie's old man was doing life in Alcatraz for kidnaping. She'd still be down in my book as the lily of the valley."

"I'm afraid," the Machiavellian old Haseltine replied sadly, "that you're down in her book as a century plant."

"Ever since I've met her and her Valle D'or horse a gray scum has come over my life, Mr. Haseltine. I offered her five thousand dollars for him and she declined to sell, although she claimed him for a thousand."

"Why, what would you do with Valle D'or?"

"I'd have Margie muzzle him and hobble him and then I'd put him in a trailer and take him to the Golden Gate Park Zoo and shoot him and let them feed him to the lions."

Old Man Haseltine watched Dan Taber as the latter strolled back to his own tack room. "Love," he remarked to the stable cat, "is a strange and wonderful proposition and I'm a wicked old horse thief but enjoying my sin."

At feeding time that night Margie dropped around to lean over the half door of the stall of Hard Times and watch the animal eat. "Well," she queried carelessly, "have you heard anything new about the Taber creature?"

"Nothing beyond the fact that he's back in his alimony to his third wife and she's threatening to attach his horses."

"How much does he owe the fool?"

"Around ten thousand dollars."

Margie came very close to Old Man Haseltine. "Listen," she whispered "that Dan Taber is just the sort of decent man a no-good woman would hound. I'll bet he was in luck to get rid of her. Listen. You offer to loan him ten thousand to get him out of this alimony jam, because the woman will attach his horses and then they'll be sold at auction for ten thousand when they're worth a hundred thousand. I'll give you the money to loan him, but, of course, you must never tell him."

"Good. I feel sorry for the boy myself. However, let's wait until she attaches. Time enough to talk business then."

"You're an old dear," Margie told him, and gave his hand a little squeeze.

AFTER she had gone home Daniel W. Taber appeared and joined Old Man Haseltine. "Mr. Haseltine," he announced, "I can't sleep nights thinking what a skunk I'll be when I win five hundred dollars from Margie she can't afford to lose. The stewards are going to accept the entry of Valle D'or, but only because she agreed to start him from outside the gate. No assistant starter is to touch him and he is to be muzzled and his rider given instructions to keep him well clear of the field. No capable boy will ride him and her exercise boy is up with an apprentice license."

"That gives him a pull of five pounds in the weights and lets him in with a hundred and twenty pounds while your horse and mine will carry a hundred and thirty."

"Gangway will run his eyeballs out if he was in with a feather. Mr. Haseltine, please do me a favor. Badger Margie into making a five-hundred-dollar bet at three to one that your Hard Times beats her horse. Valle D'or will run in the money but your Hard Times will not. So Margie will break even."

Old Man Haseltine had Margie badgered into making the bet before seven o'clock next morning. Then Margie said: "I see you and the Taber yahoo are quite neighborly."

"I encourage his friendship," Old Man Haseltine admitted, "because I been studying him. Miss Margie, he ain't the man for you."

"Man for me?" she hooted. "I wouldn't marry that big palooka on a bet." She sniffed a gardenia in her lapel. "Mr. Taber brought me this. And he asked me to go to dinner and the movies with him tonight."

"You going?"

"Might as well. He amuses me. But if he makes a pass to get serious—" She ran her finger across her throat.

ON SATURDAY Margie invited Old Man Haseltine and Daniel W. Taber into her box to watch the Inaugural run. "She has the feminine instinct to gloat over us," Mr. Taber declared, on accepting.

Valle D'or was standing on his hind legs when the webbing went up, so he was left at the post and didn't start to improve his position until after the field had passed the half-mile post. Then he commenced moving up gradually until, coming into the stretch, he was sixth in the field of twelve and ten lengths behind Hard Times who was leading Gangway by a length.

"The trouble with women owners," Mr. Taber vouchsafed, "is that they fall in love with their horses and endow them with qualities the nags never possess."

"Ever see a horse drop from the clouds?" Margie cooed.

"Frequently."

"Well, here comes Valle D'or!"

It was a photo finish and when the numbers went up Hard Times had won because he ran with his head outstretched, Valle D'or was second because he ran with his head down a little (if he'd raised it he and Hard Times would have run a dead heat) and Gangway was third by a well-defined nose. So Daniel W. Taber wrote Margie his check for fifteen hundred dollars, Margie borrowed his fountain pen and endorsed the check to Old Man Haseltine and Old Man Haseltine pocketed the check and winked at Taber.

"What goes on here?" Margie demanded alertly.

"Looks like he bet on the wrong horse, Miss Margie."

She left them immediately to go down to the winner's circle to slip Valle D'or a dried fig while a prominent motion-picture actress placed a floral wreath around the killer's neck. "Thinks of everything," Daniel W. Taber confided. "Brains, beauty, virtue, charm, knows how to dress, fast on the uptake, grand sense of humor— Mr. Haseltine, Margie has everything except a heart."

Old Man Haseltine nodded sage agreement to this dictum and then left the box to seek a quiet spot where he could explode. Margie, of course, led Valle D'or back to her stable to tie his leg up while her swipes washed him, after which she cooled him out and put the bandages on him. She was feeding him when Daniel W. Taber stuck his nose in the door and said:

"Margie, I love you. I fell in love with you last Tuesday. I'm nuts about you. Will you marry me?"

"No," Margie replied sharply. "Thank you for the compliment, however."

Mr. Taber withdrew. Presently Old Man Haseltine looked in. "Miss Margie," he said, "I hate myself for winning that race."

"You're an old darling, Mr. Haseltine. But do not feel sorry for me. I'm one woman who can lose and laugh and mean it. If I hadn't beaten Dan Taber, though, my heart would have been scalded. By the way, I've figured out

Easy way to please your men folks!

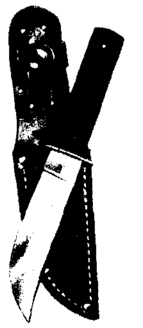
● Next time your man (be he four or forty!) wants something *good* to drink, give him a cool glass of that *tangy* juice that comes from *Florida* grapefruit.

And try some yourself! *Everyone* loves that refreshingly clean taste. Best of all, *this* juice is good for the health in a dozen different ways. It's *loaded* with the vitamins and minerals that help build up resistance to colds and other illnesses.

**FLORIDA**
**CANNED**
**GRAPEFRUIT JUICE**

FLORIDA CITRUS COMMISSION, LAKELAND, FLORIDA

# BOYS! Earn This Knife



YOU can earn this big hunting knife or any of 300 other prizes including a bike, watches, clothing, sporting goods, and Boy Scout equipment. Make MONEY, too! Just deliver our magazines to customers you secure in your neighborhood. Many boys earn a prize, such as a Boeing model airplane kit or a compo-pearl knife, the very first day. To start, send your name, age, and address on a penny postal card *today*. Mail to: Jim Thayer, Dept. C-346, The Crowell-Collier Publishing Co., Springfield, Ohio.

# TIRED?

Has your day's work left you all gone? To prevent those let-downs, increase your *endurance*. There's a new, amazingly simple way to do it; and it works for most people... both men and women.

Just drink 4 envelopes Knox Gelatine daily for 2 weeks...then 2 a day for 2 weeks. After that, drink as required.

Drink it *regularly*. Keep a supply in your bathroom. Drink in the morning when you get up, again at night...*and don't forget*.

Cost? Less than a pack of cigarettes a day.

Plain, unflavored Knox Gelatine (U.S.P.) is the only gelatine *proved* to increase endurance. Bacteriologically controlled to standards higher than certified milk. Sealed in sanitary envelopes, protected until you use them. Buy the familiar 4-envelope package, or the new 32-envelope money-saving package. Ask your grocer or write Knox Gelatine. Also send for Bulletin E. Knox Gelatine, Johnstown, N. Y. Dept. 70.

**HOW TO DRINK:** Empty 1 env. (¼ pkg.) Knox Gelatine in ¾ glass of water or fruit juice, not iced. Let liquid absorb gelatine. Stir briskly, drink quickly. If it thickens, stir again.

that check transaction. He asked you to heckle me into a bet with you because he was certain he was going to win a five-hundred-dollar bet from me and he didn't want to. So he tried to hedge—for me. Now, didn't he?"

"He didn't," Old Man Haseltine lied stoutly. "Don't credit that man with fine feelings when it comes to horse racing."

"He's adorable," Margie declared, "and you're a very poor liar. You never make bets like the one you made with me. You're too wise. Twenty dollars is a big bet for you to make on a horse of yours. You play safe and are content with the purses."

Old Man Haseltine didn't deny this, proving he was guilty. Margie went on: "About two minutes ago Dan Taber asked me to marry him."

"Thought he was fixing to do that. You refused him, of course."

"Naturally."

Old Man Haseltine's jaw sagged, but he recovered quickly. "You did right," he declared. "Somehow, I don't trust that young feller."

"Which proves what a poor judge of men you are, Mr. Haseltine. If I knew Mr. Taber longer—say a month—I might be impressed by him. But one should never trust a precipitate man. How can a girl tell whether he really means it when he says he loves her or whether he's just handing out blarney, because that's a habit of so many men. And besides, when a girl marries it should be for security as well as love. A race-horse man, rich today and poor tomorrow, is not a good marriage risk."

"I wish my head was as level as yours, Miss Margie."

"And besides," Margie continued, "I like to have a man prove he loves me. Talk is cheap. Deeds count."

"They do, indeed, Miss Margie. Well, I got to feed my horses. Good night."

Two days later Margie confided to Old Man Haseltine that Daniel W. Taber was trying to buy Valle D'or and had offered her ten thousand for the brute. "I claimed him for a thousand," she confided, "but I wouldn't sell him to Dan Taber for a hundred thousand."

"Why, Miss Margie?"

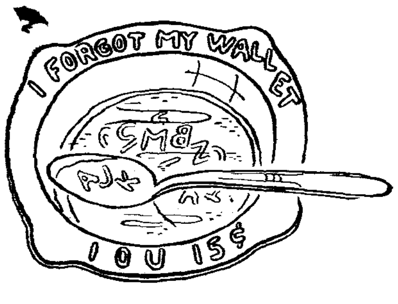
"Because Valle D'or might kill him. Dan Taber thinks because I have won Valle D'or's heart with dried figs he can do it, too. But I know better. Valle D'or would savage him—and I'd feel like a murderess with my fingers dripping blood money."

"That's right," Old Man Haseltine declared and went to his tack room and had a nice little chuckle all to himself.

THE day the meeting closed, Valle D'or won the Au Revoir Handicap at a mile and a quarter, beating Hard Times and Gangway. While Old Man Haseltine was cooling out Hard Times, Margie Hayden was cooling out Valle D'or. In Barn D, across the way, a swipe was cooling out Gangway while other swipes were packing Dan Taber's tack and loading it in a truck, under the watchful eye of the owner.

"The Taber boy is shipping out," Margie called to Old Man Haseltine. "Bet you a dollar he will not call to say goodby to me."

But Old Man Haseltine was not in a betting mood. He handed Hard Times' halter shank to a swipe and walked over to Barn D, took Daniel W. Taber by the arm and walked him around to the other side of the barn and out of Margie's sight. "Where you going, boy?" he demanded.



"Back to Chicago, Mr. Haseltine. This is my first season in California and it will be my last. I'm going back to the Big Apple, where I'll not be tortured daily by the sight of Margie."

"Tell me," Old Man Haseltine urged. "You and Margie have a falling out?"

"No. I've been courting her for thirty days and last night I asked her again to marry me. Nothing doing. So I'm pulling out because Margie is one girl who knows her mind and I'm not the sort to hang around, brokenhearted and pleading for pity. Margie will never run her horses on Eastern tracks, so I'll never meet her again and when that horse kills her maybe I'll not even hear about it. At any rate, I'll not have to go to her funeral."

"Now," Old Man Haseltine declared, "you're using your head for real thinking." And he fled to find Margie and tell her.

"Why, he can't do that," Margie declared, her eyes wide with distress. "He isn't the quitting type. Why can't he stay and give me a fair fight? Does the great booby expect a girl to haul down her flag without firing a shot?"

HER lovely lower lip commenced to tremble, so Old Man Haseltine fled over to Dan Taber's tack room. "Listen, you big bonehead," he hissed. "I told Margie you were shipping out tomorrow and she liked to have laughed herself to death. 'Oh,' she says, 'so he ain't got the courage to stick around until Valle D'or kills me! Well, let him go. Small loss.' "

"Thanks for the inside information," Daniel W. Taber replied, and got into his automobile and left the stables enclosure. A few hours later he went around to Margie's tack room. Old Man Haseltine was sitting there gossiping with her.

"Miss Hayden," Mr. Taber announced with cold formality, "I have just taken your Valle D'or horse and shipped him where he'll never bother you again. Here is a check drawn to your order and signed by me, but the amount has not been filled in. You may fill it in for whatever sum you think proper."

"Suppose I fill the check in for a hundred thousand dollars."

"You are at liberty to do so. And please accept my assurance that the check will not bounce." He bowed stiffly. "Goodby and good luck to you."

Margie stared at him and in her eyes foxy Old Man Haseltine saw again the love light shining. And he knew love light when he saw it, because once, in the long ago, a girl had looked at him like that and it had been spring all year for thirty years with them. "Well, Margie," he piped, "it's your next move."

"Right you are, Mr. Haseltine, and if this lovable booby escapes me he'll have to run faster than War Admiral. Just imagine, Mr. Haseltine, Dan Taber really loves me."

"Greater love hath no man," quoth Old Man Haseltine, "than he who riddeth a girl of a man-eating horse to save the light of his universe."

Margie said: "Mr. Haseltine, you're a lying old schemer."

"I've had experience with balky horses, Margie. My old man used to say: 'Son, if you ever have a horse balk on you put a grasshopper in his ear. It'll give him something new to think about.' So I been putting grasshoppers in your ear and Dan's."

"Yes, you've been so busy you never noticed that I slipped a lady bug in your ear." She tore up Daniel W. Taber's check and before he could say scat she had her arms around his neck.

Old Man Haseltine got up and went out softly and closed the tack-room door behind him.

You may worry about your fly-casting

but here is one worry you can avoid

When you get the line untangled and start home with an empty creel, you can at least enjoy the ride, serene in the knowledge that a bearing isn't going dry.

Providing, of course, you let us Marfak your car every thousand miles. Then you'll have complete Peace Of Mind about your chassis lubrication, from fan belt to rear end.

Marfak is Texaco's famous 40-Point Lubrication Service.

At every vital friction point, we use Marfak—an extra tough lubricant—from which the service takes its name. Marfak is so tough, in fact, it lasts twice as long as ordinary grease.

Stop at the next Marfak Sign, and you'll stop worrying about chassis lubrication.

TEXACO DEALERS INVITE YOU TO tune in the TEXACO STAR THEATRE — A full hour of all-star entertainment — Every Wednesday night — Columbia Network — 9:00 E.S.T., 8:00 C.S.T., 7:00 M.S.T., 6:00 P.S.T.

TEXACO REG. T. M.

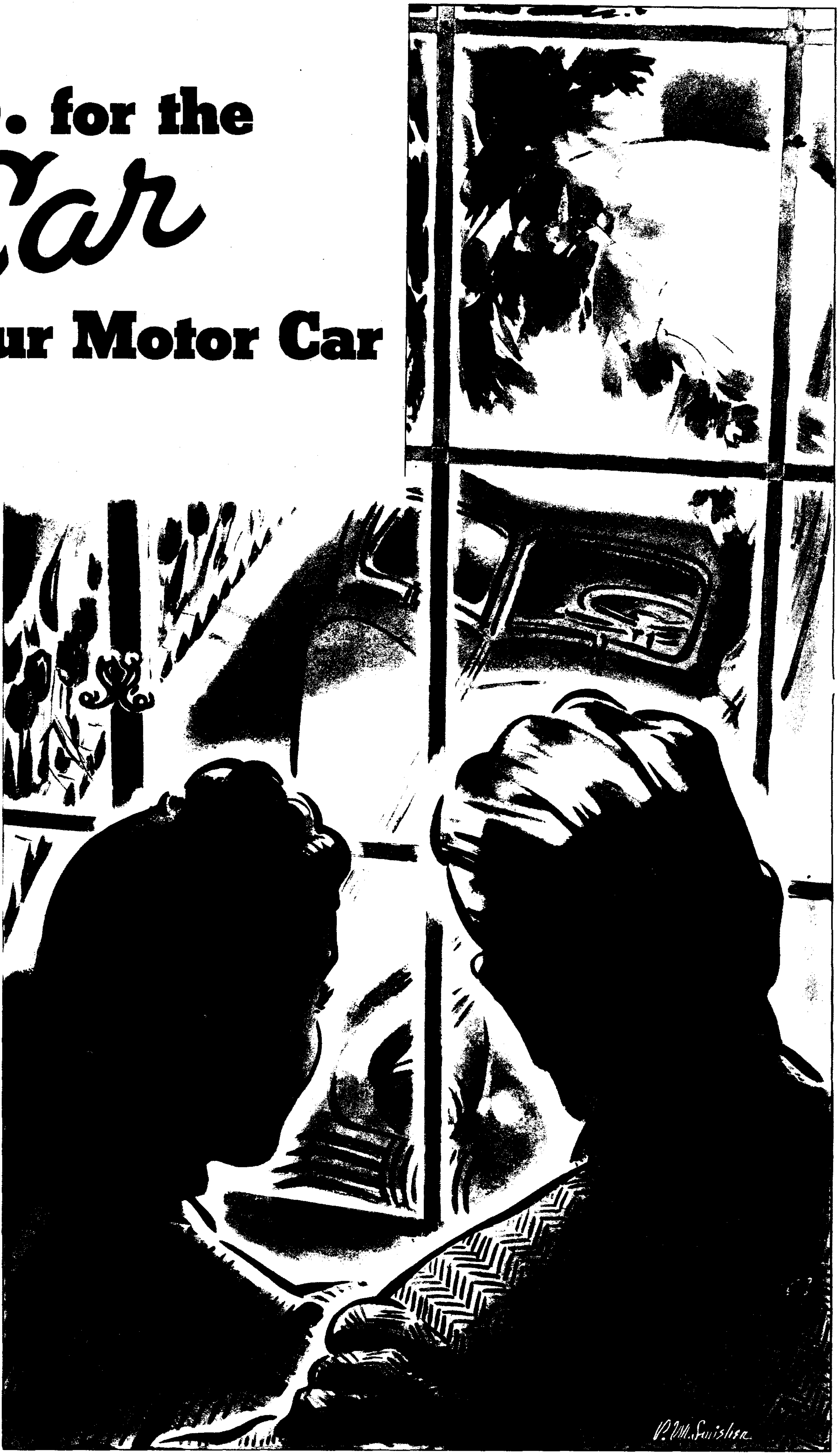
Let us MARFAK your car

TEXACO'S 40-POINT LUBRICATION SERVICE

AT ALL TEXACO AND OTHER GOOD DEALERS

Copyright 1940, The Texas Company

# P.S. for the Car ..of your Motor Car



### The fifth in the Collier's Series on Preventive Service for your automobile

All motor cars are divided into two parts—the "motor" and the "car."

But from the very first days of the "horseless carriage," the idea of a complete power plant under the hood stole the show—and the part that replaced the "carriage" has had to be satisfied with second place in attention from the owner.

And so to give it its due—and more particularly to help you get greater comfort, safety and pleasure from your automobile—this installment of Preventive Service is given over to the body and chassis.

## Simple Principles

To start with, your car has the basic elements of a baby carriage, or any other carriage. The body rests on the frame, the frame on the springs, the springs on the axles, and the axles in the wheels. Then to complete the picture, there are brakes to stop the wheels and a shaft to steer them.

## The First Point of Care

Looking at the car from this elemental viewpoint, it is obvious that the first point of care is to see that all these parts are kept properly lubricated. But right here is where the car ceases to be like a carriage which merely requires axle grease in a few places. On the automobile there are 25 to 50 places calling for a series of different lubricants scientifically applied.

## Let's Take a Look at the Front End, for Instance

Unlike the carriage, where the whole axle pivots at the center, the main part of the front axle on the automobile remains stationary. The ends that go into the hub of the wheels are hinged so the wheels can be turned. The pin that makes the hinge is the King pin—an impressive name that fits its impressive job.

*Copyright 1940, The Crowell-Collier Publishing Co.*

Now, on the average, the King pin gets along without fresh lubrication for about 1000 miles of travel—which seems like pretty good going. Therefore, on the lubrication chart of your automobile, you will find the King pin listed as one of the spots to be lubricated every thousand miles with a lubricant designed for King pins.

Now, while we're at the front end, let's take a look at the wheels. The wheels going around and around the axle are equipped with very fine bearings—bearings that carry the load and other bearings that steady the wheel and provide the alignment. These bearings require a different lubricant than the King pins. Also, by their very nature, they hold their lubricant for longer periods on many cars. Some wheel bearings run along all right without fresh lubrication for 5000 miles and some for 10,000 miles. The lubricant required is specially designed for wheel bearings.

The steering gear sets up different requirements, both for time and type of lubrication. When you turn the steering wheel, the relatively small gear at the other end of the steering column has to transmit the turning effort to the wheels. In some cars, extreme pressure is developed—pressure between the gear teeth that would break down the film of the average lubricant. In such cases, the tough film needed is furnished by what are known as "extreme pressure" lubricants. However, these lubricants also have the job of making steering easy. So they must combine the qualities of being tough enough to withstand pressure and remain "fluid" enough to permit free action in ll kinds of weather. The make of your car determines how often fresh lubricant —and which type—has to be applied. Some steering gears call for attention every thousand miles—others 2000, 5000 and 10,000 miles.

## The Engineer Counted On You

Just these few examples of lubrication needs bring home the fact that the car factories designed the various mechanisms with the understanding that they could count on the car owner to use certain types of lubricants in certain places at certain times. Springs, shackles, tie rods, drag links, plus all the parts connected with developing the power and transmitting it, need specialized lubrication attention. So you, as the owner, have an understood and unwritten agreement with the engineers, that with their design and your care, perfect performance can be achieved.

# P.S.

## PREVENTIVE SERVICE

*Sponsored by Collier's for Motor Car Owners*

To make this "partnership" work, the engineers supply the service stations with complete lubrication charts for every make and model of car. It is up to you to see that a record is kept of the lubrication of your car, so that every part gets attention at the proper time.

## From the Ground Up

Having skipped about, in order to stress the importance of lubrication, let's get on to the various parts of the car. Starting from the ground up, the first stop is the wheels.

Wheels don't need much attention, but they deserve more than they get. A wobbly wheel starts to have some of the action of a lever—and a lever of destruction. The important thing about the wheels is to keep them true on the axle. Here, again, the engineers counted on you, because aside from normal wear, bumps and ruts and road irregularities slowly but surely force wheels out of alignment.

Alignment is a bit tricky. For instance, the engineers want you to keep your front wheels just slightly "pigeon-toed" but each make and model of car is designed for a slightly different degree of "toe-in."

Next comes the problem of camber. This determines the number of degrees the wheels should be tilted in toward the bottom. Then there is the question of "toe-out" which means that when the wheels are turned all the way to the right or left, they should point away from each other a few degrees. Then, there is "caster" and "King-pin inclination"—but that ought to be enough to emphasize the importance of a periodic check on your wheels.

## Tires

Of course, the condition of the wheels has a lot to do with the wear of the tires. Just to convince yourself of this, the next time you are walking along the street, take a look at the front tires on the cars parked along the curb. You will notice tire after tire is worn in the strangest way. Sometimes, you will find them worn so crooked that a big piece of rubber has been gouged out. After an experience like this, you will probably decide to have your wheels checked before you go another mile.

Proper inflation of your tires increases the life of the tires and your ease of steering and parking. (On the average tire, 10 lbs. under-inflation cuts tire life 50%.)

If the tires are under-inflated, a wider surface is in contact with the ground and when you try to get out of a tight parking place, you have to exert a lot of effort to turn the wheels against this added resistance. When the tires are properly inflated, there is less contact with the ground and you will find it much easier to steer. And speaking of putting air in the tires, don't forget to see that the dust caps are put back over the tire valves.

## Shock Absorbers

In order to keep the car from bouncing up and down continually, the shock absorbers check the rebound after the car has gone over any bump, and with no roads as smooth as bowling alleys, the shock absorbers are kept pretty busy. They are bound to need attention some time. It is safe to say that the riding comfort of most cars could be increased by bringing their shock absorbers up to par with adjustment or additional fluid.

## Brakes

To be sure that your brakes are kept in tip-top condition is one of the most important responsibilities of ownership. Just remember that as brakes wear, get out of adjustment and out of balance, the difference at the foot pedal is so gradual that you don't notice how the efficiency of your brakes is diminishing. So don't wait for your brakes to annoy you. Have them checked systematically. Of course, there is also economy in this advice because if brake linings are allowed to wear down to the point where the rivets scratch the smooth metal brake drum, then you have a repair bill tacked on to your relining job.

## Now, Let's Go Above Deck

Starting from the outside, the finish on the body claims first attention.

Body finishes have kept pace with the mechanical development of the automobile and systematic care can keep the original finish in excellent condition. If you protect the finish from the very start, you take the first step in maintaining its beauty.

As your car gets its share of dirt and dust in its travels, the thing to remember is that certain chemical reactions are set up on the surface and to get rid of them requires cleaning before polishing. The quality of the lustre of the finish of your automobile depends upon the smoothness of the surface before the wax or polish is applied. That's why cleaning is so essential in achieving a beautiful result. The lustre of an exquisite piece of Chinese jade is due to its perfection in smoothness.

## Have You a Little Haze in Your Windows?

Don't overlook the item of clear and safe vision. Discolored glass in old cars came from the plastic used in an old form of safety glass. The plastic in safety glass now in use doesn't discolor and is much safer than ever before. You can replace today with safety plate glass which all car manufacturers use for windshields. It won't discolor and it gives you greatest safety and the clearest vision.

## Lights

While on the subject of visibility, let's discuss lights. At nighttime, there is half as much traffic on the road and twice as many fatal accidents. That bald statement is the most powerful reminder that much of your safety depends upon your lights.

The development of more effective headlights has been continuous since the introduction of the automobile. On 1940 models, the industry has made another important step by adopting the new sealed beam lamps. These new lamps, of hermetically sealed construction, provide 50% more light than any previous lamps. This action on the part of the car manufacturers should be a reminder of the importance of lights.

It has been a pretty well established fact that the volume of light coming from the headlights on cars several years old can be doubled by proper servicing. This tremendous increase in efficiency is brought about by replacing blackened bulbs, cleaning the reflectors, replacing cracked lenses and checking the focus and the wiring. There is so much at stake that it certainly does seem wise to make the inspection of your lights a regular routine.

## Housekeeping

The body of your automobile amounts to another room added to your house—and to keep it livable, attractive and in good repair, requires some of the same kind of attention to details that the home receives. Within a compact area, there are doors and windows, floor coverings, upholstery, locks and latches, hinges, door stops and even weather stripping. All too frequently, we suffer continual annoyance by neglecting things around the car that we wouldn't tolerate for a moment in the house.

Maybe the slogan should be "Give the inside of your car the same care you give the inside of your house."

## All These and More

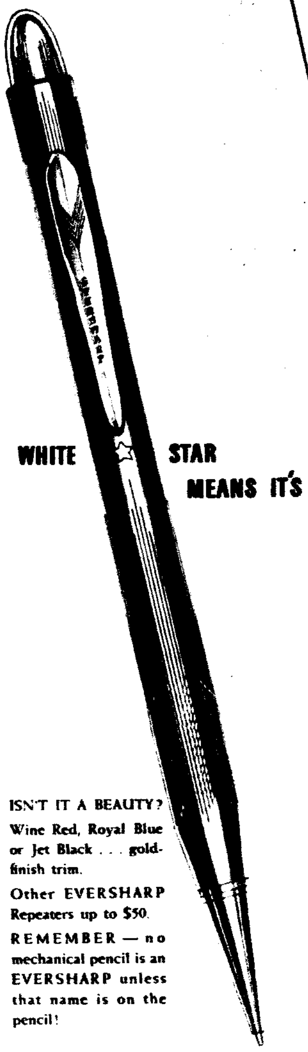
One of the amazing things about the service facilities that have been built up to meet the car owner's needs is that practically all these services are made available within the walls of a single establishment.

When you think of the number of different crafts you would have to call in to have all these items taken care of in the home, service for your automobile seems to have been made pretty convenient.

When you see your service man for Preventive Service, you prepare to get more pleasure, satisfaction and safety from your automobile. *(Advertisement)*

ANOTHER SCOOP FOR EVERSHARP!

WORLD'S FIRST
Thin Lead
REPEATING
PENCIL $1.00



GUARANTEED FOREVER!

LOOK at it!—streamlined and modern as a pursuit-plane's wing—designed to comfort your hand and better your writing. Fill it once or twice a year—it feeds sharp, new points like a machine gun, at a click of your thumb! That's guaranteed to you—by the white star on the barrel—not for years, or a lifetime, *but forever!* Yet $1 buys it—at all good dealers!

ISN'T IT A BEAUTY? Wine Red, Royal Blue or Jet Black . . . gold-finish trim.

Other EVERSHARP Repeaters up to $50.

REMEMBER—no mechanical pencil is an EVERSHARP unless that name is on the pencil!

*ALWAYS USE EVERSHARP LEAD!*

Makes any pencil better—makes your EVERSHARP perfect! Stronger—smoother—blacker—more for your money. Always get this famed Red Top lead—in the red-capped boxes!

45 pieces—Regular Square or Thin Round leads—soft, medium, hard . . . beautiful plastic box only . . . . . . *15¢*

EVERSHARP
RED TOP
LEADS

*Never say "pencil"—say* EVERSHARP

*Manufactured exclusively by* THE WAHL CO., *Chicago*

PENS • REPEATING PENCILS • DESK SETS • LEADS

*SHARPEN YOUR WITS WITH AN EVERSHARP!*

## The Secret of the Marshbanks

**Continued from page 19**

you done to yourself? You look like another woman!"

"It's my hat," said Cherry. The Polk Street creation was on her head, a picturesque hat that came far down over the streaked gold and brown of her hair.

She had on her favorite of the three dresses May had bought her, too—navy blue with two silvery clips that matched the belt clips. The brown coat was not perhaps an entirely fortunate note, but she loved the coat, and her happy feeling of this moment was that she was looking her best.

"It's more than your hat," Kelly assured her. "You've washed your face, too."

HER laugh rang out; he had not heard her laugh before, and as it had impressed Judson Marshbanks at the convent a month or so earlier, it impressed the younger man now as being extraordinarily fresh and pleasant.

"I was tired that night and dirty and I had on my convent uniform," she told him, suddenly serious. "I was horribly unhappy that night."

"Unhappy!" He was genuinely surprised and concerned.

"Yes. I—well, I *was*," she said, a little abashed now that she was embarked on confidence.

"But why? I thought you were sort of thrilled at coming down—Judge Marshbanks didn't tell us much about you, but I thought he said you'd been shut up in a convent most of your life."

"You're not 'shut up' in a convent," Cherry said loyally. "You're really freer than other people. Inside, you know."

His eyes were traveling over her face; he was only half listening.

"I don't know," he said absently.

"Anyway, I saw Amy—dressed and going to a party," Cherry pursued, too hungry for sympathy, too dizzy with the relief of speaking to someone at last on her own terms to be cautious, "and I'd never been in a house like that before, and I knew I didn't belong there—"

"How d'you mean you didn't belong there?" he demanded, as she paused.

"Well, I didn't. I'd never seen a place like that."

"Like *what?*"

"Like Judge Marshbanks' house."

He looked at her a long time, thoughtfully. Or at least, if only for a few seconds, it seemed a long time to Cherry. She felt the warm color in her cheeks and the slow beat of her heart.

"I suppose that's true," Kelly said at last in a surprised tone.

"I'd read about girls making their debuts," Cherry pursued, warmed to the very soul by his attentive, half-sympathetic and half-amused look, "and orchids and all that. But somehow, just that night, to see her so safe and so happy and having such a wonderful time when I was homesick and tired and I knew I looked so awful—"

"Well, of course," he agreed quickly, as she paused in a sort of shame and embarrassment. "Amy, you mean?"

"Amy."

"She's not having such a wonderful time," he said. "It's all comparative. She thinks other girls are having a slightly better time, and that drives her wild. Mrs. Marshbanks, Fran, was speaking of it just a few minutes ago, and saying what fools girls are!"

"Oh, girls are fools all right," Cherry agreed meekly, and as the man laughed she laughed too.

"Mr. Coates," old Mrs. Porter said, breaking into the conversation and leaning across Cherry to catch his attention, "Frances has promised to bring Amy to dine with me two weeks from Thursday, and I want you to come too."

"I'm a dead loss at dinners," Kelly said, laughing. "You'll never ask me again."

"Well, we'll see about that," said the old lady, in high feather. "But you come, now! My nephew George's daughter, Dorothy Page-Smith, is going to be here—comin' up with her mother from Santa Barbara, where they tell me she's been breakin' all hearts, and I want her to meet Amy and some of the other youngsters."

"Jud may not be here; he gets back from Portland tonight," Fran said, "but he may have to go right back again. So Mr. Coates will squire me. I'll guarantee him."

"And you tell Mrs. Dickson to get Mary Trainor and Lizzie Block on that committee!" Mrs. Porter adjured her vigorously.

"I will. I've not been going to the meetings, more shame to me," said Fran, "but I'm going tomorrow and I'll do what I can."

"And you tell 'em Cherry'll send them my check for two hundred."

"I'll tell them." Fran did not say anything about the generous size of the donation, and Cherry fancied that her employer looked just a little dashed and disappointed as the riders cantered away on the bridle path again.

"We none of us understood," Mrs. Porter said then, in her sweet, wistful voice, "why Judson Marshbanks married Frances Unger—she's a very brilliant girl, but I don't think she's pretty, and she's twenty-two years younger than he is. Seems so strange!"

THIS was as near as Cherry ever had heard her come to criticism or unkindness, and she smiled at her interrogatively.

"That doesn't sound like you, Mrs. Porter," she said, with the simple daring that she knew well the old woman liked. "You always say such nice things about everyone."

"Well, I hope I always do, my dear, but somehow that girl always does seem to me outlandish. And I loved his first wife, Mary Lee Carey. She died—oh, ten years ago. Her mother was Sophy Laquelle, French family here—lovely people—consul to San Francisco—all that. We met her uncle—forget his name now, Count Somebody, outside of Paris—Barbizon. It was near Barbizon or else it was St. Cloud—I don't remember—"

She was off on a long story. Cherry could ruminate at leisure upon the morning's encounter, and take out every one of its words and glances and intonations for inspection, with the warmest feeling at her heart that in the last few months—perhaps in her entire life—she had ever known.

A day or two later a package came for her. A round, silver-paper box of candy was inside, tied with a gay bow of scarlet ribbon. Within again, on the soft silver paper that covered a circle of chocolates, was a card—a brown card with the name of James Kelly Coates on it, and in the corner, also engraved in brown on paler brown, the address "Topcote, Spanish Farm Road, Sausalito."

Scribbled on the card were the words: "It was to have been your first orchid. But this seems more practical just now."

And below, in fine writing: "By the way, it's pronounced 'aw-kid,' not 'orchhid.' No one seems to know why!"

Cherry found this package in her room

upon returning from a drive. In a few minutes she would be expected downstairs to preside at the tea table and listen to old-lady talk. But for just a dizzy space she must give way to the keenest ecstasy that a girl's heart ever knows—the first fragrant breath that blows from a country too dazzling, too magical to be entered except with bated breath and timid steps.

The card in one hand, the box in the other, she went to the window and stood staring, staring unseeing at the close of the winter day in the shadowy streets, at the whitecaps on the ruffled bay, the dark silhouette of Tamalpais against the cold lemon- and lead-colored streaking of the west. And at that minute Cherry would not have changed places with any other woman in the whole world.

THIS was Thursday, and he would be here to dinner two weeks from tonight, her heart sang. And whether he noticed her or not, or spoke to her or not, she would see him—she would see him laugh and hear his voice and perhaps she could find an unobserved second in which to murmur thanks to him.

Mrs. Porter's proposed dinner party for a chosen dozen of the debutantes took on increasing importance as the days went by, and, by the debutantes' mothers and families, was by degrees developed into a much larger affair. It was a long time—perhaps twenty or twenty-five years—since entertaining on a large scale had taken place in the old Glashell mansion, and the newspapers made much of it, and many were the friendly offers of assistance to Cherry's old employer as the plan got fairly under way. The original twelve girls swelled to a score, to thirty, for there were many who must not be forgotten, and at least forty eligible young men were asked to join them. Then certain favored and intimate elders were included to save the hostess the least effort, and in no time at all caterers had come in to set tables and decorate them and prepare a sumptuous meal for one hundred guests; florists arrived with palms and ropes of chrysanthemums; newspapermen and photographers gave the house no rest; a five-piece orchestra was engaged, and Mrs. Porter remained in bed all day, getting herself completely rested and ready.

To Cherry's eagerness and inexperience and hunger for excitement all this was satisfying beyond words. She was everywhere; she helped with everything; she even tried a little innocent flirtation with the decorator's boy.

In the midst of the flurry the guest of honor, Dorothy Page-Smith arrived with a formidable mother as escort, and took possession of one of the big rooms on the second floor. This alone would have supplied Cherry with pleasurable interest, for Dorothy was a harmless, indeed a seemingly half-witted little creature who turned to Cherry at once as being the only other person of anything like her age in the house, and in a babyish lisp consulted her about her gowns, her hair arrangement, her beaux and the possibility of her having anything but a "wotten" time in a place where she just didn't know one "thingle thole."

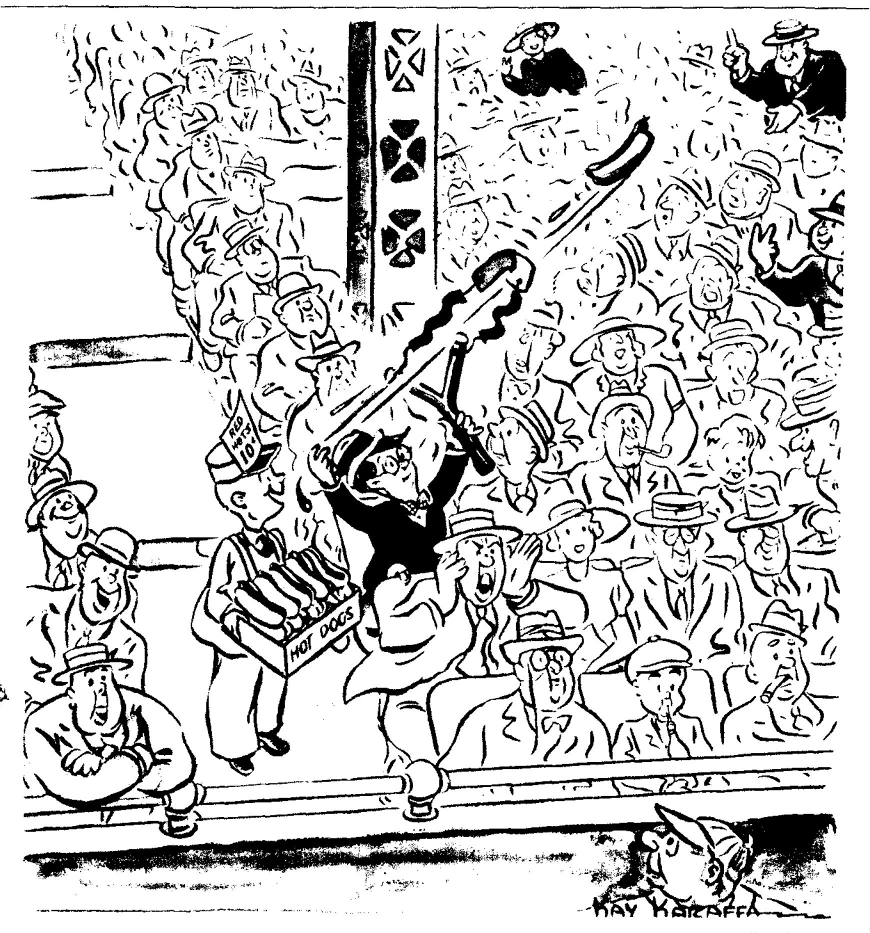
Dorothy was so completely scatterbrained that she had the effect of making Cherry feel self-reliant and strong, and Cherry advised her and consulted with her and laughed with her until the magnificent, dismal old house seemed more like a human habitation and less like a vault than she could have imagined possible. Had every other consideration failed, there would still have been for her the thrilling realization that Kelly Coates was to be among the guests.

The day of the party was overcast with a cold rain spattering down.

At seven o'clock, trim and demure in her blue dress with the silver buttons, Cherry went into Mrs. Porter's bedroom to find Emma and Ferny busily getting the old lady into a magnificent robe of silver-and-blue brocade, decorating the beautiful curls of her rich white hair with diamond butterflies and preparing her with a preliminary cup of tea and chicken sandwich for the evening's frivolities.

She had at first planned to go downstairs tonight, to be installed majesti-

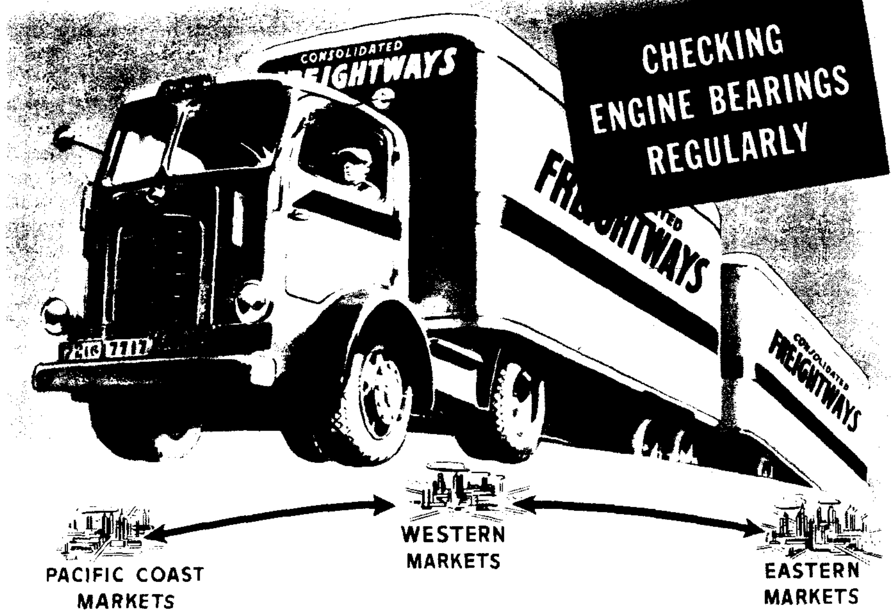
**USEFUL EUSTACE**



KAY KARAFFA

*Mr. Car Owner! We get* TOP PERFORMANCE *all the time by*

CHECKING ENGINE BEARINGS REGULARLY



CONSOLIDATED
*Says* FREIGHTWAYS
of Portland, Oregon
the longest motor freight line in the world!

IN SERVICE between the Pacific coast and eastern markets, Consolidated Freightways operates 400 motorized units in excess of 12,000,000 miles annually. It carries tremendous tonnage safely, smoothly and economically over more than 8,200 miles of line, the greatest distance any motor freight company operates in the world. Hauling a large percentage of perishable freight and encountering every type of highway condition, Freightways' trucks must be kept in first class shape always to produce peak performance and "on time" schedules. "We do this by checking operating efficiency regularly," says Consolidated Freightways. "To prevent motor-fouling, engine bearings are inspected at frequent intervals, and when worn, replaced with Federal-Mogul Oil-Control Bearings."

Take a tip from this great fleet! When motor-fouling oil waste causes sluggishness, poor pick-up and high operating cost in YOUR car, go to your nearest Federal-Mogul service expert. Do as the big fleets do, let him check engine bearings with the scientifically accurate Federal-Mogul oil leak detector. If bearings are worn, replace them with Federal-Mogul Oil-Control Bearings to restore power, pep, economy! Remember, new piston rings are *not* a cure-all. When oil pumping starts in engine bearings, correction must start there, too. See your Federal-Mogul Bearing Expert!

FEDERAL-MOGUL CORPORATION, DETROIT, MICH.

THE SIGN OF SCIENTIFIC CHECK-UP

AUTHORIZED FEDERAL Mogul ENGINE BEARING SERVICE

Using oil? Stop where you see this sign. You'll find an engine expert who can accurately tell you what's wrong and what's needed to stop oil waste, restore fine performance! He knows his business. He knows there is no magic cure-all for oil pumping—he will give you the facts! Look for this sign!

GET THIS *Quick* TEST

Don't guess at the cause of oil pumping! Ask for the Federal-Mogul Oil Leak Detector Test, which now makes it possible to check internal engine conditions in a few minutes, without opening up engine. *See for yourself* what causes oil pumping, how to stop it!

WORN BEARINGS CAUSE OIL PUMPING

REPLACE WITH

FEDERAL Mogul

ENGINE BEARINGS FOR EQUIPMENT—FOR SERVICE • ENGINEERED FOR OIL-CONTROL

YANKEE HANDYMAN TOOLS
No. 33H
YANKEE HANDYMAN
HANDYMAN

SEE YOUR DEALER'S DISPLAYS OF "YANKEE-HANDYMAN" TOOLS FOR HOME and SHOP

NATIONAL HARDWARE *Open House* APRIL 25 TO MAY 4

FAMOUS "YANKEE" RATCHET

No. 133H DRIVES SCREWS ..BORES HOLES

$1.25

**No. 133H** has *spring in handle* for greater speed in driving or drawing screws. Bores holes with ease, when used with "Yankee" Accessories. Price of Driver, **$1.25.** Accessory Pak—extra Chuck, 3 Drill Points, Countersink, 5/32"-Bit—**75c,** sold separately.

**No. 33H.**—Same "Yankee-Handyman" *without* spring in handle. Price, **$1.00.** Bores holes, too, when used with Chuck and Drill Set.

**No. 233H.**—Screw Driver & Push Drill. Finest "Yankee-Handyman" made for boring holes, driving and drawing screws. Price, **$2.25** complete with "Yankee" Drill Accessories in Transparent Magazine Handle.

$2.25 No. 233H

25¢ **No. 2H** "It Ratchets" . . . to drive pesky little screws. Length, 4 1/16".

---- **INTRODUCTORY COUPON** ----

**North Bros. Mfg. Co., Philadelphia, U. S. A.**

If dealer cannot supply you, enclose Money Order for delivery *postpaid* of "Yankee-Handyman" Tools, as checked:

☐ **No. 133H** Spring in Handle Spiral Screw Driver with one blade, ¼" . . . . . $1.25
☐ **No. 33H** Spiral Driver. One blade, ¼" 1.00
☐ **No. 330H** Accessory Pak (for 133H; 33H) .75
☐ **No. 233H** Driver & Push Drill *Complete* 2.25
☐ **No. 2H** Screw Driver. "It Ratchets". . .25

Name..........

Address.......... C-427

cally in some great chair, to welcome her guests herself. But this seemed at the last moment too great an effort. After infinite discussion with Emma and Cherry, Ferny the colored woman, Keno the Japanese, and the doctor, it was decided that the old hostess remain upstairs.

So they propped her up comfortably and arranged the lights becomingly, and were barely finished as the clock struck the half-hour after seven, when Dorothy and her mother came in to preen themselves under the old lady's approving eyes; to admire her and be praised themselves. And in another half-hour three or four mothers were there, and quite a little reception was going on in the upstairs sitting room. At Cherry's suggestion the arriving guests were to be sent upstairs in detachments; she went below at half past eight to find sixty of them milling about enjoying a succession of cocktails, and was reminded of old days at Saint Dorothea's and school theatricals as she sent them up in parties of six, and moved about among them.

ALTHOUGH the house was warmed by a furnace, big fires were blazing brightly everywhere; the hideous big chandeliers were dark, candles and a few dim lamps were the only supplement to the firelight, and in the soft glow the girls looked lovely in their floating and glittering gowns, and the constantly forming and dissolving groups made one dramatic picture after another.

Unexpectedly, Cherry found Amy Marshbanks in the center of an admiring circle, and hated herself for the wretched little prick of jealousy that rose even through her new-found sense of ease and power. She looked for Fran and Kelly Coates, but they were evidently coming later; they were not in sight. When the time came for her to say to Amy that if she would please—would any four of them—go upstairs and say good evening to Mrs. Porter, Amy stared at her amusedly, entirely without recognition, and said in an undertone to an adoring boy beside her:

"What's the big idea? Is Nursey telling us to say we had a nice time?"

She floated away, a vision in a frothy peach-colored gown and Cherry tried to go on with her manipulating and greeting and directing of guests in the mood she had known a moment earlier. But it was a hard struggle; the hardest element in it perhaps the fact that Amy was as blandly unconscious of her identity as of the fact that she had been rude.

The two great drawing rooms that were connected by folding doors had been thrown open; the formal French parlor across the wide hall had its fire and its sprinkling of young persons; the enormous "blue room" had been put into commission and would presently be used as a supplementary dining room; tables in the great library were piled with men's hats and overcoats and mufflers and the hall and the "red room" were cleared for dancing.

There was a smaller library known as "the den," tucked away under the wide turn of the stairway; it had a cozy enough little fireplace, and the door into the hall was open if inconspicuous, but when Cherry approached it to answer the telephone that was placed in the hall near it she had no idea that anyone was in the room.

The voice on the telephone was that of an agitated gentleman who was bringing a lady up from Hillsborough and had had the misfortune to break a spring while driving. They had sent for a taxi, but "Hang it, they would be awfully late—it was nine o'clock now—would someone explain to Mrs. Porter—"

Reassuring him and informing him that nobody had yet gone out to dinner and that there were no immediate signs of anyone's doing so, Cherry's eyes moved absently to the open door of the den, and rested incuriously upon a pair of satin slippers that in their turn were resting upon one of the tasseled taborets that stood before the fire.

The wearer of these slippers, whoever she was, was sunk so deep in a great chair that in the comfortable position she had assumed her heels were at least as high as her head. The firelight twinkled on the slippers and on the swirl of her vermilion velvet gown; she was evidently whispering, for Cherry heard no words distinctly and yet there was some one there with her.

Cherry went upstairs with her message that Miss Trotter and Mr. Buddy Brown would be a little late, to find the detachments coming and going between the downstairs rooms and Mrs. Porter's apartments, and any serious consideration of dinner as far removed as ever.

Emma said with her usual air of stern but repressed annoyance that this would never do, and just as the delayed couple arrived from Hillsborough, at twenty-two minutes past nine, the eight-o'clock dinner began to take shape and form, guests straggled toward the tables and looked for name cards, and waiters began to serve smoking cups of madrilene.

It was at this moment that the couple whose privacy she had observed sauntered from the den. Cherry, halfway up the stairs to find Keno and ask the little Japanese maid to keep an eye open for a lost evening bag of silver and amethysts, happened to see them come out. She paused on the stairs to watch them make their leisurely way toward the dining room. They stopped once in the lower hall, the man speaking earnestly, the woman listening with a bent head, giving him only an occasional swift upward glance.

Kelly and Fran. Kelly and Fran. The sight made Cherry feel first a little weak, and then heartsick. They had come supposedly to keep an eye on the younger crowd, to help with the party. They had really come to seize an opportunity of being alone and unobserved together. Of course! Of course!

All her bright, vague hopes for what this evening might bring were destroyed instantly. Everything was a dull and dreary blank now; Cherry hated every detail of the party, dragged herself through the next hour or two by sheer force of will.

THERE was plenty for her to do, for the cocktail hour had been a time of great confusion, and the downstairs rooms were a scene of wild disorder. Sticky glasses and cigarette ashes were not only where they belonged but scattered about everywhere, leaving wet rings or sooty smudges on mahogany and brocade and helping to make the hot air almost unbearable. Cherry and Emma directed the caterer's men as to where chairs and lamps belonged, somebody opened windows and permitted drafts of sweet, fresh night air to enter and Keno gathered up handkerchiefs and crushed orchids and cigarette cases and furs and carried them up to the bedroom where the girls had left their wraps.

During this busy, hurried time, messages were continually coming downstairs from Mrs. Porter, up to whose room Cherry ran a dozen times. Her employer wanted blandly to know if everything was going nicely, was enthusiastic as to her own share of the festivities and would like another cup of that delicious madrilene. Ming Wo so rarely made madrilene and she had always been so fond of it!

The dinner party had progressed to the breast of milk-fed chicken with Virginia ham and mushrooms and to procure another cup of the soup was like returning to some event of the dim past. When that was accomplished, Mrs. Porter was delicately picking at some rich concoc-

Spring Radiator

QUIZ

**Q** With horsepower and engine speeds increasing, how can car radiators be made so small?

**A** Radiator efficiency is increased by making water passages smaller and walls thinner.

**Q** But doesn't this increase danger of clogging and leaking?

**A** Yes! Even a little scale can clog those passages—a little corrosion may cause leaking.

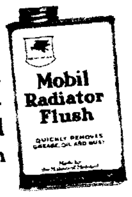
**Q** What can be done to help protect the radiator and keep the cooling system efficient?

**A** Make sure they are cleaned thoroughly and then condition the water as described below.

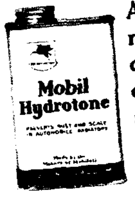
Mobil Radiator Flush

Get Rid of Muck and Dirt
MOBIL RADIATOR FLUSH

This special liquid loosens and emulsifies rust, grease, and scale so that they wash out more easily. It is non-caustic and entirely safe to use in the cooling system.



Prevent Rust and Scale
MOBIL HYDROTONE



A vital need of modern radiators. It checks chemical action that causes corrosion and scale. Safeguards radiator from clogging and leaks. Only 39¢ a can.

Buy where you buy Mobiloil or Mobilgas

Mobil Specialties SOCONY-VACUUM

MOBILGLOSS · MOBILWAX · MOBIL STOP-LEAK
MOBIL HANDY OIL · MOBIL RADIATOR FLUSH
MOBIL WINDOW SPRAY · MOBIL UPPERLUBE
MOBIL HYDROTONE · MOBIL SPOT REMOVER

*BY THE MAKERS OF MOBILOIL*

tion of crab meat and allowed the soup to cool untouched, but she would like, said the old lady rather wistfully, to have "one of the girls" come up and put her room in order. Both the downstairs girls were occupied in the room where the coats were laid, partly to direct and help the women guests who were continually appearing in need of powder, [illegible]s, a needle and thread, a telephone call, and specifically to identify the valuable furs left in their charge and make sure none were stolen.

But Cherry managed to detach Alma for half an hour, and to free Keno from other duties, and presently Mrs. Porter's sitting room was fresh and orderly again, and its priestess brushed and powdered and rouged and re-established on her chaise longue and ready to receive callers when dinner was over.

Bridge and backgammon had been set out in one of the parlors now; the orchestra concealed behind the inevitable palms was playing provocative dance music. Couples were leaving the dining room to dance for a few minutes, were returning to play absently with alligator-pear or frozen pudding. Cherry looked into the upstairs bedroom to find Alma and Hatty deep in a muttered conversation, and presently discovered them to be also in a surprising state of resentment.

"They're doin' nothin' but makin' fun of the old lady," said Hatty. "Her champagne's good enough for them, and her dinner's good enough for them, but 'Oh, ain't she a scream,' and 'Ain't this a queer old vault!' and 'Lord, my dear, you let me into this; I never would have come!' "

"An' they says, 'How early can we get out and go somewhere and dance?' " added Alma.

"And that Randall girl says, 'Don't forget Papa has the Porter estate to handle!' " indignantly contributed Hatty.

Cherry was the more disturbed to hear the maids' views because they confirmed an uneasy and shamed impression of her own. An impression that the flattery and kisses that went on in Mrs. Porter's room were not sincere, that behind the old lady's back there were patiently resigned sighs and shrugs, and a good deal of the raising of amused and contemptuous eyebrows. Mrs. Porter's dinner dance for the debutantes would be long remembered, but not with the gratitude she imagined. The words "horror" and "awful" and "lousy" and "just about the limit!" would be used more often than more complimentary terms. Cherry felt a sudden rush of resentment, of pity for her employer. It was too bad of them to have flattered her into this effort, only to make fun of her when she had so hospitably undertaken the worry and strain of it!

Stepping back into the hall, and going to look down at the lower floor, to see if the dinner was about over, Cherry was shocked suddenly to hear the sound of sobbing. Who was crying?

It came from Dorothy's room. Cherry went softly toward it, and as the door stood open a crack, she pushed it further open and went in.

Dorothy, her party frock crushed into stringy limpness, was lying across the bed crying bitterly. She had a chiffon handkerchief pounded into a wet ball in her hand, and was digging at her eyes with it, and snuffling and sobbing like a heartbroken child of three.

AFTER a moment's hesitation Cherry went irresolutely toward her and put a hand upon her. Dorothy sat up with a bounce and confronted the other girl with tear-wet, angry eyes.

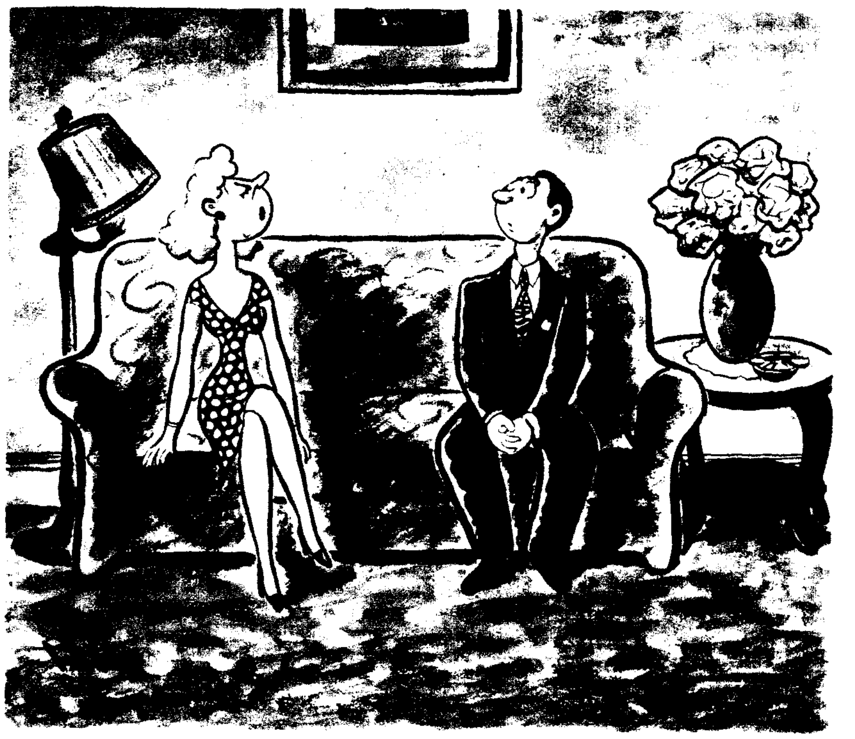
"Thnobth!" she said thickly. "I hate them all! I hate that thnobbith Amy Marthbankth like poithon!"

"Dorothy, what's happened?"

"Nothing hath happened! Everything hath happened!" Dorothy answered, controlling herself for a second before beginning to cry, but more quietly, again. "Oh, Cherry!" she whimpered, her wet face against Cherry's, and Cherry's comforting arm around her. "Why did I ever come to this damnable, detethtable party! Amy got him away from me—that'th *all* she wanted to do, thith boy I told you about, who'th been to Williamth and knowth everybody and wath so kind to me all thummer! He'th twenty-four, and he playth polo—"

There was a great deal of it, and Cherry had to find a fresh handkerchief and a fresh gown, and work wonders with liquid make-up and powder before Dorothy could be persuaded to descend to the scene of revelry again. Several times during the process Dorothy stopped, disheartened, and was all for pleading a headache and slipping off to bed, but finally Cherry saw her started downstairs, and was free to go her own way.

The endless evening dragged its way to midnight, and the guests began to



"I'll have to ask you to apologize for what you're thinking"

SYDNEY HOFF

SOME LETTERS ARE MEDIUM
SOME ARE LONG
SOME ARE SHORT
MAGIC MARGIN
ROYAL

MAGIC* MARGIN

*takes care of*

*ALL letters INSTANTLY*

*ONLY ROYAL HAS IT!*

**SIMPLE** as turning on a light! With this startling, new feature, the operator *automatically* changes margins to fit her typing!

Executives may never have thought much about margins—or margin setting, either. But secretaries and typists have! They've had to "size up" every letter—then "set it up"—struggle with tedious hand-set margin "stops," waste time and tempers.

**FOR EXECUTIVES:** That's all over—in thousands of offices—in *yours*, if you say the word! MAGIC Margin sets margins *by a flick of the finger* . . . works wonders with reports and forms . . . helps every operator *make every letter better!*

**With MAGIC Margin** (a patented Royal feature) the operator can *instantly* (1) arrange left- and right-hand margins—balance the white-space for short, medium and long letters; (2) indent paragraphs and quotations; (3) set up any series of points. MAGIC Margin takes complex forms in its stride—invoices, envelopes, and cards.

Royal Typewriter Company, Inc., 2 Park Ave., N. Y. Factory: Hartford, Conn. *World's largest company devoted exclusively to the manufacture of typewriters and typewriter supplies.*

CALL ROYAL . . .

Give the New Easy-Writing Royal THE DESK TEST . . . it costs nothing. And it will prove everything. In your office, with your own operators . . . Compare the Work!

*Trade-mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

EASY-WRITING

Copyright 1940, Royal Typewriter Company, Inc.

ROYAL TRADE MARK

WORLD'S NO. 1 TYPEWRITER

tasty brain teaser

BRIGHTENS FOOD FLAVOR

What Is the Origin of the Name "Sirloin"?

*ANS.*—An ancient English legend hath it that Henry VIII was so pleased with a piece of beef, that he drew his sword and knighted it, dubbing the cut "Sir Loin." Another version attributes the story to King Arthur; still another to James I. But one thing is certain—Lea & Perrins is King of Seasoning Sauces for bringing out the full natural flavor of sirloin or any other kind of meat. It is also famed as a royal appetite treat when added to soups, seafoods, salad dressings, and gravies.

LEA & PERRINS
Sauce THE ORIGINAL WORCESTERSHIRE

SO YOU'RE GOING TO ST. LOUIS! STAY AT
Hotel Lennox
IT'S RIGHT DOWNTOWN, GOOD PARKING... AND MAN, WHAT SERVICE!
ALL ROOMS WITH BATH—RADIO RECEPTION

Make your own REPAIRS

• Why "send out" repair jobs you'd have fun doing yourself? With CASCO FLEXIBLE CEMENT around the house, you're ready to fasten wood, paper, fabric, leather—to metal, plastics, glass or *any* household material.

And your repairs will *hold*, even when exposed to heat and moisture. CASCO FLEXIBLE CEMENT has been *proved* by years of industrial use.

Clean to use. Excess cement rolls easily off fingers. Large tube, 25¢ at hardware stores.

CASCO FLEXIBLE CEMENT

FOR HEAVY-DUTY WOOD GLUING

You'll need CASCO POWDERED CASEIN GLUE. No heating. Accepted by woodworkers and manufacturers as the standard glue for weight-bearing wood joints. 10¢ to 65¢ at hardware stores.

Casein Company of America
350 Madison Ave., New York

disperse. Mrs. Porter, when they came in to say their goodbys, protested kindly. It was early yet! Why, when she was a girl they had often danced right into the morning! But the pretty girls and the hoarse, polite young men were firm. Some of the boys were working, they explained; they had to keep early office hours. By twos and fours they dwindled away.

Cherry knew that they were all going off somewhere else to dance. She heard them promise one another to meet later "At the Fairmont," or "At the Mark." She heard them laughing at their evening's entertainment, and their "Whews!" of relief as they disappeared into the darkness outside the front door. The whole thing had been ridiculous and a failure, she decided, going downstairs for the twentieth time that evening to see if the bridge players were still at their game.

FRAN was playing hard. Two other tables were deserted, littered with cigarette ashes and chocolate frills, scribbled scores and torn paper. Apparently nobody was in the least concerned with the convenience of the family, nobody glanced at her, and she was returning upstairs again for the purpose of asking Emma if she should stay up to put out lights, or if Fairfowl would, or what was the procedure, when Kelly Coates came down the stairs, met her halfway, smiled at her and arrested her with a hand on her arm.

"Sit down here a minute," he said, immediately seating himself on the landing's top step. "How's it gone? Had any fun out of it? I've seen you coming and going and didn't know whether it was any fun for you or not. Get your candy?"

"Oh, it was wonderful, Mr. Coates."

"Not your first box of candy, I suppose?"

Cherry was too dizzy to know what she said by way of reply. She tried to make it grateful. But merely talking to him confused her so that her head seemed full of slowly bursting stars rather than brains. The lost evening was suddenly aglow with color and light. She was to have her moment after all!

In her agitation she said exactly what she would have wished not to say. Swallowing hard and with a nervous, quick laugh she asked:

"Didn't . . . didn't Mrs. Marshbanks look lovely tonight?"

For a minute his expression was so odd that she was terrified. He didn't like her saying that! Then he said briefly:

"Lovely."

Blundering on, in spite of a half-defined feeling that he would not like to talk about her, Cherry said:

"I used to think she was almost—well, homely. But when you know her face you see that she's beautiful!"

He had folded his arms, in a favorite gesture of his, and was looking at her seriously.

"Fran," he said simply. But the word brimmed with some secret magic for him, and she felt its echoes reach her, and was chilled. "The Randalls are taking her home," he added. "I've got to be on my way back to Sausalito. But you—what kind of a time have you had?" he asked after a moment.

"Rotten," she said, suddenly hungry for his sympathy and understanding. It was unwise, it was impulsive, she knew it, even as the ground slipped away from beneath her feet. "I hate that Amy!" she said. "That is, I don't hate her," she amended it, "but she treats me as if I wasn't there—didn't count."

"I suppose so," he conceded with a thoughtful look. "Give it time," he went on, with a little stress on the last words, "give it time. You'll leave Amy behind you some day, and then this will all seem very small-girl stuff. Patience, Cherry."

His use of her name, his serious consideration for her ill-timed outburst destroyed the last shred of her reticence. She was tired, excited, jealous, lonely; she wanted somehow to hold him, and blindly reached for whatever claim upon his interest she could find.

"No matter what I did," she said, looking down shyly and fingering the ornamental end of one of the brass rods that held the stair carpet in place, "no matter what I did I would never matter to *you*, I know that! You'd never think of me as anything but a girl from Saint Dorothea's who didn't count—you'd go on falling in love with Mrs. Marshbanks—of course," Cherry floundered on wretchedly. "I know I'll never be like that—dressed that way and playing bridge and all; she's been in Europe—but if I had clothes and money—if my husband was as wonderful as Judge Marshbanks—I couldn't—I know I couldn't—"

She stopped in a terrifying silence. She could not raise her eyes. As Kelly got to his feet she rose too, but still she could not look at him.

"I'm sorry," she said thickly, when she could not bear it an instant longer.

"Well!" the man said dryly, on a surprised breath, as she came to a horrified and frightened pause. And forcing herself at last to meet his eyes, Cherry saw that he was smiling, in a sort of annoyed indulgence, as one might smile at a forward child. At the look her soul died within her. Those eyes could never again hold anything but contempt and dislike for her. Presently with a nod and a quiet "Good night" he left her, descended the stairs; she saw him cross the hall and saw Fairfowl helping him on with his coat. Then the front door closed and he was gone.

She had not attempted to make an answer. She stood perfectly still where he had left her for a long time. Figures descended the stairway behind her, paying no attention to the little secretary in the navy blue dress. Lights began to go out; a clock somewhere struck twelve. Still Cherry stood as if she were made of stone with one hand on the banister and the great palms of the landing dropping a green shadow across her. And it seemed to her as if her heart and mind had stopped still too, and as if they never would move again.

FOR the first time in her life, Cherry spent an entirely wakeful night. There was no deception about it; there was no dozing, no restful slipping away from reality and relapse into blessed unconsciousness. Her wearied mind thrashed over and over the last episode of the ill-starred party; her weary body twisted and struggled in a physical misery that matched the torture in her soul.

From no aspect was the situation bearable. She was not only a hireling—an upper servant really—in a dull, wealth-choked and convention-chok[illegible] and suffocating old mansion, subject to the tiresome demands of a dull, egotistical, spoiled old lady, but she was helpless against the easy, indifferent contempt of stupid little nonentities like Amy Marshbanks, and as a final crowning touch she had blurted out the unsayable, the inexcusable thing to Kelly Coates, intruded upon his personal affairs with all the effrontery of her rawness, her youth, her complete inexperience in such matters.

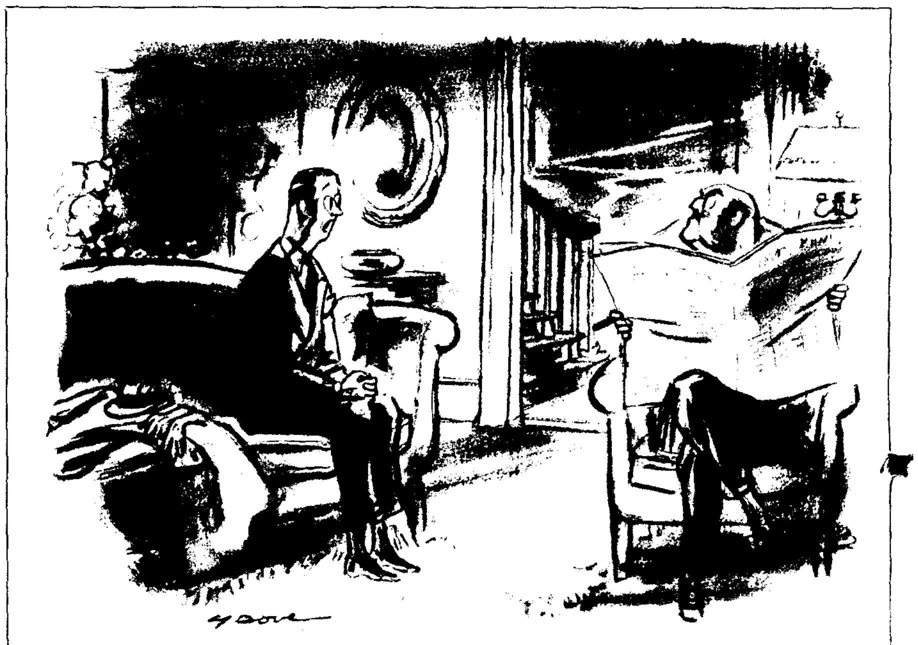
SHE could not bear it, and she *had* to bear it. Cherry writhed beneath her covers, sat up, sighing and exhausted, wandered to the bathroom for a drink of water, remade her bed and shook her pillows. No use. Sleep would not come. Thought came instead, and had its inexorable way with her.

Oh, what must he think of her! First to betray her crude schoolgirl feeling for himself, and then to blunder on into comment upon his devotion to Fran. If Cherry could have planned a runaway escape from all of it she would have done so. But there was no escape. Emma had advised her—and the memory of her childhood was still strong enough with Cherry to give Emma's brief and impersonal suggestions the force of commands—to put her money into the bank monthly, reserving only a few dollars for herself. She could draw that money out, of course. But not until the bank opened at ten o'clock tomorrow morning.

Cherry punched up her pillows, flashed up a light. Quarter to five. Winter dawn would begin to break in about an hour; she was to have no sleep at all.

The hours went by; chill daylight came into the room. She got up jaded and weary, bathed and brushed her thick hair and somehow was at breakfast with Emma as usual at eight o'clock. Emma gave her a sharp look as if she thought that even last night's activities should not have left such traces, but she said nothing; both women rustled the morning papers and drank their coffee almost in silence.

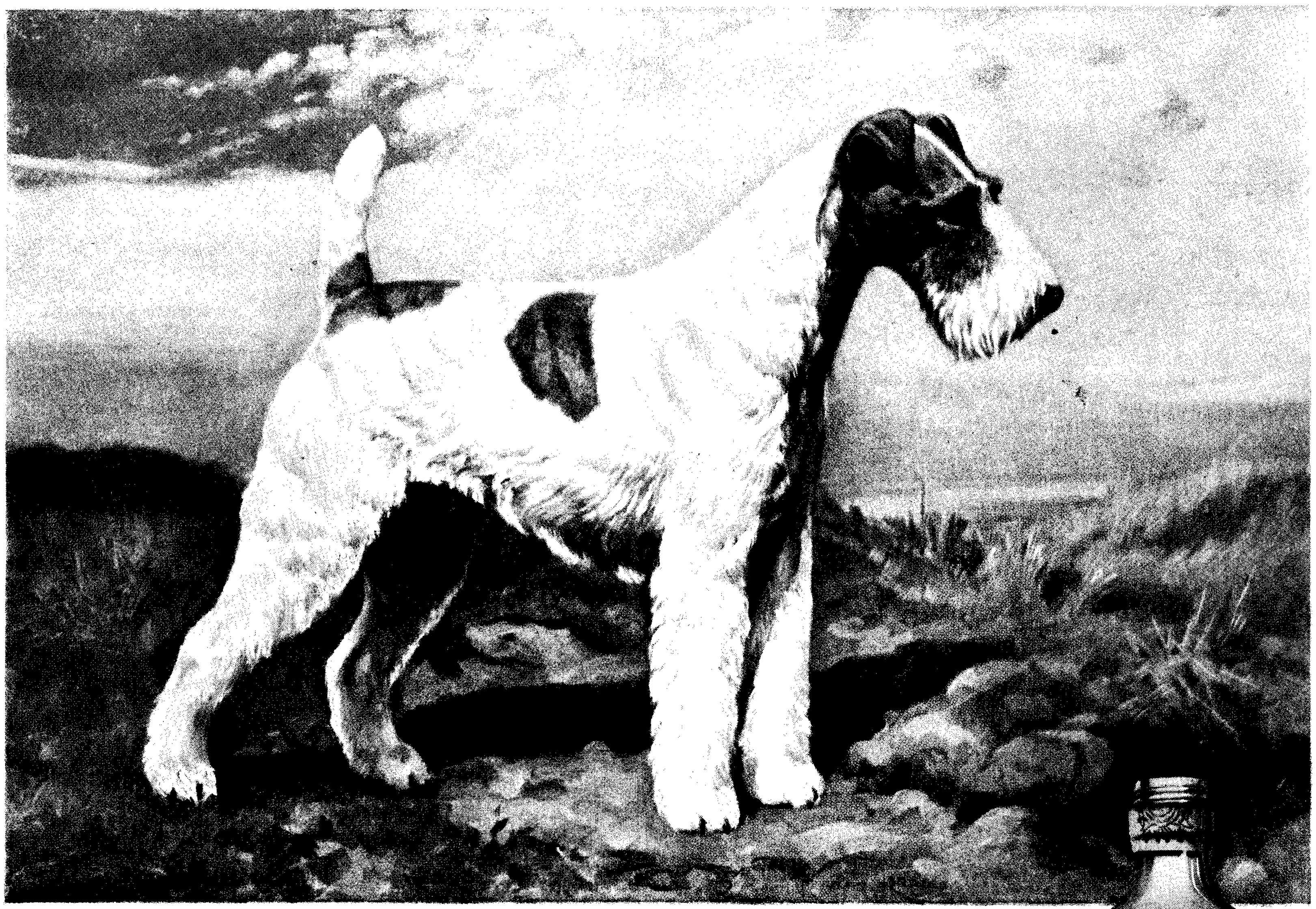
The customary miracle of service was going on in the house, was accomplished when Cherry walked through the down-



"Would you mind forbidding your daughter leaving the house tonight, sir? I'm financially embarrassed"

LEONARD DOVE

# A TIP FROM A TERRIER ON DRINKS THAT ARE TOPS



FLEISCHMANN'S
ESTABLISHED 1870
DISTILLED
DRY GIN
DISTILLED FROM AMERICAN GRAIN
Distilled and Bottled by
The Fleischmann Distilling Corporation
Peekskill, New York
4/5 QUART 90 PROOF
FLEISCHMANN'S

SMALL, ALERT, GAME, the Fox Terrier has been developed . . . through the years . . . to outsmart and outfight a fox. Well-balanced, delicately flavored, Fleischmann's Gin has been developed . . . since 1870 . . . to mix outstandingly smooth drinks. Every kernel of grain used in its distilling is *selected* for the purpose. That's why Fleischmann's—the first American gin—is called a *pedigreed* gin. Be foxy when *you* mix — next time, use Fleischmann's!

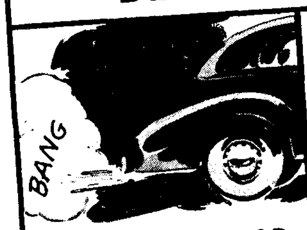
## Fleischmann's Gin

*A PEDIGREED GIN FOR PRIZE-WINNING DRINKS*

DISTILLED FROM AMERICAN GRAIN. 90 PROOF . . . COPYRIGHT 1940, THE FLEISCHMANN DISTILLING CORPORATION, PEEKSKILL, N. Y.

IS YOUR CAR ON THE VERGE OF A "NERVOUS BREAKDOWN?"

BEWARE OF THESE SYMPTOMS



STOP WHEN MOTOR LACKS PEP
Something's wrong—spark plugs dirty? Distributor points pitted? Leaky condenser? Improper timing?

STOP WHEN STARTER WILL NOT WORK
Broken ground? Worn starter switch? Broken-down insulation? Run-down battery? Dead cell?

STOP WHEN MOTOR OVERHEATS
Firing too late? Clogged radiator hose? Fan belt worn? This symptom needs investigation immediately!

Let Your Auto-Lite Service Man Help You Avoid Costly Repairs

WARNING of trouble in your electrical system should not be disregarded. These important units are your car's "nervous system"—are vital to its operation.

To give your car "like-new" performance, insist on service parts built by the original equipment manufacturer. More than half of America's car manufacturers standardize on Auto-Lite equipment.

Preventive Service by the man in your neighborhood who displays an Auto-Lite Service sign can eliminate major repair bills. Don't wait for your car to have a "nervous breakdown." At the first danger signal, see your Auto-Lite service man. He'll give you expert workmanship and original service parts at fair prices.

THE ELECTRIC AUTO-LITE COMPANY
TOLEDO, OHIO SARNIA, ONT.

AUTO-LITE SERVICE

THIS MAN'S technical training and special equipment can discover and cure minor car troubles quickly—prevent their becoming major repair bills.

AUTHORIZED ELECTRIC AUTO-LITE MOTOMETER OWEN DYNETO SERVICE

Stop AT THESE SIGNS

Wherever you see these signs, you will get expert automotive service and original Auto-Lite service parts.

Original AUTO-LITE SERVICE PARTS SOLD HERE

ORIGINAL PARTS ASSURE "LIKE-NEW" PERFORMANCE

stairs rooms at noon after a full, fire-warmed morning in Mrs. Porter's apartment, the ordinary procedure of letters and compliments and telephone calls. Every trace of the caterers had disappeared; the hall rugs were back in their accustomed places; the decorations were gone—silvered screens and pots of palms and strings of wilted greens had been carted off through the side door; tables and china and glasses had all vanished from sight; Fairfowl was assorting tablecloths and napkins placidly in the sun-flooded pantry, and Keno was arranging flowers for the vases in the little dining room. The parlors and libraries were darkened, ordered, empty once more; the great hall had reassumed its aspect of a luxurious mausoleum.

CHERRY felt stifled. She told Emma she did not want any lunch; she took a long walk instead, for Mrs. Porter, all cheerful restoration and amazing vitality at breakfast, had admitted in midmorning that she felt sleepy—not one bit tired, but sleepy. So the machinery of the day had been stopped; the telephone silenced; Fairfowl given his directions as to callers and the drive called off. Cherry was free until late in the afternoon; her old employer was sure of being ready for tea and company and another chapter of Guy Mannering.

She walked toward the Presidio and down its narrow eucalyptus-shaded paths to the cliffs, and so along by the bay shore, making herself move fast, while the gulls cried about her, and the weaving veils of the fog cooled her hot, weary face, and the tides washed in and out over the pebbles of the shores below.

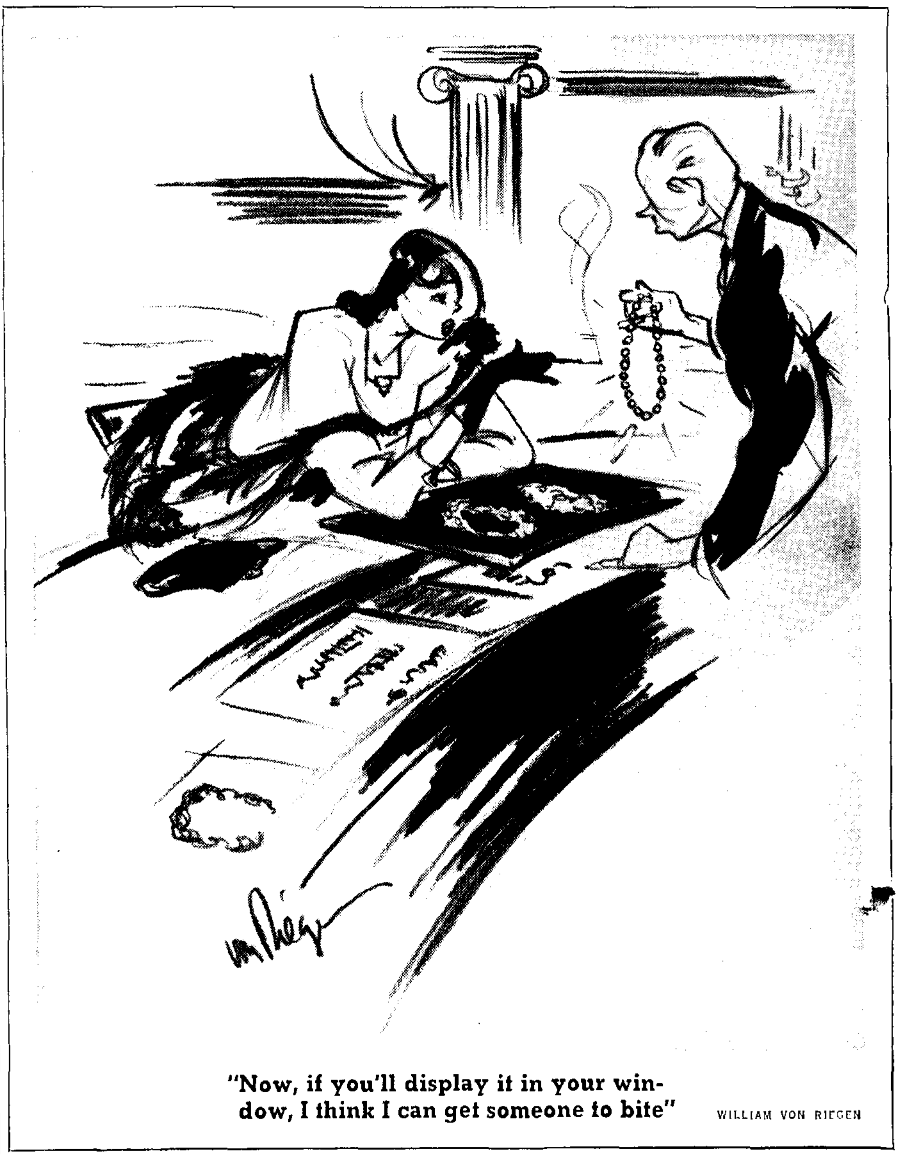
Right across the bay, under the arch of the long red bridge, was Sausalito, and somewhere there was Kelly's studio, "Topcote." Fog was lifting over on that side of the bay, was fading against the clear sky. Rifts of sunshine struggled through it, and lay in shafts on the rich green of the hills, for there had been rains ten days earlier, and the eager spring was already astir.

Cherry sat down on a wall and stared wistfully at the hills as if her thoughts could cross the miles, and somehow find him and somehow let him know how eager she was to make her apologies. "Topcote" could easily be reached in a long afternoon's walk; it would be but a short half-dozen miles in all. Her fancy began to play.

Some day—her next all-free day—she would start early and walk straight across the bridge, and when she reached the great ramps on the Marin County side, she would ask someone where Spanish Farm Road was, and follow it to some gate or fence that said "Topcote." Her heart beat fast and hard at the thought. He had an old barn for a studio, she knew; he might be painting there. They would talk, he and she, and the memory of what had gone before would be wiped away for both of them, and afterward they would be friends—Cherry the most sensible, the least exacting, the proudest and most loyal friend a man ever had.

She fed upon this hope all day; it was with her when she went to sleep at night. As the dull days began to wheel by she worked hard through every free hour she could find, studying, absorbing, thinking—desperate, almost angry in her determination to fit herself for that meeting, to be worthy of that friendship when it should come. And with every hour of humiliation and determination she oddly felt herself growing stronger and more sober, so that the Cherry who had come down from Saint Dorothea's a few months earlier, innocently determined to take all the world by storm as she had the hearts of the girls and nuns in the convent, seemed to her already an almost forgotten person.

*(To be continued next week)*



"Now, if you'll display it in your window, I think I can get someone to bite" WILLIAM VON RIEGEN

# Russian Misadventure

Continued from page 22

The same conditions still prevailed in Russia as when President Wilson denied recognition and they had been confirmed by fourteen years of bloody terror. They had been confirmed by the constant effort of Moscow to destroy democratic government everywhere.

Upon that recognition by President Roosevelt there was this explicit agreement:

". . . the government of the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics (agree) to respect scrupulously . . . to refrain from interfering in any manner in the internal affairs of the United States . . . to refrain and to restrain all persons . . . under its direct or indirect control . . . from any act . . . liable in any way whatsoever to injure the tranquillity, prosperity, order or security . . . or any organization or propaganda . . . in any part of the United States, its territories or possessions. . . . Not to permit the formation . . . of any organization or group . . . which has as an aim the overthrow . . . of the political or social order . . . of the United States. . . ."

President Roosevelt in announcing this great step said:

"I trust that our nations henceforth may co-operate for their mutual benefit and for the preservation of the peace of the world."

### Six Years of Our "Good Neighbor"

We move on to 1940 and inspect the consequences.

We have now had six years of these good-neighbor relations with the Soviet government.

Overnight we were flooded with conspiracy to overthrow our institutions. The number of actual members of the Communist party in our country increased at once by 100 per cent. But these numbers were trivial. Of more importance is that under the sympathetic attitude of this recognition a score of camouflaged "fellow-traveler" and "front" organizations grew apace, controlled by inner cells of Communists. A dozen of them have been exposed, which influenced ideas among millions of people who did not know their origins and control. I need not relate the whole horrid chapter.

As to the fidelity of the Communist government to its agreement, the unanimous report of the Dies Committee, based upon exhaustive research and testimony, says:

". . . The Communist party is a foreign conspiracy masked as a political party. . . . The party's activities constitute a violation of the Treaty of Recognition."

That is the one made by President Roosevelt in 1933. The report continues:

". . . The Communist party under instructions from the Comintern (Moscow) has from time to time pursued policies in direct violation of the laws of the United States. . . . Moscow has from the very beginning of the Communist party in the United States supplied the party here with funds for its subversive activities."

Now let us look at the Communist government at work against nations of free men in its "co-operating . . . for the preservation of the peace of the world."

On August 22, 1939, the world was startled by an alliance of Fascist Hitler and Communist Stalin. This was no surprise to thinking people to whom the blood brotherhood was well known. It was embarrassing to a vast number of pseudoliberals who had tried to envisage Fascism as the sole living devil of civilization.

Nine days after this junction these governments simultaneously attacked independent Poland. They destroyed the freedom of a great people.

Fourteen days later the independence of Latvia and Estonia was destroyed.

We move on again for 60 days. On November 30th last came the unprovoked attack by Russia upon little Finland. Here the might of 160,000,000 Russians was thrown against 3,500,000 peace-loving and liberty-loving Finns. Do I need to describe these scenes? Where before in all civilized time has the slaughter of women and children been applied in an attempt to force the surrender of courageous men?

Is all this "co-operation for the peace of the world?"

We may explore certain other consequences of this recognition of Soviet Russia directly upon American life.

As a sop for the recognition, an appeal was made to the cupidity of the American people. We were told in 1933 that upon this recognition Russia would buy a vast amount of American goods. A good part of American business was brought to support recognition by huge promises of new business.

What is the record? During the almost exactly six years from the day of Russian recognition down to the day Poland was attacked we sold a total of about $200,000,000 worth of goods to 160,000,000 people in Russia. That is less than seven per cent of what we sold 10,000,000 people in Canada in the same period. It is a curious commentary that in the six years prior to the recognition we sold Russia almost $500,000,000, or more than twice as much.

The copybooks one time said that good does not come out of evil.

Nor should I neglect to mention another item. Prior to 1934 we refused to allow the import of Russian gold. Since recognition we have bought directly and indirectly over $300,000,000 in gold from Russia at $35 per ounce. A large part of this gold is produced by the bleeding fingers of hundreds of thousands of farmers who have been condemned to Siberia for no reason but that they wanted to farm their own farms. That gold is produced by forced labor. It helps the Soviet government finance the destruction of small nations.

And another commentary on this whole bloody trade is that in the five months since Poland was attacked our sales of goods to Russia have increased 300 per cent. That represents a large addition of gasoline, copper, alloys, etc., to aid in the subjugation of the liberties of the Finns and the Poles or other peoples.

### Labor Pays the Price

But there are still more overriding consequences. One result of recognition of the Soviet government is its interference in American domestic life.

That recognition in 1933 was vigorously protested by such responsible leaders of American labor as William Green, John Frey, Matthew Woll and others as endangering the whole American labor movement. It was protested by thinking men and women everywhere.

Benjamin Stolberg, in a notable article a few months ago, gave an illuminating exposure of the subsequent Communist penetration of American labor unions under Moscow's direction, and the consequences:

"They organize whispering campaigns of unprintable character-assassination

VIRGINIA FRENCH
Debutante daughter of the French family, sister of Mrs. John Jacob Astor—and a popular member of the younger set in Newport and New York.

JANE BRYAN
At 21 called America's '*best young actress.*' She plays in 'We Are Not Alone' and 'Invisible Stripes,' Warner Bros. Pictures.

JANE HALL
Pretty, gifted, successful. Her first story published at 21, and one of our most popular magazine and motion picture writers.

*We helped select for you...*

THE IDEAL AMERICAN GIRL AS VISUALIZED BY Jon Whitcomb

THE NEW IDEAL *American Girl Services* IN *ROGERS *Silverplate* *by* ONEIDA LTD. *Silversmiths*

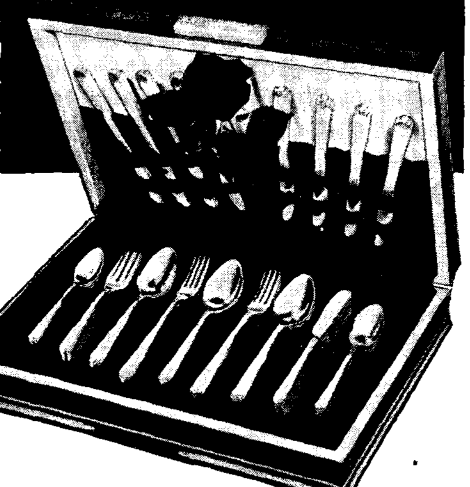
...AND EACH PIECE BEARS THE QUALITY MARK ONEIDA LTD.

Three of YOU—typical American Girls—helped us choose the silverware for these services. That's why they include just the right pieces. Quality? Take one of the spoons, look at the back. If the "Oneida Ltd." mark is there . . the quality is, too!

Oneida Ltd. Silversmiths place 60% of the silver plate on the back . . . which gets the greatest wear . . . and add a pure silver reinforcement, to provide 3 times the thickness, at point of wear . . . just as stockings are reinforced at heels and toes. And, feel the delicate balance . . . admire the beauty of pattern and proportion wrought by Silversmiths at Oneida.

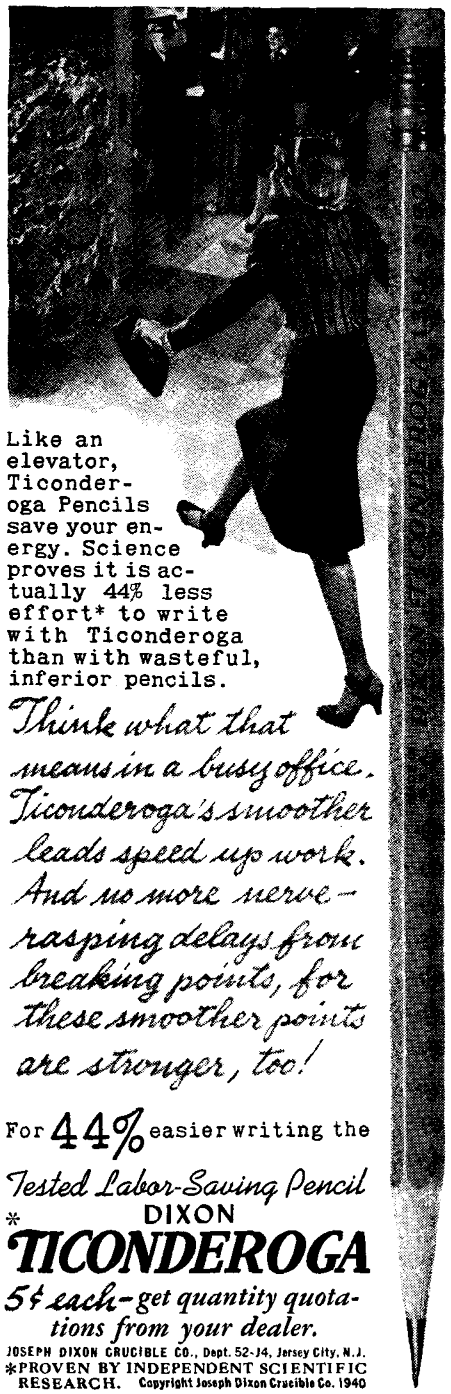
So the "Oneida Ltd." mark is just as important as "Rogers" on silverware. It stands for quality details that mean the most for your silverware dollar! Leading silverware dealers will show you "American Girl Services" in tarnish-proof Chests with the American Beauty Rose . . . starting at $19.95.

*The Oneida Ltd. lines, to which these offers apply, bear the Trade-Marks 1881 ® ROGERS ® Wm. A. ROGERS Simeon L. & George H. Rogers Company



ROGERS SILVERPLATE by Oneida Ltd. silversmiths

LOOK FOR ONEIDA LTD. ON THE BACK



Like an elevator, Ticonderoga Pencils save your energy. Science proves it is actually 44% less effort* to write with Ticonderoga than with wasteful, inferior pencils.

*Think what that means in a busy office. Ticonderoga's smoother leads speed up work. And no more nerve-rasping delays from breaking points, for these smoother points are stronger, too!*

For 44% easier writing the

*Tested Labor-Saving Pencil*

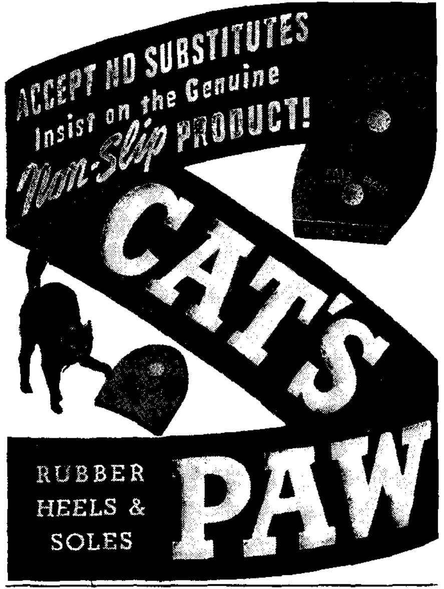
DIXON

*TICONDEROGA

*5¢ each—get quantity quotations from your dealer.*

JOSEPH DIXON CRUCIBLE CO., Dept. 52-J4, Jersey City, N.J.

*PROVEN BY INDEPENDENT SCIENTIFIC RESEARCH. Copyright Joseph Dixon Crucible Co. 1940



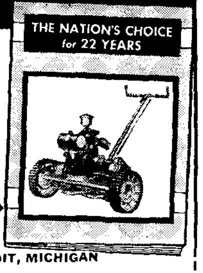
*Moto-Mower*

POWER LAWN MOWERS

FROM $89⁰⁰ UP

The Moto-Mower line of 10 models provides an outstanding power lawn-mower for every need and pocketbook. Many exclusive features.

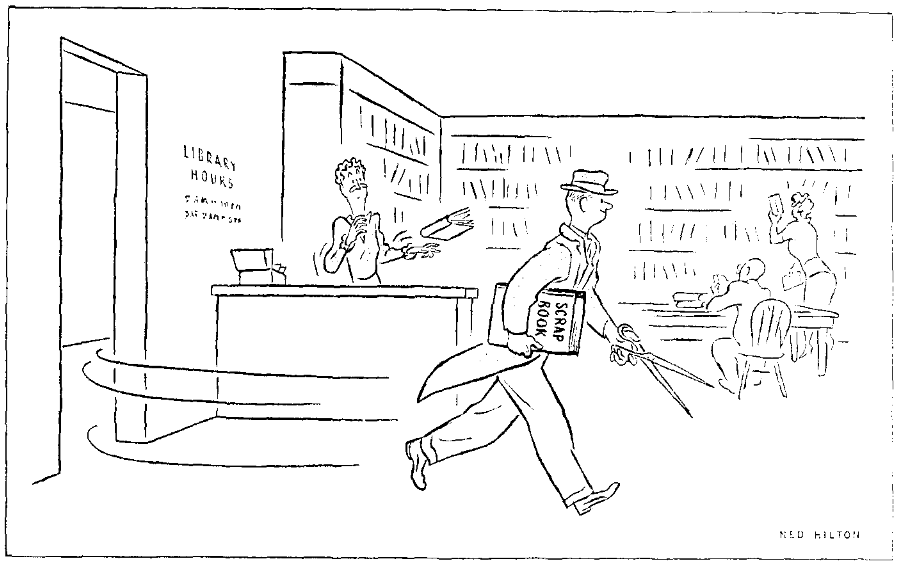
SEND FOR CATALOG TODAY


THE NATION'S CHOICE for 22 YEARS

THE MOTO-MOWER COMPANY
4611 WOODWARD AVE., DETROIT, MICHIGAN

NAME ________________

ADDRESS ________________



against critics. They bring pressure to bear on every worker. . . . In unions which have employment departments they never send a known anti-Communist to a job. . . . They try their best to get him fired. . . . Their two principal techniques are organized confusion and organized terrorism. . . . The Communists have never hesitated either to break strikes or to precipitate irresponsible walkouts. . . . The Communists called almost two hundred unauthorized sit-downs."

Similar evidence has been given by labor leader after labor leader struggling on one hand to maintain the fundamentals of free men against the Communists and on the other to maintain the rights of labor with employer.

The free speech and free press that are essential to liberty give the Communists the full right to expound a fantastic philosophy under which free speech would be suppressed. But they have not been content with peaceful exposition. They have repeatedly organized disturbances of the public order as a means of propaganda.

"Hunger marches" of well-fed men, stimulating riots, were a specialty of the Communist front "Unemployed Councils" in various parts of the country.

### The Truth About the "Bonus March"

It is now established by their own confessions that it was the Communist front "Workmen's Ex-Service League" that organized the "Bonus March" of deluded veterans on Washington. After Congress had refused their proposals and the Administration had paid the fare home of all veterans who had come in good faith, the Communists provoked attacks upon the police in the streets of the national capital. At that time we identified hundreds of Communists among them who were not veterans at all.

The district authorities finally demanded troops to prevent the killing of men in these riots. After the troops took charge not one shot was fired, not one man injured.

The lie that a Republican administration had slaughtered innocent veterans of the American Army was made a part of the campaign in 1932.

These are only samples.

There has been much interference in our American political life. Not content to follow democratic processes by organizing their own open political party and seeking change of government through the ballot, they, their fellow-travelers and their false-front organizations have been active within other political parties. I do not for a moment suggest that the New Deal is Communist. But it has neither refused their aid nor properly exorcised them from New Deal support. It is unnecessary to recite the now publicly known labors of Earl Browder, Moscow and the Communist press to attain this end.

And not the least of their services were as distributors of sewer literature, lies, smears, slander and libel, with which they flooded the ignorant. They emerged into the role of organized poisoners of the minds of the American people.

If it were not for the backdrop of tragedy there might be grim humor in President Roosevelt's wishes and warm congratulations to the Soviet government on its 17th anniversary.

Of far deeper inportance than all this is the corruption of the spirit of liberalism itself. The basic philosophy of our national life is liberalism in its historic sense. The first pillars of liberalism are intellectual and spiritual liberty. That is freedom of thought, speech, press and worship. Through representative government, equality of rights, government by law, not by men, we sought that minorities and individuals may live in security. Around this structure were built all the details of justice, of trial by jury, of regulation against oppression and exploitation.

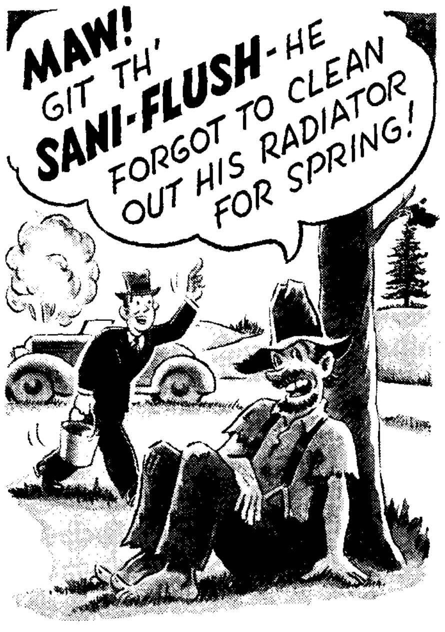
Essential to intellectual and spiritual liberty is also economic freedom. That is the right of men to choose their own jobs, to undertake their own adventures, to receive and enjoy the reward of their own efforts, to save for their families and for their old age.

We stand for economic liberty, for free enterprise regulated to prevent abuse, not because it is a property system or a capitalist system or a profit system or a Chamber of Commerce slogan. We are for it because we know that it is inseparable from intellectual and spiritual freedom. It has been proved a thousand times that economic liberty cannot be suppressed without suppressing every other liberty. And the most monumental proof of all time is Communism and its great exemplar is Soviet Russia.

Liberalism calls for more than even intellectual, spiritual and economic liberty and the security of these rights. It calls for respect for the dignity of men. It calls for the development of the individual character in men and women, free of fear and filled with hope. It calls for mercy, for compassion, for tolerance. It holds that the sum of individual accomplishments and character of men makes the sum of human progress.

Having stated these perhaps commonplaces of liberalism, does anything of this sort exist in Russia under Communism?

What have been the reflexes of this clash in fundamentals upon American liberalism? We have always possessed a large group of sympathetic, idealistic minds who are impatient with the slow and ofttimes discouraging processes of democracy in remedy of injustices. They sincerely welcome each new human hope.


MAW! GIT TH' SANI-FLUSH - HE FORGOT TO CLEAN OUT HIS RADIATOR FOR SPRING!

It's spring! Don't wait for the hiss and boil of an overheated radiator. Remove anti-freeze and clean out the rust, scale, sludge and sediment that have accumulated in the cooling system all winter. You can do the job yourself — quickly and thoroughly. Just use 10c worth of Sani-Flush (25c for the largest truck or tractor).

If you prefer, ask your service station to do the job for you. Insist on Sani-Flush. It cannot injure motor or fittings. You'll find Sani-Flush in most bathrooms for cleaning toilets. *See directions on the can.* Sold by grocery, drug, hardware, and 5-and-10c stores. 10c and 25c sizes. The Hygienic Products Company, Canton, Ohio.

**Sani-Flush** Safe NOT CAUSTIC

CLEANS OUT RADIATORS

*Fair to Yourself?*

WRITE me today and say "I am tired of not being fair to myself." Then I'll send you our Club booklet which helps girls and women earn money easily and, if necessary, right in their homes. Won't you write to me at once?

*Margaret Clarke, Secretary, Pin Money Club*
*Department 107, Collier's Weekly*
*250 Park Ave., New York, N. Y.*

JUST YOU TWO IN YOUR CANOE

• The rustle of leaves in a whispering breeze, with the light of a moon for your mood. An Old Town Canoe is a world of your own . . . your passage to peace and contentment.

The dip, dip, dip of a Redskin's paddle takes you through quiet enchantment. *Paddling or resting*, it's steady and strong. It's sturdy and easy to own.

**FREE CATALOG** shows all kinds of Canoes for paddling, sailing or outboards. Also Outboard Boats, including big *all-wood family boats.* Rowboats. *Dinghies.* Write today. Address Old Town Canoe Company, 635 Middle Street, Old Town, Maine.

*"Old Town Canoes"*

From the outbreak of Communism in Russia, the ranks of American liberals were at once split. A considerable group gave sympathy and credulity to the Communist revolution, sincerely believing it was the new hope for Russia. Soon they were justifying every atrocity, every phase of this despotism. From the gradual drinking of this poison men who believed themselves liberals fell into support of collectivism in some form. At once went up the cry of "Recognize Russia." It became a slogan whereby those who did not bow down were denounced as "reactionary."

In any event we have seen a strange hybrid that can be called "totalitarian liberalism." We have seen it in so-called "liberal" publications. We have seen it in some college professors. We have seen it in some misled youth. We have seen it in the halls of Congress. We have seen statism planted in the American government.

### The Need and the Remedy

This attitude of the mind—the belief that the expansion of government dictation creates liberty—appears to be the philosophy of these "totalitarian liberals."

And yet many such people become indignant if one suggests they are not liberals. Some of them in the past few months have drawn back in horror from the picture now exposed. Our newspaper columns are full of explanations, and some forthright apologies.

Today the need among intellectuals in the United States is to conserve liberalism from this totalitarian aberration. For a demon has entered into the minds of many liberal men and women that, like the demon of the Gadarene swine, will plunge them and us over a precipice.

What does all this add up to?

Soviet Russia, since the New Deal formally granted recognition to Stalin's government, has been poisoning vigorously the intellectual and spiritual life of this country. Moscow has maintained in this country a vast propaganda machine, not to make us friendly to Russia, but to control and dominate the political and economic life of America. It seeks to foment race hatred among those of our own citizens whom they call the minorities—that is, the Negroes and the foreign born. It seeks to stir up class hatred among the American people.

Soviet Russia through this machine seeks to influence the attitude of the United States in its relations to other countries that would involve us in power politics.

The facts that I have related become plainer every day. Yet we are holding in friendship the red hand that grabbed a part of Poland and forced a treaty that despoiled Finland.

The recognition of Soviet Russia was a gigantic political and moral mistake. It was not a mistake proved from change of circumstance. It was a mistake obvious from the beginning.

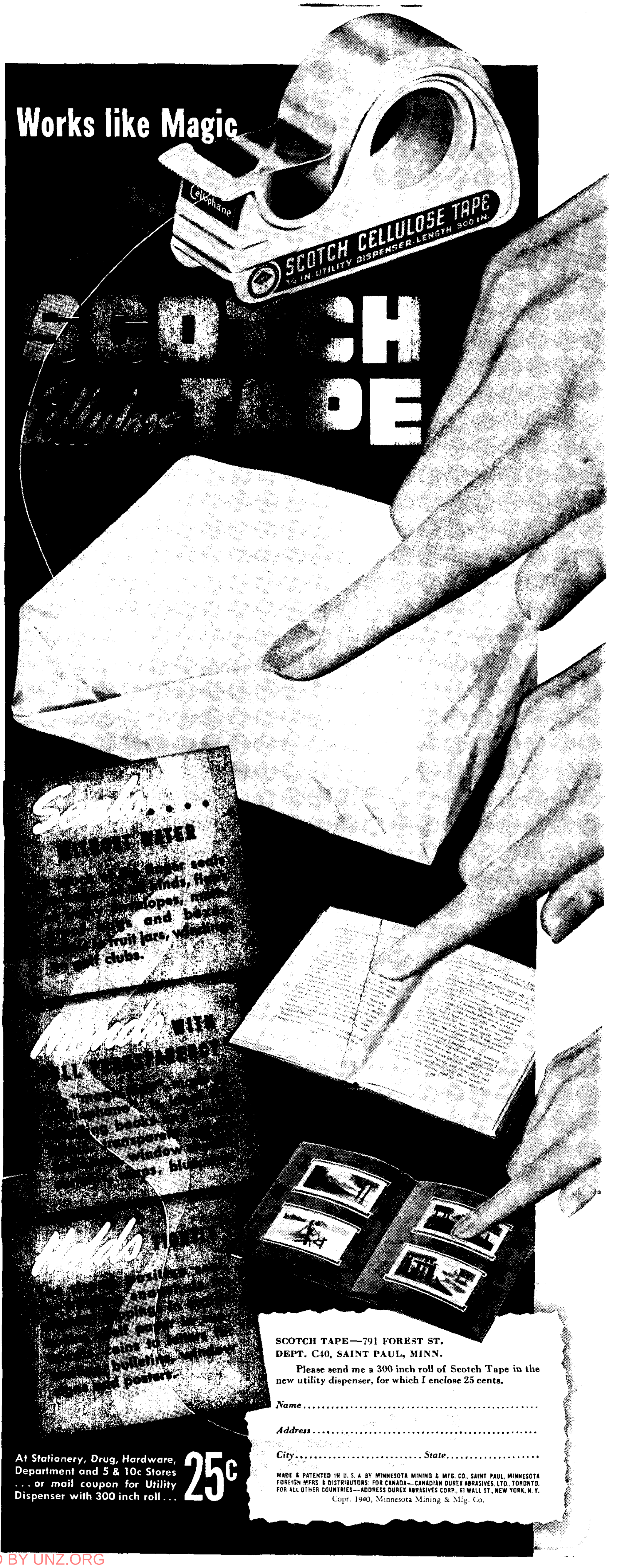
Would it not establish self-respect, would it not contribute to re-establish moral standards in a sorry world, if we took some action?

To withdraw technical recognition at this time of a world aflame might be misinterpreted as warlike. But the moral equities would be at least reasserted if we withdraw our ambassador and left the technical representation of a chargé d'affaires. Why are we more tender of tyranny in Communist Russia than in Nazi Germany?

We criticize some of our youth because we say they are Red. We criticize certain labor unions because we say that they are dominated by Communists. We arrest certain Americans because they serve Soviet Russia in this country illegally. Yet we do not stop to think that it was our own government that set the mark of respectability on Soviet Russia and the things these people advocate.

"Oh, well, I suppose this is as good a time as any to break our engagement"

A. ROSS



At Stationery, Drug, Hardware, Department and 5 & 10c Stores . . . or mail coupon for Utility Dispenser with 300 inch roll . . . 25c

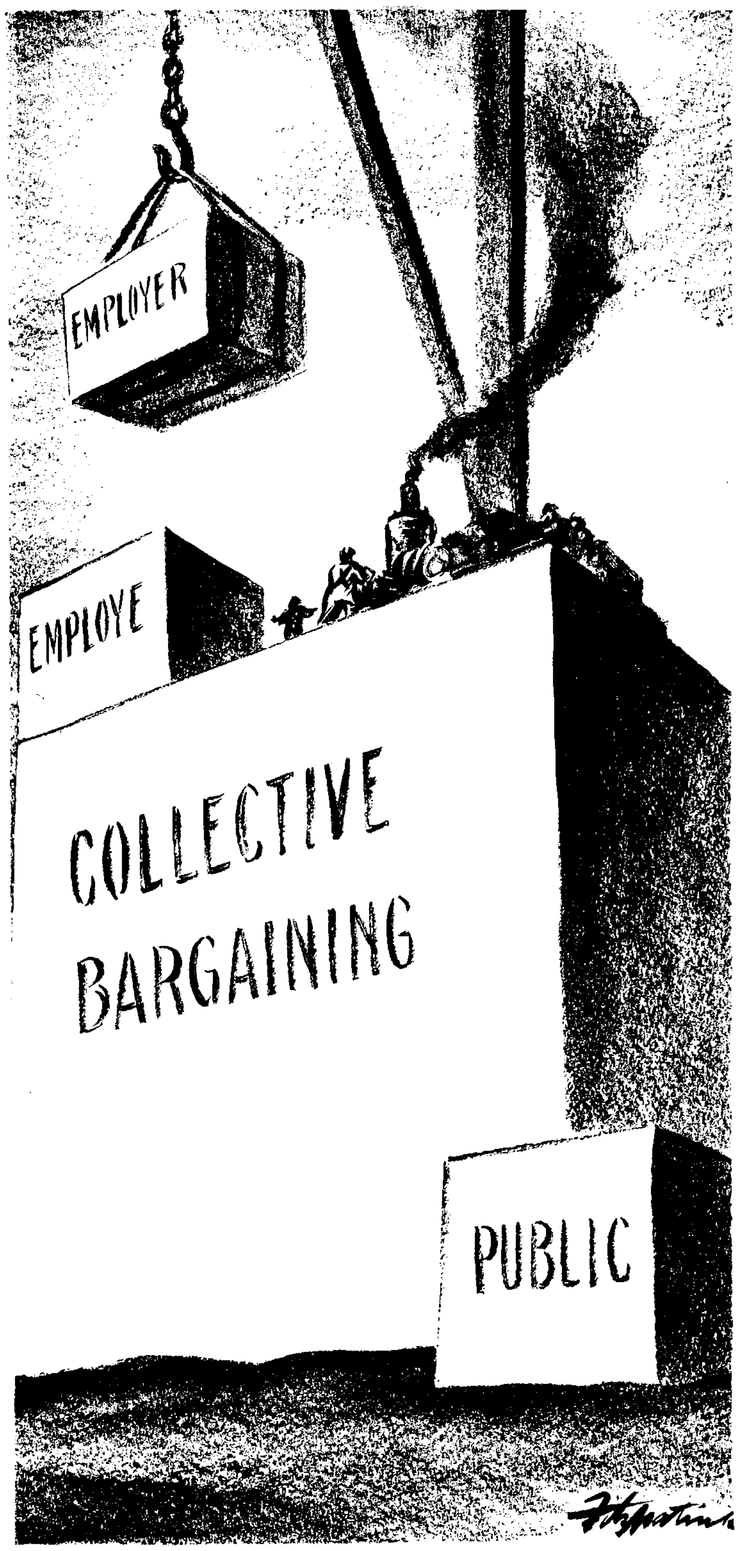
SCOTCH TAPE—791 FOREST ST.
DEPT. C40, SAINT PAUL, MINN.

Please send me a 300 inch roll of Scotch Tape in the new utility dispenser, for which I enclose 25 cents.

Name ..........................................
Address ..........................................
City .......................... State ..................

MADE & PATENTED IN U. S. A. BY MINNESOTA MINING & MFG. CO., SAINT PAUL, MINNESOTA FOREIGN MFRS. & DISTRIBUTORS: FOR CANADA—CANADIAN DUREX ABRASIVES, LTD., TORONTO. FOR ALL OTHER COUNTRIES—ADDRESS DUREX ABRASIVES CORP., 63 WALL ST., NEW YORK, N. Y.

Copr. 1940, Minnesota Mining & Mfg. Co.



**Collier's**

WILLIAM L. CHENERY, Editor CHARLES COLEBAUGH, Managing Editor THOMAS H. BECK, Editorial Director

# Strengthen the Wagner Act

EVENTUALLY, we hope and believe, the Wagner Labor Relations Act is going to be the real easer of capital-labor-public strains that Senator Robert F. Wagner (Dem., N. Y.) hoped it would be when he wrote it.

But it's only partially that now; and it ought to be strengthened with several improvements proposed by the House Labor Committee and by Chairman Howard W. Smith's (Dem., Va.) Congressional Committee which recently investigated the National Labor Relations Board, or NLRB.

Some of the Smith recommendations go too far, we believe—notably the proposal to strip the Wagner Act of the language declaring it to be American policy to encourage collective bargaining. Why do that? It has been American policy to encourage collective bargaining for decades. Why not say so in our basic labor law?

And we think the House Labor Committee's scheme for revamping the NLRB is better than the Smith committee's scheme. The former wants two men added by presidential appointment to the present three-man board composed of J. Warren Madden, Edwin S. Smith and William M. Leiserson; the Smith committee wants the present board given the heave-ho and a new three-member board set up with curtailed powers.

After all, the chief trouble with the present board has been the zeal of Madden and Smith and a lot of their stooges around the country to put the government into the labor movement, so to speak, rather than make it a friendly umpire in labor disputes. Personnel trouble, in short. Let's try naming a couple more moderates like Leiserson to the board before we go in for radically changing the board's functions.

Several other Smith committee suggestions, however, seem only sensible to us. For examples:

Election of union to represent workers to be demandable by employer as well as by employes. Now only the workers have this right, which brings about frequent jurisdictional strikes that the boss can't settle and rival labor leaders won't, with the result that the consuming public gets it in the neck.

Employer to be allowed to discuss with his employees any subject whatever, including labor organizations, if he uses no discrimination, intimidation or coercion. The present law violates his free-speech right by forbidding him to whisper to any employe about unions or any related topic.

Reinstatement after a strike to be denied to willfully violent strikers or willful wreckers or grabbers of property. This would end excessive leeway given under the present law to roughstuff and sit-downs.

NLRB hearings to use rules of evidence obtaining in courts of law, thus ending the present all too frequent dignifying of gossip and hearsay as "evidence" at these hearings.

We think these changes had better be worked somehow, sometime, into the Wagner Act, and the sooner the better. The act has been tried in the balance for almost five years now, and has been found wanting in various particulars. Though by no means in all. If for no other reason than to head off too drastic revision, or possible repeal of the whole Wagner Act, its friends had better consent to the changes.

# Open Up for the Finns

MAYBE we do a good deal of talking about the Finns, but they put up against Russia as fine a fight as the world has seen since Thermopylae.

Anyway, the Republic of Brazil has turned over to the Finns for the next five years all its unfilled quotas of other nations' immigrants—meaning more than 100,000 Finns can move to Brazil in the next five years.

We sense a valuable hint for the United States in this piece of news.

You don't find finer citizens than practically any Danish-American, Finnish-American, Norwegian-American or Swedish-American. Some 460,000 Finlanders' homes were destroyed or grabbed by Mr. Stalin's heroes-in-reverse. We'll pass up a chance to take in a lot of Grade-A citizen material if we don't follow Brazil's example and chop some sort of extra-wide hole in our immigration gates for the benefit of the Finns.

# The New Children's Crusade

CHILD REFUGEE WEEK (Apr. 22-30) is the best Week scheme we've heard of in more than a few weeks.

Thought up by the eminent novelist, Dorothy Canfield Fisher, this "children's crusade for children" has two principal themes.

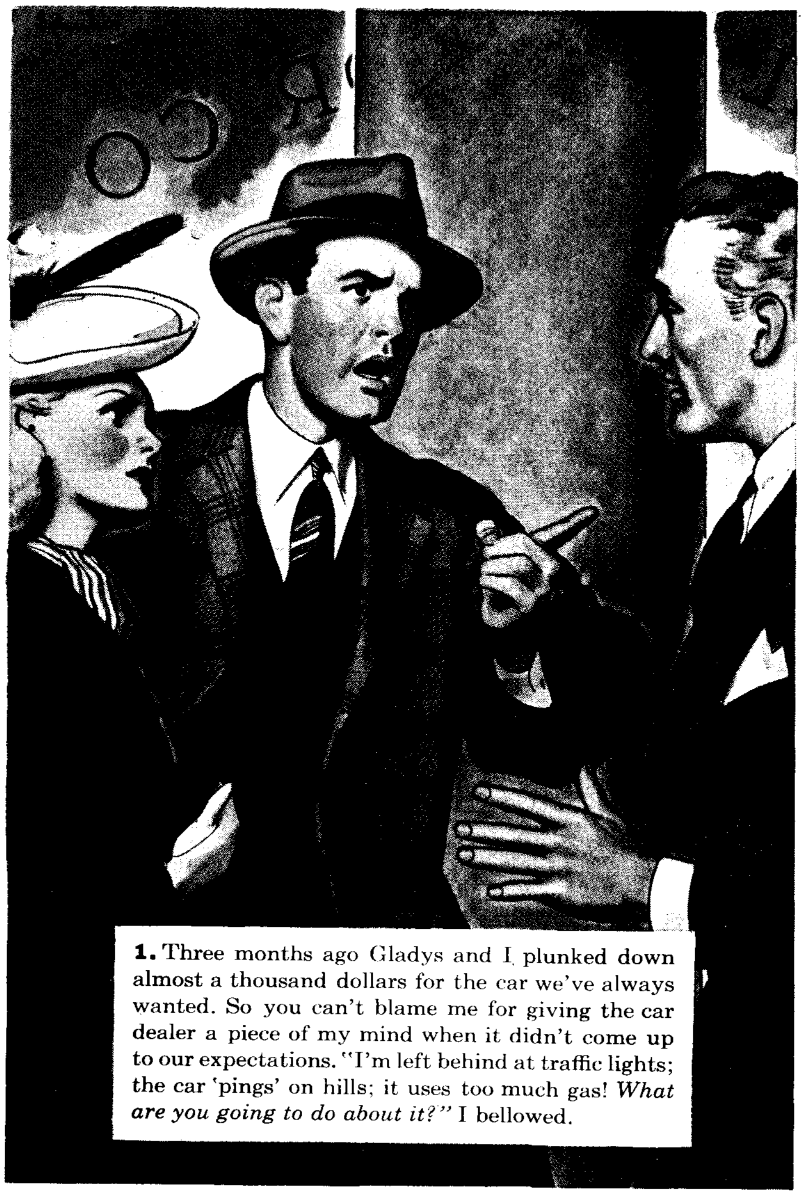
The main object is to raise money from our more than 30,000,000 grade- and high-school pupils for war-stricken children of Europe and Asia. Collection boxes are to be placed in schools all over the country during Child Refugee Week and it is hoped that each pupil who can do so will chip in as many pennies as he or she is years old. All the money will be given to responsible organizations—Catholic, Protestant, Jewish, nonsectarian—for aid to child victims of war in other countries. The overhead will be taken care of by independent donations.

The other object of Child Refugee Week is "to help our American children, through the tragic object lesson of what is going on in Europe and Asia, become more fully aware of the often unrecognized blessings they enjoy in this democratic land."

That sounds fine, too, so long as professional patriots with their "love your country or else, you little rascals" spirit are kept strictly out of the picture.

Altogether Child Refugee Week looks to us like as generous and highminded an idea as any American has had since Europe went back to its warring; and we wish it every success.

# "Well, what are you going to do about it?"



**1.** Three months ago Gladys and I plunked down almost a thousand dollars for the car we've always wanted. So you can't blame me for giving the car dealer a piece of my mind when it didn't come up to our expectations. "I'm left behind at traffic lights; the car 'pings' on hills; it uses too much gas! *What are you going to do about it?"* I bellowed.

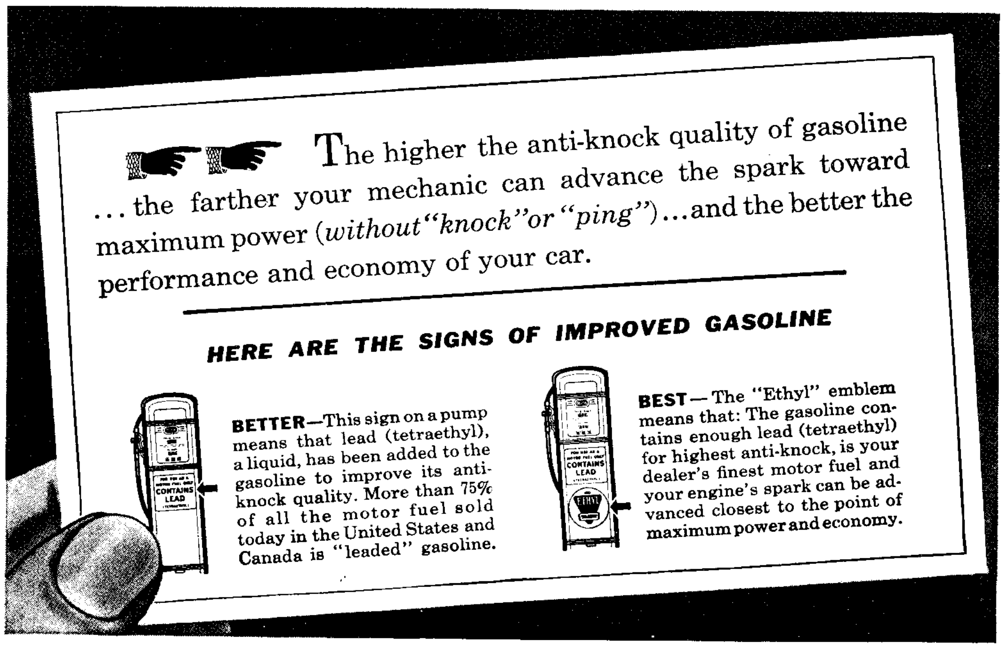
**2.** But instead of getting mad he calmly said, "Mr. Rogers, everything you say may be true, but there's one question I want to ask you before I let you condemn the car we sold you. *Are you using a good gasoline?"*

**3.** "What's gasoline got to do with it?" I asked.

"Let's take a look under the hood," said the car dealer. "I want to show you the spark adjustment . . . the device that controls the power of your car." So we stepped outside.

**4.** He lifted my car's hood and pointed to a device on the engine.

"There's the spark adjustment," he said. "Your spark is *advanced* for top performance with the best gasoline. But when you use inferior gas, the engine 'pings' and loses power. By *retarding* the spark we can stop the 'ping', but then you'll lose even more power . . . See this chart?"



The higher the anti-knock quality of gasoline . . . the farther your mechanic can advance the spark toward maximum power (*without "knock" or "ping"*) . . . and the better the performance and economy of your car.

**HERE ARE THE SIGNS OF IMPROVED GASOLINE**

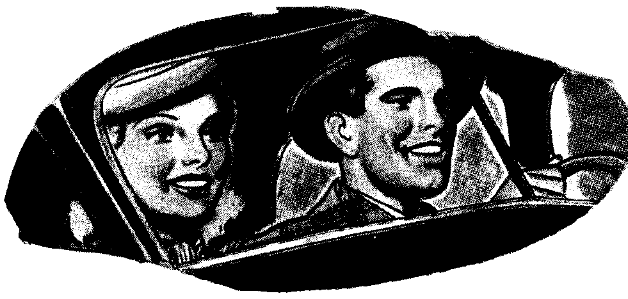
**BETTER**—This sign on a pump means that lead (tetraethyl), a liquid, has been added to the gasoline to improve its anti-knock quality. More than 75% of all the motor fuel sold today in the United States and Canada is "leaded" gasoline.

**BEST**—The "Ethyl" emblem means that: The gasoline contains enough lead (tetraethyl) for highest anti-knock, is your dealer's finest motor fuel and your engine's spark can be advanced closest to the point of maximum power and economy.

**5.** I read the chart he handed me—read it very carefully. "You mean that my engine can't be better than the kind of gasoline I use?" I asked.

"That's right—the better the gas, the better your car," he answered. "If you'll change to top-grade gasoline I'm sure your troubles will be over. Remember, modern cars are designed to give their best performance with the best quality motor fuel."

**6.** My dealer told me the truth. Gladys and I are more than satisfied now! With the best gasoline in the tank and the spark advanced, our new car now does everything that was claimed for it—and then some. *(How about **your** car? Maybe **you** are missing something, too. Read the chart again!)*



## The better the gas— the better your car!

**TUNE IN EVERY MONDAY NIGHT**—Tony Martin, Andre Kostelanetz and his orchestra, featured on "Tune-Up Time" over coast-to-coast network, Columbia Broadcasting System.

**ETHYL GASOLINE CORPORATION**, *manufacturer of anti-knock fluids used by oil companies to improve gasoline*

Chesterfield
CIGARETTES
LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO

*For the Merry Month of May*
MISS ELAINE SHEPARD
New York and Hollywood's celebrated
model in Chesterfield's Sundial dress

Chesterfield

## THE CIGARETTE OF THE HOUR

Today more than ever, smokers are turning to Chesterfield's skillful blend of the world's best cigarette tobaccos. Now is the time for you to light up and enjoy a Chesterfield . . . they're **COOLER SMOKING, BETTER-TASTING AND DEFINITELY MILDER.**

*You can't buy a better cigarette*

Copyright 1940, Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.